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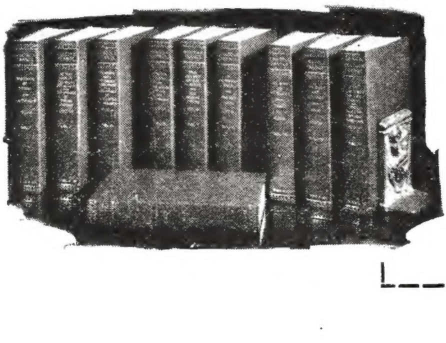

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for August, 1930

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THE GOLDEN BOOK *is indexed for ready reference in the* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

When Joseph Conrad left his home in Poland at the age of sixteen to go to sea, he had no intention of writing. Even after twenty-two years of sailing, as captain of his own ship, writing was still a neglected hobby.

One day, on a voyage to Australia, he tentatively showed an unfinished manuscript to a passenger.

"Is it worth finishing?" Conrad asked.

"Distinctly."

"Were you interested?"

"Very much."

"Now, let me ask you one more thing, is the story quite clear to you as it stands?"

"Yes, perfectly."

Years later, in 1895, *Almayer's Folly,* this same first manuscript, was published, and safely established Conrad's fame. In 1896 Conrad married an Englishwoman and settled down in Kent. (He had always loved England, and had taught himself to speak and write English as well as his native tongue.) He liked the country, though he was never known to take any exercise. He enjoyed driving over the English roads in an old Ford, and he enjoyed his friends. He rarely left his own home, but his books brought many congenial persons to him—Sir Hugh Clifford, Galsworthy, Cunninghame-Graham, John Powell. He was a gay, unaffected host, and fortified by biscuits and Russian tea he talked brilliantly and eagerly in French or English. He kept well informed on current matters by the simple expedient of having a clipping bureau send him, not newspaper items about himself, but cuttings of worthwhile news that might interest him.

Conrad wrote with great agony of soul, with acute self-criticism and infinite pains. In a letter to Edward Garnett he said of the writing of "Freya":

"Look here. The straight truth of it is that I am now writing a silly story (being near the end of it) and as soon as I am done with the truck and have got over the disgust my writing leaves behind, I shall drop you a postcard. . . ."

Some of his best books are *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* 1897; *Lord Jim,* 1900; *Typhoon,* 1902; *Youth,* 1902; *Nostromo,* 1904; *The Rescue,* 1920, and *The Rover,* 1923. He died in 1923.

* * *

Sir Walter Scott laid the foundations for his greatest stories in his early youth. Born in Edinburgh in 1771 of an old aristocratic family, he spent his boyhood with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a border town a few miles from his birthplace. A delicate constitution and a lameness which, fortunately for booklovers, kept him from a life of soldiery, made it advantageous for him to live in the country. He roamed the fields "with no other fellowship than that of the sheep and lambs." In the long evenings, he was regaled with stories and ballads of border chivalry and strife. Later, in Edinburgh with his tutor he had long arguments about the Covenanters and the troubles of the early Scottish church. The background for "Wandering Willie's Tale" is the background also for Sir Walter's boyhood.

Scott's family was strict, and forbade him all books but religious treatises and history, and Sir Walter relates with glee how he once discovered a volume of Shakespeare and crept surreptitiously out of his bed at night to read the wonderful tales of the Avon bard by the uncertain light of the fire. At high school he was more noted for his imaginative stories than for his scholarship. "Slink over beside me, Jamie," he would whisper to his schoolfellow and life-long friend, Ballantyne, "and I'll tell you a story."

After a brief residence at the University he began the study of law, but he often took time off to wander through the Lowland and Highland district in search of traditionary relics. When he was twenty-five he published his first book, a translation of Burger's ballads. His next work did not appear until he was thirty-one, when he published the first two volumes of *Border Minstrelsy,* printed by his old schoolmate, Ballantyne. His first original poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* appeared in 1805, and placed him immediately among the great writers of his country.

He lavished thousands of pounds building and furnishing his home, "Abbotsford." "To think," exclaimed Carlyle, "to think of that mon spending the fruits of his hard labor on a lot of upholstery." There he wrote, surrounded by his family and friends and the pleasant country that he so loved. "Abbotsford" remains now one of the most charming of old estates, and the old servants there are eager to relate to the visitor tales of the humor and kindliness of the fine old Scotchman.

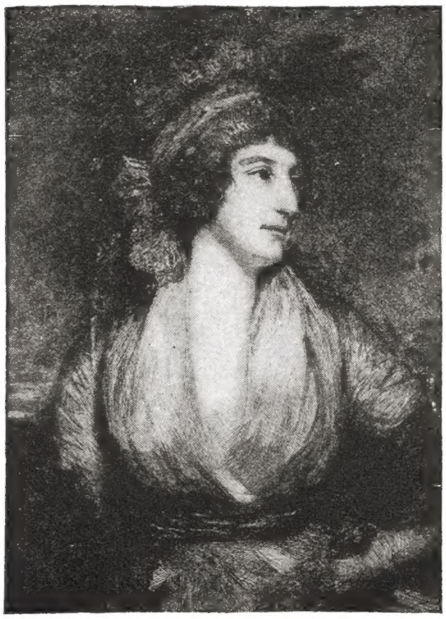
* * *

"The Three Questions" is typical of the questing life of the greatest of Russian masters, Count Ivan Tolstoi. A year before his death he wrote, "I am eighty years old and I am still searching for truth." His life was a long series of conflicts and disillusionments. He was never to find peace of spirit.

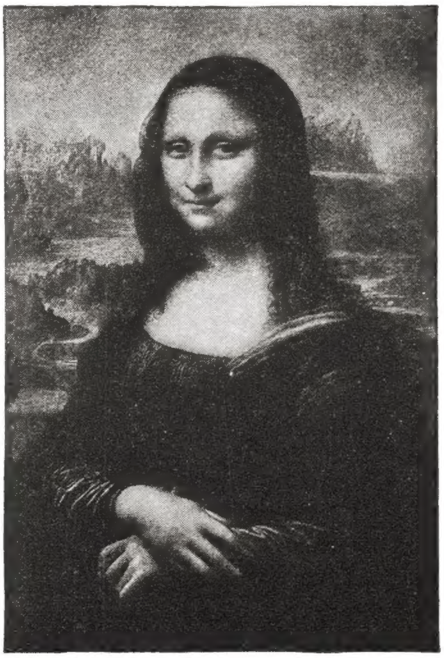
He was born in 1828 of a Russian noble family, and as a boy loved to lose himself in music and in nature. Whatever he did, he did in extremes, and when as a child he decided that self-perfection was the goal of human life, he set about practising self-chastisement, even torture. He held heavy dictionaries in his outstretched hand for five minutes or flogged his back. Then he would lie in bed for two or three days reading novels, and eating gingerbread and honey.

At the age of twenty-three he joined the army and went to the Caucasus. He was already weary of the

A NEW ARTISTIC MOVEMENT IS BORN



MRS. FITZHERBET. *By George Romney.*



MONA LISA. *By Leonardo da Vinci.*

ONE evening a group was discussing the new interest in art. Magnificent art museums have gone up and millions have visited them. But these are a relatively small number and there are other millions who can't go because of the time and money needed. These museums are in the larger cities, out of reach of those in the towns.

It was the opinion that, in spite of museums, we do not have the opportunity for the expression of our artistic desires that we deserve. To see the best involves an expensive trip throughout the United States and Europe, for the majority of the world's art treasures still remain abroad.

Then one of the men said, "Let us form an association which will give these millions of art-hungry people art where they want it—in their homes, not a hundred or a thousand miles away; in Europe or in some private collection. Let this association publish selected works of art from America and Europe, help people to choose the best, and distribute them at the lowest possible cost."

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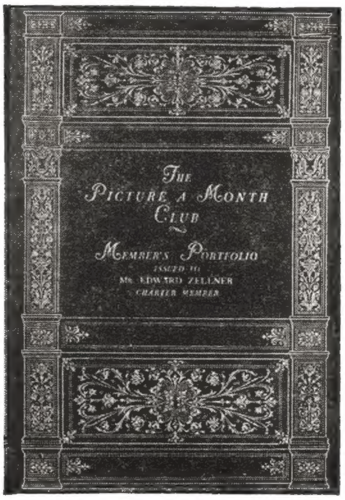

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hypocrisy of the stuffy drawing-rooms of Moscow, and he plunged joyfully for a while into his new occupation of soldiering. It was in the Caucasus that he had his first love affair, was rejected and became embittered. "Regard feminine society as an inevitable evil of social life and in so far as you can, avoid it," he wrote in his diary.

Soon he came to recognize the futility of his life as a cadet, with "stupid officers, stupid conversation and nothing else." So he resigned, but owing to the war with Turkey, his resignation was not accepted and he was drafted to the Crimea, where the horrors of dead and mutilated bodies preyed on his mind and convinced him of the utter wrongness of war. When he returned to St. Petersburg, disillusionment gripped him and even the literary circle which welcomed him as the hero of the hour seemed hypocritical and self-centered to the bitter young idealist.

Tolstoi fixed his hopes on the peasant class, since he saw in the Russian aristocratic regime only corruption. For a while he undertook educational experiments at his home, founding schools for the peasant children and teaching them himself. In 1857 he traveled abroad in France, Germany, Switzerland, and England, and saw in western Europe, too, only corruption—capital punishment, hatred, warfare, injustice.

From 1864-1869 he worked on his great novel, *War and Peace,* and from 1873-1877 on *Anna Karenina.* The five years following he devoted to a study of the gospels and of Christianity in an endeavor to find some meaning in life. He was married fairly happily for fifteen years, but the inevitable disillusionment came again. His life was a long, unhappy, unsuccessful striving after the meaning of life, but from it all he has bequeathed to generations many great books: *War and Peace, Anna Karenina, The Kreutzer Sonata, Resurrection.*

* * *

"OWEN WISTER has had the honor of catching and fixing for posterity the passing figure of the cowboy, as Bret Harte caught that of the forty-niner, and Mr. Cable that of the Creole."

Born in 1860 in Philadelphia he attended Harvard College and after graduation, he studied music a year in Paris and then chance took him to the west—not chance either, but his cousin, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a writer of distinction, whose story "The Dilemma" was in the June GOLDEN BOOK. Dr. Mitchell, equally famous as a doctor and a writer, recommended a trip to the west to revive his cousin's failing health. Wister wrote several short stories in the west, but upon his return decided to take up law. After graduating from law school, he practised in Philadelphia, but the wild west was calling, and in ten years he made fifteen separate journeys back across the continent. In 1892 he finally gave up the law, and returned to the west with a definite literary purpose.

He preserves in his stories the true flavor and spirit of the robust life on the western plains of forty years ago. Though he is best known as the author of *The Virginian,* he has not confined himself to the immortalization of the cowboy. In *Lady Baltimore* he gave a glowing account of the South and in biography, too, he has made his mark with portraits of Grant, and Washington, and just lately, of Theodore Roosevelt, a close college friend.

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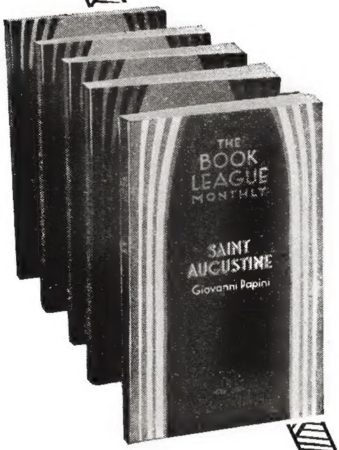

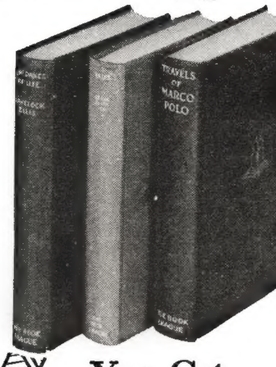

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The Balanced Reading Plan a Necessity Says Noted Critic

The League plan of supplying both the best of the new books and the best of the older classics receives convincing support in the recent statement of Henry Hazlitt, the eminent literary critic of the *Nation:*

"Any culture worthy of the name must draw its life both from the finest minds of the present and the greatest minds of the past. If it confines itself to either to the exclusion of the other it becomes deformed."

The Book League of America is the only book club that fully embraces this cultural standard.

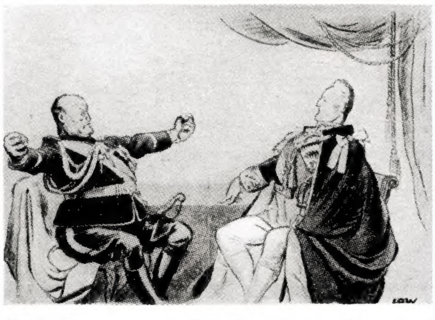
Authors and Books

H. G. Wells' latest novel all about wars to come and the future miracles of science is the most readable book he has written in years. . . . Amiable satire and characters created with the old Mr. Polly touch sugar-coat pretty pleasantly the political tract and the over-drawnness of the dream-like adventure. . . . *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* (Doubleday Doran) has its villain for hero: fussy, pedantic, tradition-bound Mr. Parham precipitates a world conflict without ever ceasing to be absurd and lovable. . . . And Sir Bussy Woodcock, Cockney capitalist, is the savior of the world: When Mr. Parham, miraculously become Lord Paramount of Great Britain, says "War!" Sir Bussy says "Pooh," and what is to be the greatest conflagration in history becomes a giant fiasco. . . . Nobody pays any attentian to it. . . . Flags and nations and powers have become "the ideas of an old buck rabbit in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." . . . Mr. Parham is put in his place by scientists backed by capitalists, who say: "We are the workers of a new dawn. Men of no nation. Men without traditions. Men who look forward and not back. Men who have realized the will and the intelligence that we obey and possess in common. Our race has to organize the whole world now, a field for this creative energy that flows through and uses and guides us." . . . All of which has a dreadfully familiar twang, to be sure, but there are parties at Claridge's, a visit to Mussolini, interludes with Gaby Greuze, . . . and pictures by no less a person than David Low, unmatchable British cartoonist. . . .

How fooled you are if you think that the rush of war books is over. . . . There are at least half a dozen volumes about the war this month, and one of them, bless it, is humorous. . . . *Wooden Swords* by Jacques Deval is a translation from the French of the adventures of a young writer destined to play his part in the war as a soldier in the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies). Our hero is too near-sighted to bear arms, and his is a sorry war, but safe. . . . There is no horror and not a speck of fighting in this good-natured, satiric account of ridiculous day-to-day mishaps, of discomforts and unimportant duties and disagreeable tasks through which he cheerfully blunders. . . . Mostly poking fun at himself, he gives by the way many piercing pictures of life behind the front at headquarters, in hospitals, barracks and prisons, where the chief danger is boredom from bridge, and the chief hardship sweeping with a broom as virile as an old tooth-brush. . . . This is the Literary Guild choice for July. . . .

Different not only from the amiable farce of M. Deval's war but from the over-dramatized horrors of so many others' war, is the stark and simple picture in *Her Privates We* (Putnam). . . . Its author, known as Private 19022, tells with the terrific force of restraint of the effect of war on widely different men. . . . We see them all for the most part merely getting through the moment at hand, and the whole war made up of these moments at hand. . . .

There are horrors aplenty for those that like them in *Generals Die in Bed* (Morrow), Charles Yale Harrison's hair-raising account of the Canadian shock troops at the front. . . . The picture of the hardening and coarsening of these men as the result of what they went through is the unspeakable part of this book. . . .



Lord Paramount of Britain calls on Paramuzzi of Italy. Drawing by Low for H. G. Wells' latest novel, *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham.*

"I love life," said Paramuzzi. "I delight in untamed horses; attempts at assassination amuse me."

"For me," said the Lord Paramount, "my duty." Paramuzzi would have liked to have said that.

Then there is Henry Williamson's *Patriot's Progress* (Dutton) another personal account of what an English soldier went through—one long continuous brilliant description, leaving nothing unsaid. Day after day and ordeal after ordeal, alternating with rough relaxation, are brought before us like flicking slides on a life-size screen. . . . The book is highly praised by English critics who have had to read even more war books than we. . . .

Next to the war, Negroes are still the most popular subject for books this season. . . . But few Negro books are as good as Gilmore Millen's *Sweet Man* (Viking). . . . Mr. Millen is a white man, born and bred in the South, who has worked intimately among Negroes on an Arkansas plantation. He writes with deep sympathy and understanding that yet does not slip over into propaganda. . . . His John Henry seems to us as true a character as any we have met for a month, an engaging, simple person, half-white, and sweet except for his hatred of white men. And his picture of the development of this perfectly justifiable hatred is Mr. Millen's greatest achievement. . . . This hatred is the drawstring of the story. It runs through John Henry's happy youth; his early, and many, amorous adventures; his marriage; his departure from his farm as the result of short-sighted white injustice; his later, and many, amorous adventures; his days as soldier, gambler, mechanic, chauffeur, and—lover of a white woman. . . . Moments of the book are ineradicable: Negro women dancing, crap-games, murders—above all, the lynching. . . . And these scenes are made significant by Mr. Millen's sure knowledge of why they are as they are, and his power to make us understand them too. . . . There is much merely connective tissue between these palpitatingly alive scenes, but on

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THIS is a form of profit-sharing with its subscribers put into effect July 1st last by the Book-of-the-Month Club. It is made possible largely by the fact that the Club has altered its previous policy of buying copies of the "book-of-the-month" from the publisher in each case; and hereafter, by arrangement with publishers, it will manufacture its own special edition of the "book-of-the-month". This plan, we believe, is of first importance to book readers, for it seems to put a final improvement upon the book-club system. This is what it means:

Contrary to what many people think, when you belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, you do not have to take the "book-of-the-month" chosen by our judges. You receive an advance report about it, and may or may not take it, as you decide. You may, if you wish, take as few as four books a year from the Club—any four, not necessarily "books-of-the-month"—out of from 250 to 300 reported upon by our judges. The cost (this always surprises inquirers) is nothing. You pay only for such books as you decide to take, the regular retail price. And now, if it is the "book-of-the-month"

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(Continued from the other side)

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Isn't it practically certain that, within the next twelve months, the judges shown here will choose, as the "book-of-the-month", at least a few new books which you would be extremely annoyed at yourself to miss? Since you will buy them anyway, why not, by joining the Club, make sure of getting them, and save TWENTY PER CENT on them? And, at the same time with this insurance, get the other advantages this organization gives book readers?

In sum, these are the advantages: Without cost, you keep thoroughly advised about the important new books; you can choose among them with real discrimination, since you are guided by the advance reports of authorities in whom you can have confidence, instead of having to rely largely upon advertising and hearsay; most important of all, in our opinion, you are protected against your own procrastination and busyness, for the system effectually insures you against missing the new books you are anxious to read; also, you are allowed, within fifteen days, to exchange any book you take, if you are disappointed; and now, finally, whenever the book you want is the "book-of-the-month" (which is certain to happen at least three or four times a year) you get a credit of 20% on it.

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Arnold Bennett

Sigrid Undset

Arthur Schnitzler

André Maurois

Thomas Mann

Above are the members of the International Advisory Board; they keep the judges advised about the significant new books, each in his own country.

the whole the book swings along with a vibrant rhythm. . . .

Dorothy Parker was already one of our favorite poets, and now she is added to our list of short-story writers who can do America 1930 as few can. . . . Ernest Hemingway in *Men Without Women,* Ring Lardner in *Round-Up* have also revealed whole lives and strata of American society in brief dialogues as Mrs. Parker does here. . . . With an art that simulates photography, Mrs. Parker has immortalized the American of the speakeasy, the telephone booth, the cheap apartment of too many pink-shaded lamps. . . . And she points her moral with her superb title, *Laments for the Living* (Viking). . . . Not all the stories are equally good, or even good at all. . . . But "Big Blonde," "A Telephone Call," "You Were Perfectly Fine," "Just a Little One," and one or two others are not to be missed. . . .

Drawing by Willy Pogany for Anthony's *Casanova Jones.*

Joseph Anthony's *Casanova Jones* (Century) is two hundred and five pages of pleasant and often adroit verse all about prohibition. . . . It tells of the love of Casanova Jones, revenue agent, for Annabel Cloy, "a poetess she, a poetical siren, with the negligent air of a feminine Byron"; of his ventures as publisher of her *Poems of Passion*; of the literary dinner tendered to her at which Congressman Stubb takes the drink "whose gurgle is heard around the world"; of other happenings in speakeasies, politics, and prisons. . . . This is the way it goes:

"She told him: 'You fiend in the form of a human,
'You're unworthy the love of a virtuous woman!'
'You are right,' he replied, 'I'm a wretch, I'm a louse.'
And he reached for his hat, and he stalked from the house."

Then there are any number of pictures by Willy Pogany. . . .

It is quite clear that the only way we are ever going to get anywhere is to start lumping things together. . . . We, for for instance, have not yet paid our respects in these pages to either *The Adams Family* by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown) or the *Builders of the Bay Colony* by Samuel Eliot Morison (Houghton Mifflin) both of them books to delight the historically minded or the lover of biography. . . . Both are handsome books of considerable poundage, and both re-create history brilliantly through the lives of certain stalwart men and women who influenced their times. . . . American History is all cluttered up with Adamses," declares a quotation on the cover of the Adams book, and it is a delightful and true keynote for the volume, which is rich history and warm humanity. . . . Among the builders of the Bay Colony are John Smith, cheerful liar; John Winthrop, governor; parsons, goldsmiths, poets, wits, lawmakers, scientists and big business men. . . . Behind them, the Massachusetts scene takes shape increasingly clearly as the book progresses. . . .

Margaret Ayer Barnes, who has gone quietly about making a name for herself as short-story writer and playwright, has now written a novel. . . . *Years of Grace* (Houghton Mifflin) is a thoroughly sound and readable piece of work. It is one of those novels that begin with the heroine's girlhood in the 'nineties and ends with the marrying-off of her own children and her readjustment to a new code of manners. The scene is Chicago, and there is almost enough story to carry the somewhat protracted discussion of changing morals and woman's right to life. . . . Mrs. Barnes got to be an author when an automobile accident laid her up for six months. . . .

While everyone is still talking about Paul Robeson as *Othello* on the London stage, and just as we go to press, arrives from Harper's a giddy silver and magenta biography of him by his wife. . . . With a printer's boy waiting, we have read as far as his first success as a singer, and more than far enough to gather that he has always been a success at everything, including having everyone he meets like him, and particularly in being a hero to his wife. . . . We must now stop, and if you want to know more, you will have to read it for yourself. . . .

F. F.

Recommended Books

Fiction

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham, by H. **G. Wells.** Doubleday, Doran. $1. The coming of the next great war will find the scientific-minded world too busy to bother about it, is Mr. Wells' cheery message, given in a pretty good story of fantastic adventure, broad satire and true Wellsian characterizations.

Wooden Swords, by Jacques Deval. Viking Press. $2.50. An engaging story of the adventures of a near-sighted soldier in the French Army's service of supplies. Entertaining farce against a background of the front lines.

Generals Die in Bed, by Charles Yale Harrison. Morrow. $2.50. The experiences of the Canadian shock troops on the western front, and what these experiences did to them. All very horrible.

Patriot's Progress, by Henry Williamson. Dutton. $2.50. An English soldier's adventures, physical and spiritual, minutely described in amazingly vivid prose.

Sweet Man, by Gilmore Millen. Viking. $2.50. The Odyssey of a handsome young Negro, written by a white man. One of the best stories and most surely handled characters in early summer fiction.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker. Viking. $2.50. Dialogues that

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"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for $100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."
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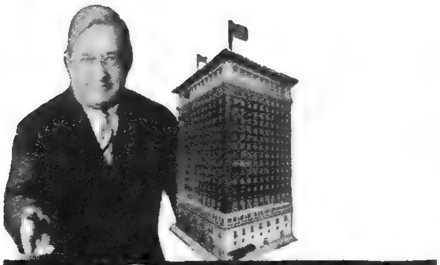

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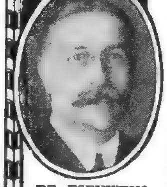

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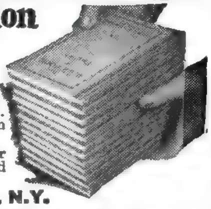

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YEARS OF GRACE, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Jane West's life in Chicago, from the 'nineties of her girlhood to the post-war days of her maturity; a psychological novel with good action.

THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE, by Zane Grey. Harper. $2.50. War-broken hero, New Mexican desert, sheep ranches real and dude, and a bitter warfare for the family fortunes.

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Biography

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THE ADAMS FAMILY, by James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown. $4. American history for many generations, as seen through the lives of one after another of this famous family. Scholarly and human.

BUILDERS OF THE BAY COLONY, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Houghton Mifflin. $5. Early days of Massachusetts made vivid through entertaining studies of its leading citizens, from parsons to big business men, statesmen to poets.

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General

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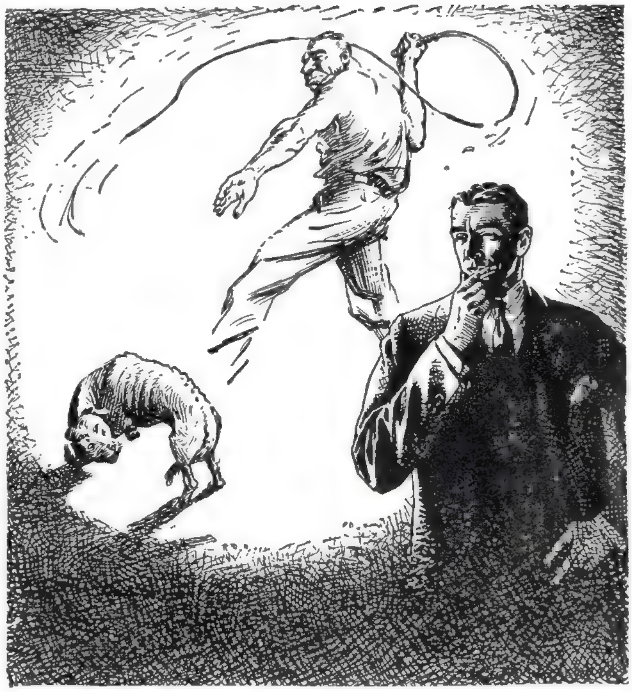
SKYWAYS, by General William Mitchell. Lippincott. $3. An authoritative survey of the progress and problems of aviation in America today, with many anecdotes.

"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves



MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourgings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

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Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.
Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Lord Privy Seal.
General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.
Edgar Wallace, Famous Novelist.
Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.
Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.
Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind-Training," has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

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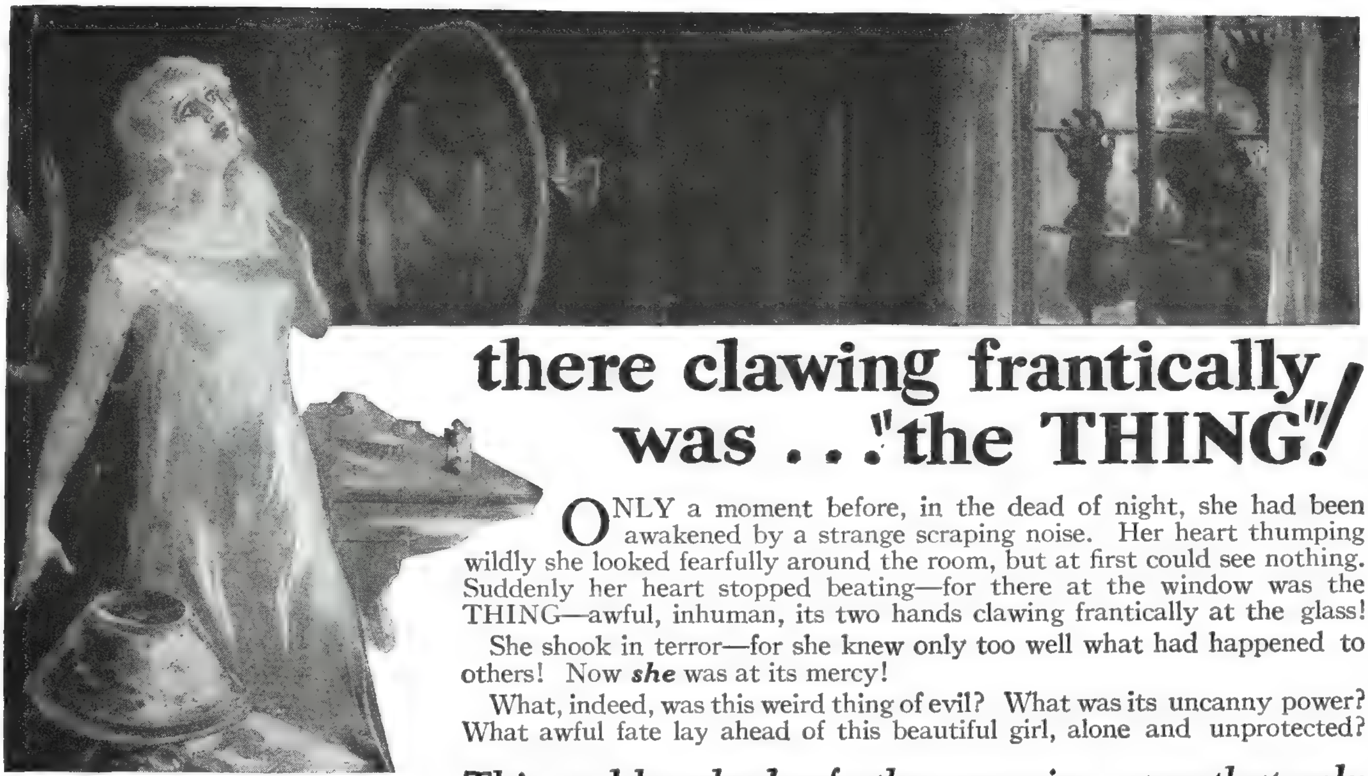

there clawing frantically was . . . "the THING"!

ONLY a moment before, in the dead of night, she had been awakened by a strange scraping noise. Her heart thumping wildly she looked fearfully around the room, but at first could see nothing. Suddenly her heart stopped beating—for there at the window was the THING—awful, inhuman, its two hands clawing frantically at the glass!

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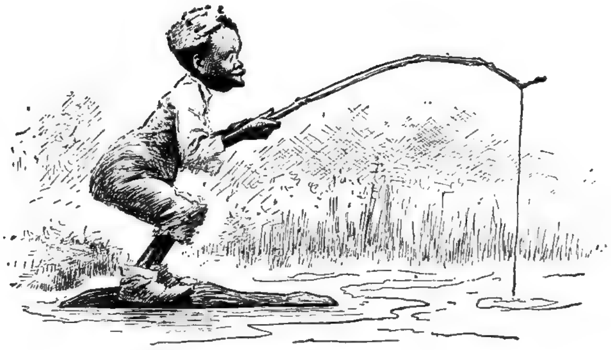
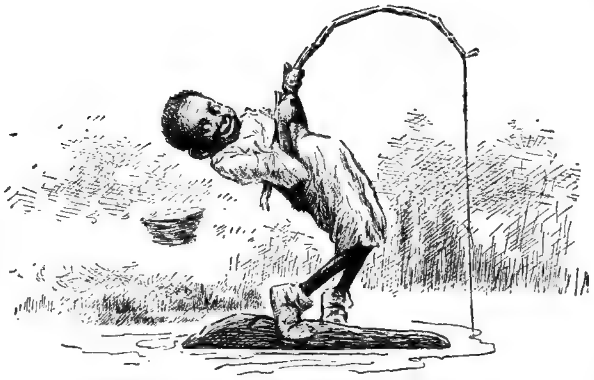
A Fish Story

By E. W. KEMBLE

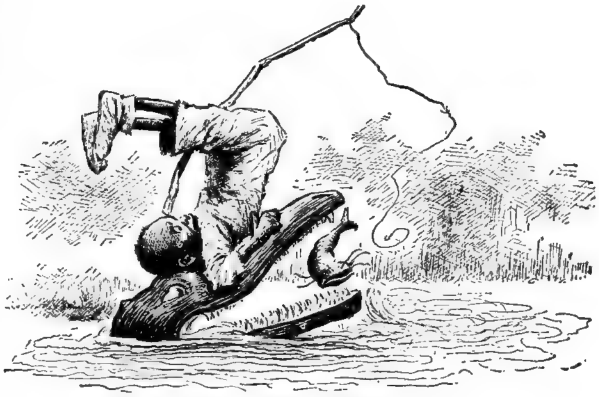
The famous illustrator of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Huckleberry Finn" and creator of a hundred well-loved negro characters in cartoons



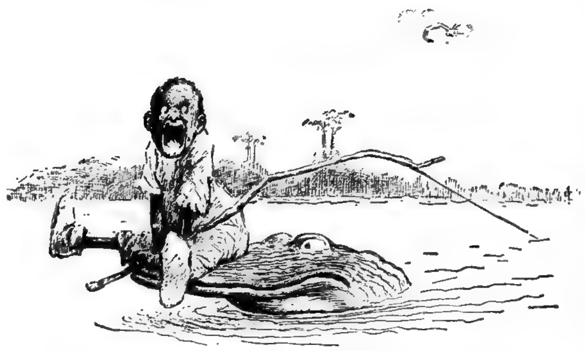
"Now den, Misto Fish, ketch hol' er dat hook."



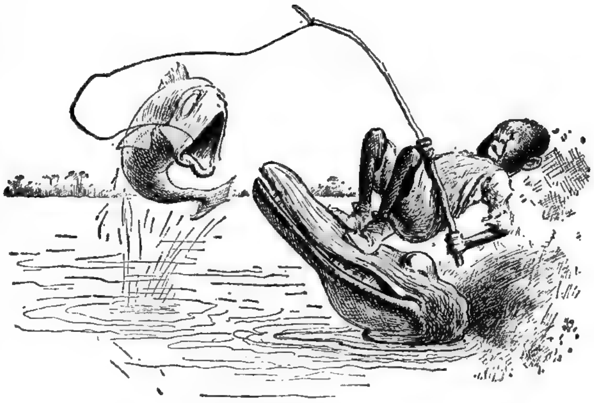
"I shuah has got a big one—hope dis log doan' roll wif me."



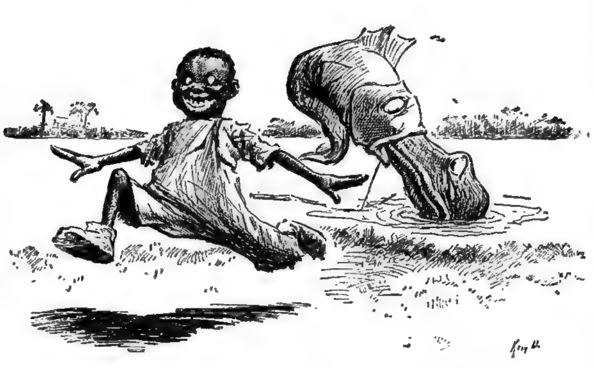
"Wha' fo' dis? Help! Mammy! Help!!!"



"Hol' on, Misto 'Gator, I's got annuder bite, an' a big one, too."

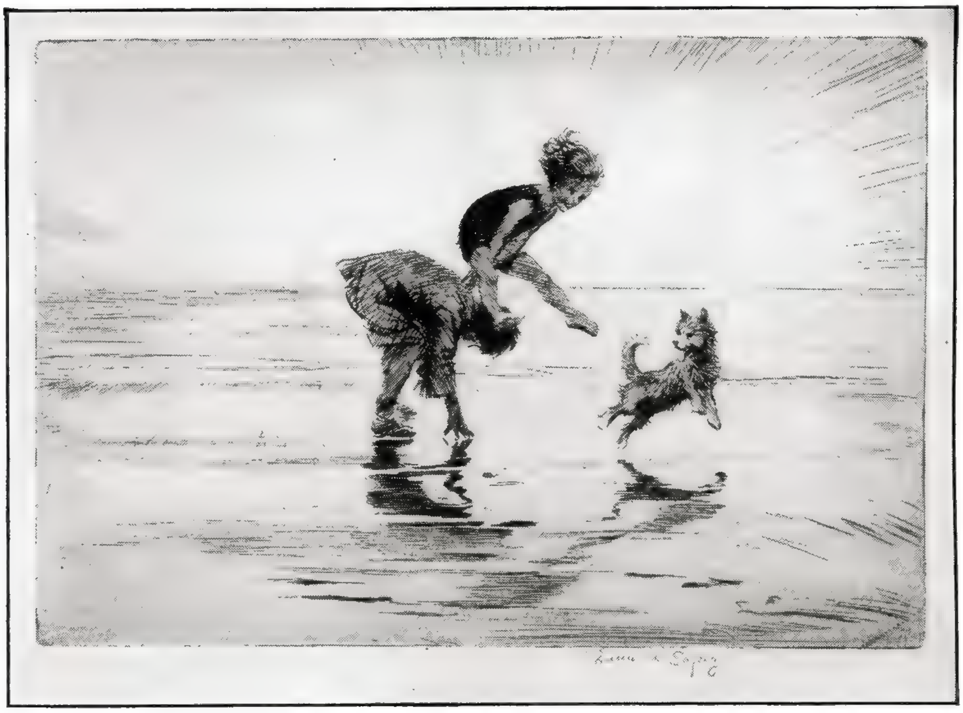


The 'Gator: "Jumpin' jiminy, an' just a good mouthful!"



"An' heah is where I do a marathon."

Courtesy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine



Etching by Eileen Soper, Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

The Morning Plunge

By A. A. MILNE

"WE WILL NOW BATHE," said a voice at the back of my neck.

I gave a grunt and went on with my dream. It was a jolly dream, and nobody got up early in it.

"We will now bathe," repeated Archie.

"Go away," I said, distinctly.

Archie sat down on my knees and put his damp towel on my face.

"When my wife and I took this commodious residence for six weeks," he said, "and engaged the sea at great expense to come up to its doors twice a day, it was on the distinct understanding that our guests should plunge into it punctually at seven o'clock every morning."

Archie pulled all the clothes off me and walked with them to the window.

"Jove, what a day!" he said. "And can't you smell the sea?"

"I can. Let that suffice."

"Where's his sponge?" I heard him murmuring to himself as he came away from the window.

"No, no, I'm up," I shouted, and I sprang out of bed and put on a shirt and a pair of trousers with great speed. "Where do I take these off again?" I asked. "I seem to be giving myself a lot of trouble."

"There is a tent."

"Won't the ladies want it? Because, if so, I can easily have my bath later on."

"The ladies think it's rather too rough today."

"Perhaps they're right," I said, hopefully. "A woman's instinct—"

It wasn't so bad outside—sun and wind and a blue-and-white sky and plenty of movement on the sea . . .

By the time I was ready the wind had got much colder. I looked out of the tent and shivered.

"Isn't it jolly and fresh?" said Archie, determined to be helpful.

I hobbled to the edge.

"I should like to take this last opportunity," I said, "of telling you that up till now I haven't enjoyed this early morning bath one little bit. I suppose there will be a notable moment when the ecstasy actually begins, but at present I can't see it coming at all. Good-by."

I got up and waded into the surf.

"One last word," I said as I looked back at him. "In my whole career I shall never know a more absolutely beastly and miserable moment than this." Then a wave knocked me down, and I saw that I had spoken too hastily.

The world may be divided into two classes—those who drink when they swim and those who don't. I am one of the drinkers.

"It's about time we came out," I shouted to Archie after the third pint. "I'm exceeding my allowance."

"Aren't you glad now you came?" he cried, from the top of a wave.

"Very," I said a moment late from inside it.

But I really did feel glad ten minutes afterwards as I sat on the beach in the sun and smoked a cigarette, and threw pebbles lazily into the sea.

"Holbein, how brave of you!" cried a voice behind me. "Have you really been taking the sea so early," said Myra as she sat down between us, "or did you rumple each other's hair so as to deceive me?"

"I have been taking the sea," I confessed. "What you observe out there now is what I left."

VOLUME XII
NUMBER 68

The Golden Book Magazine

AUGUST
1930

Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Freya of the Seven Isles

The great romancer of the sea tells a story of two men, a ship, and a girl.

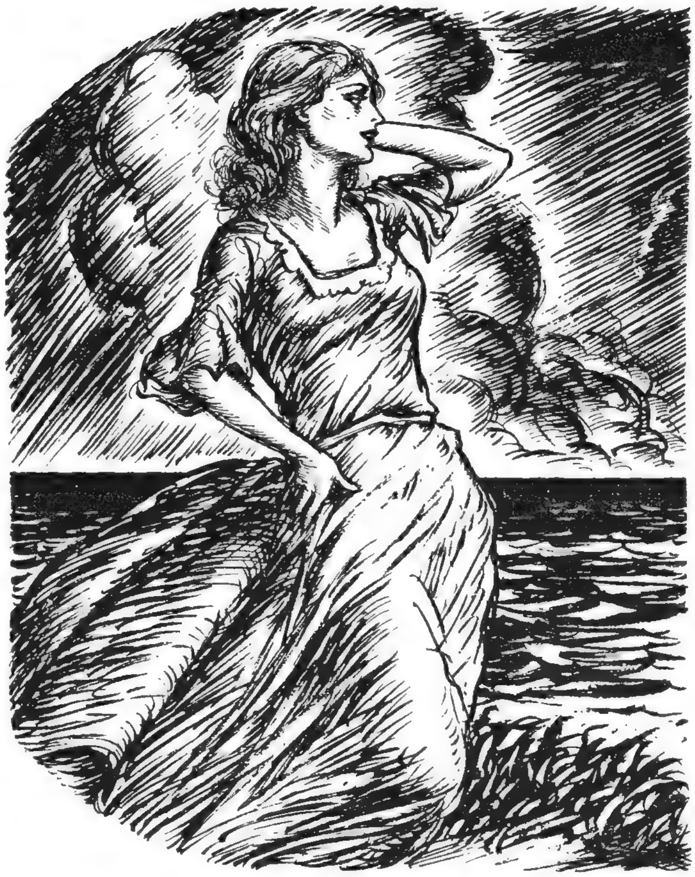
The First of Three Parts

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

ONE DAY—and that day was many years ago now—I received a long, chatty letter from one of my old chums and fellow-wanderers in Eastern waters. He was still out there, but settled down, and middle-aged; I imagined him grown portly in figure and domestic in his habits; in short, overtaken by the fate common to all except to those who, being specially beloved by the gods, get knocked on the head early. The letter was of the reminiscent "do you remember" kind—a wistful letter of backward glances. And, amongst other things, "surely you remember old Nelson," he wrote.

Remember old Nelson! Certainly. And to begin with, his name was not Nelson. The Englishmen in the Archipelago called him Nelson because it was more convenient, I suppose, and he never protested. It would have been mere pedantry. The true form of his name was Nielsen. He had come out East long before the advent of telegraph cables, had served English firms, had married an English girl, had been one of us for years, trading and sailing in all directions through the Eastern Archipelago, across and around, transversely, diagonally, perpendicularly, in semi-circles, and zigzags, and figures of eights, for years and years.

There was no nook or cranny of these tropical waters that the enterprise of old Nelson (or Nielsen) had not penetrated in an eminently pacific way. His tracks, if plotted out, would have covered the map of the Archipelago like a cobweb—all of it, with the sole exception of the Philippines. He would never approach that part, from a strange dread of Spaniards, or, to be exact, of the Spanish authorities. What he imagined they could do to him it is impossible to say. Perhaps at some time in his life he had read some stories of the Inquisition.

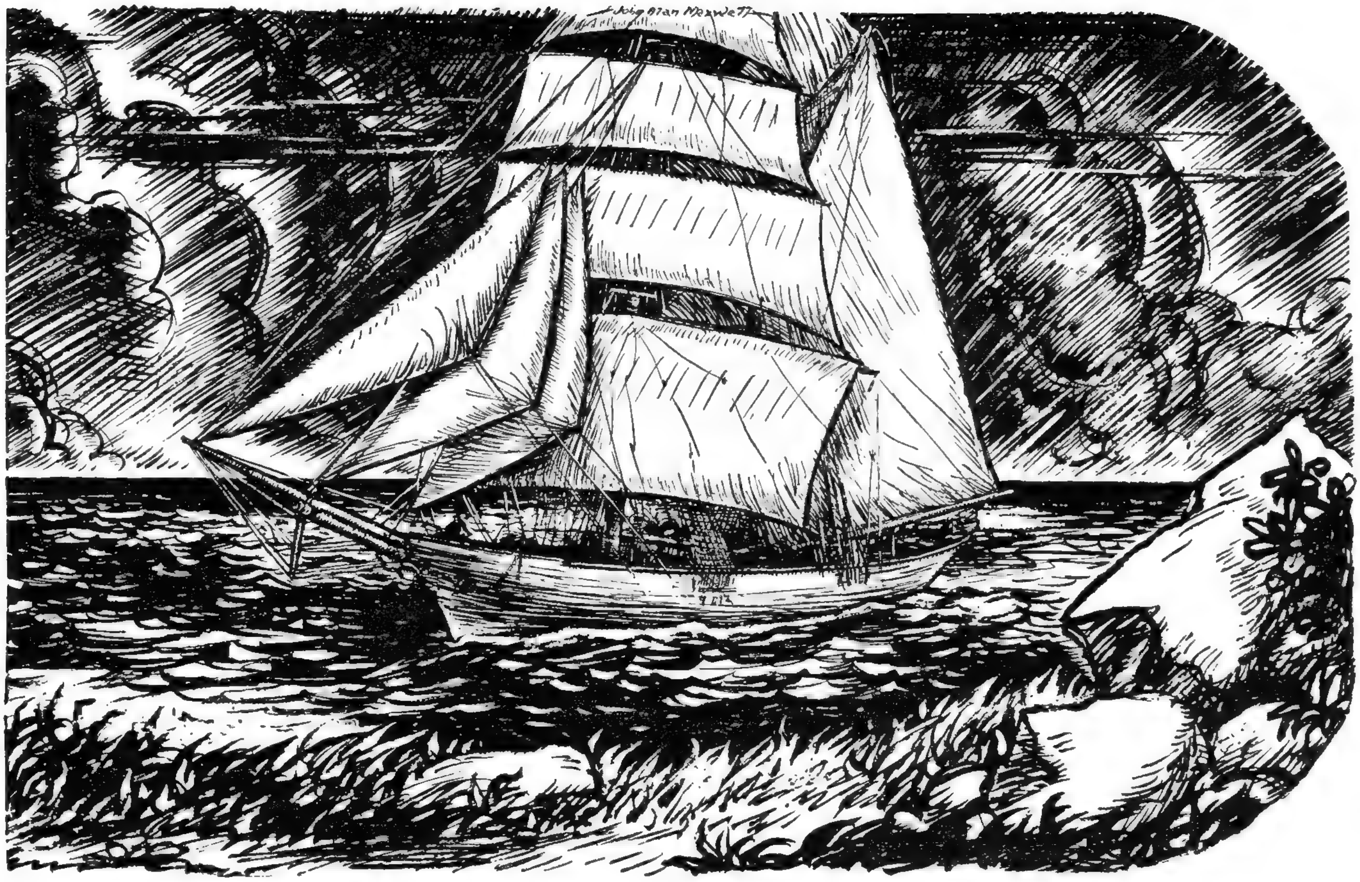


But he was in general afraid of what he called "authorities"; not the English authorities, which he trusted and respected, but the other two of that part of the world. He was not so horrified at the Dutch as he was at the Spaniards, but he was even more mistrustful of them. Very mistrustful indeed. The Dutch, in his view, were capable of "playing any ugly trick on a man" who had the misfortune to displease them. There were their laws and regulations, but they had no notion of fair play in applying them. It was really pitiable to see the anxious circumspection of his dealings with some official or other, and remember that this man had been known to stroll up to a village of cannibals in New Guinea in a quiet, fearless manner, and note that he was always fleshy all his life, and, if I may say so, an appetizing morsel) on some matter of barter that did not amount perhaps to fifty pounds in the end.

Remember old Nelson! Rather! Truly, none of us in my generation had known him in his active days. He was "retired" in our time. He had bought, or else leased, part of a small island from the sultan of a little group called the Seven Isles, not far north from Banka. It was, I suppose, a legitimate transaction, but I have no doubt that had he been an Englishman the Dutch would have discovered a reason to fire him out without ceremony. In this connection the real form of his name stood him in good stead. In the character of an unassuming Dane whose conduct was most correct, they let him be. With all his money engaged in cultivation he was naturally careful not to give even the shadow of offense, and it was mostly for prudential reasons of that sort that he did not look with a favorable eye on Jasper Allen. But of that later. Yes! One remembered well enough old Nelson's big, hospitable bungalow erected on a shelving point of land, his portly form, costumed generally in a white shirt and trousers (he had a confirmed habit of taking off his alpaca jacket on the slightest provocation), his round blue eyes, his straggly, sandy-white mustache sticking out all ways like the quills of the fretful porcupine, his propensity to sit down suddenly and fan himself with his hat. But there's no use concealing the fact that what one remembered really was his daughter, who at that time came out to live with him—and be a sort of Lady of the Isles.

Freya Nelson (or Nielsen) was the kind of a girl one remembers. The oval of her face was perfect; and within that fascinating frame the most happy disposition of line and feature, with an admirable complexion, gave an impression of health, strength, and what I might call unconscious self-confidence—a most pleasant and, as it were, whimsical determination. I will not compare her eyes to violets, because the real shade of their color was peculiar, not so dark and more lustrous. They were of the wide-open kind, and looked at one frankly in every mood. I never did see the long, dark eyelashes lowered—I dare say Jasper Allen did, being a privileged person—but I have no doubt that the expression must have been charming in a complex way. She could—Jasper told me once with a touchingly imbecile exultation—sit on her hair. I dare say, I dare say. It was not for me to behold these wonders; I was content to admire the neat and becoming way she used to do it up so as not to conceal the good shape of her head. And this wealth of hair was so glossy that when the screens of the west veranda were down, making a pleasant twilight there, or in the shade of the grove of fruit-trees near the house, it seemed to give out a golden light of its own.

She dressed generally in a white frock, with a skirt of walking length, showing her neat, laced, brown boots. If there was any color about her costume it was just a bit of blue perhaps. No exertion seemed to distress her. I have seen her land from the dinghy after a long pull in the sun (she rowed herself about a good deal) with no quickened breath and not a single hair out of place. In the morning when she came out on the veranda for the first look westward, Sumatra way, over the sea, she seemed as fresh and sparkling as a dewdrop. But a dewdrop is evanescent, and there was nothing evanescent about Freya. I remember her round, solid arms with the fine wrists, and her broad, capable hands with tapering fingers.



"The white sails of that craft were the white pinions of their soaring love."

I don't know whether she was actually born at sea, but I do know that up to twelve years of age she sailed about with her parents in various ships. After old Nelson lost his wife it became a matter of serious concern for him what to do with the girl. A kind lady in Singapore, touched by his dumb grief and deplorable perplexity, offered to take charge of Freya. This arrangement lasted some six years, during which old Nelson (or Nielsen) "retired" and established himself on his island, and then it was settled (the kind lady going away to Europe) that his daughter should join him.

As the first and most important preparation for that event the old fellow ordered from his Singapore agent a Steyn and Ebhart's "upright grand." I was then commanding a little steamer in the island trade, and it fell to my lot to take it out to him, so I know something of Freya's "upright grand." We landed the enormous packing-case with difficulty on a flat piece of rock amongst some bushes, nearly knocking the bottom out of one of my boats in the course of that nautical operation. Then, all my crew assisting, engineers and firemen included, by the exercise of much anxious ingenuity, and by means of rollers, levers, tackles, and inclined planes of soaped planks, toiling in the sun like ancient Egyptians at the building of a pyramid, we got it as far as the house and up on to the edge of the west veranda—which was the actual drawing-room of the bungalow. There, the case being ripped off cautiously, the beautiful rosewood monster stood revealed at last. In reverent excitement we coaxed it against the wall and drew the first free breath of the day. It was certainly the heaviest movable object on that islet since the creation of the world. The volume of sound it gave out in that bungalow (which acted as a sounding-board) was really astonishing. It thundered sweetly right over the sea. Jasper Allen told me that early of a morning on the deck of the *Bonito* (his wonderfully fast and pretty brig) he could hear Freya playing her scales quite distinctly. But the fellow always anchored foolishly close to the point, as I told him more than once. Of course, these seas are almost uniformly serene, and the Seven Isles is a particularly calm and cloudless spot as a rule. But still, now and again, an afternoon thunderstorm over Banka, or even one of these vicious thick squalls, from the distant Sumatra coast, would make a sudden sally upon the group, enveloping it for a couple of hours in whirlwinds and bluish-black murk of a particularly sinister aspect. Then, with the lowered rattan-screens rattling desperately in the wind and the bungalow shaking all over, Freya would sit down to the piano and play fierce Wagner music in the flicker of blinding flashes, with thunderbolts falling all round, enough to make your hair stand on end; and Jasper would remain stock still on the veranda, adoring the back view of her supple, swaying figure, the miraculous sheen of her fair head, the rapid hands on the keys, the white nape of her neck—while the brig, down at the point there, surged at her cables within a hundred yards of nasty, shiny, black rock-heads. Ugh!

And this, if you please, for no reason but that, when he went on board at night and laid his head on the pillow, he should feel that he was as near as he could conveniently get to his Freya slumbering in the bungalow. Did you ever! And, mind, this brig was the home to be—their home—the floating paradise which he was gradually fitting out like a yacht to sail his life blissfully away in with Freya. Imbecile! But the fellow was always taking chances.

One day, I remember I watched with Freya on the veranda the brig approaching the point from the northward. I suppose Jasper made the girl out with his long glass. What does he do? Instead of standing on for another mile and a half along the shoals and then tacking for the anchorage in a proper and seamanlike manner, he spies a gap between two disgusting old jagged reefs, puts the helm down suddenly, and shoots the brig through, with all her sails shaking and rattling, so that we could hear the racket on the veranda. I drew my breath through my teeth, I can tell you, and Freya swore. Yes! She clenched her capable fists and stamped with her pretty brown boot and said "Damn!" Then, looking at me with a little heightened color—not much—she remarked, "I forgot you were there," and laughed. To be sure, to be sure. When Jasper was in sight she was not likely to remember that anybody else in the world was there. In my concern at this mad trick I couldn't help appealing to her sympathetic common sense.

"Isn't he a fool?" I said with feeling.

"Perfect idiot," she agreed warmly, looking at me straight with her wide-open, earnest eyes and the dimple of a smile on her cheek.

"And that," I pointed out to her, "just to save twenty minutes or so in meeting you."

We heard the anchor go down, and then she became very resolute and threatening.

"Wait a bit. I'll teach him."

She went into her own room and shut the door, leaving me alone on the veranda with my instructions. Long before the brig's sails were furled, Jasper came up three steps at a time, forgetting to say how d'ye do, and looking right and left eagerly.

"Where's Freya? Wasn't she here just now?"

WHEN *I* EXPLAINED to him that he was to be deprived of Miss Freya's presence for a whole hour, "just to teach him," he said I had put her up to it, no doubt, and that he feared he would have yet to shoot me some day. She and I were getting too thick together. Then he flung himself into a chair, and tried to talk to me about his trip. But the funny thing was that the fellow actually suffered. I could see it. His voice failed him, and he sat there dumb, looking at the door with the face of a man in pain. Fact. . . . And the next still funnier thing was that the girl calmly walked out of her room in less than ten minutes. And then I left. I mean to say that I went away to seek old Nelson on the back veranda, which was his own special nook in that house, with the purpose of engaging him in conversation lest he should start roaming about and intrude unwittingly.

He knew that the brig had arrived, though he did not know that Jasper was already with his daughter. I suppose he didn't think it was possible in the time. A father naturally wouldn't. He suspected that Allen was sweet on his girl; the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea, most of the traders in the Archipelago and all sorts and conditions of men in the town of Singapore were aware of it. But he was not capable of appreciating how far the girl was gone on the fellow. He had an idea that Freya was too sensible to be ever gone on anybody—I mean to an unmanageable extent. No; it was not that which made him sit on the back veranda and worry himself in his unassuming manner during Jasper's visits. What he worried about were the Dutch "authorities." For it is a fact that the Dutch looked askance at the doings of Jasper Allen, owner and master of the brig *Bonito.* They considered him much too enterprising in his trading. I don't know that he ever did anything illegal; but it seems to me that his immense activity was repulsive to their stolid character and slow-going methods. Anyway, in old Nelson's opinion, the captain of the *Bonito* was a smart sailor, and a nice young man, but not a desirable acquaintance upon the whole. Somewhat compromising, you understand. On the other hand, he did not like to tell Jasper in so many words to keep away. Poor old Nelson himself was a nice fellow. I believe he would have shrunk from hurting the feelings even of a mop-headed cannibal, unless, perhaps, under very strong provocation. I mean the feelings, not the bodies. As against spears, knives, hatchets, clubs, or arrows, old Nelson had proved himself capable of taking his own part. In every other respect he had a timorous soul. So he sat on the back veranda with a concerned expression, and whenever the voices of his daughter and Jasper Allen reached him, he would blow out his cheeks and let the air escape with a dismal sound, like a much tried man.

Naturally I derided his fears which he, more or less, confided to me. He had a certain regard for my judgment, and a certain respect, not for my moral qualities, however, but for the good terms I was supposed to be on with the Dutch "authorities." I knew for a fact that his greatest bugbear, the Governor of Banka—a charming, peppery, hearty, retired rear-admiral—had a distinct liking for him. This consoling assurance which I used always to put forward, made old Nelson (or Nielsen) brighten up for a moment; but in the end he would shake his head doubtfully, as much as to say that this was all very well, but that there were depths in the Dutch official nature which no one but himself had ever fathomed. Perfectly ridiculous.

On this occasion I am speaking of, old Nelson was even fretty; for while I was trying to entertain him with a very funny and somewhat scandalous adventure which happened to a certain acquaintance of ours in Saigon, he exclaimed suddenly:

"What the devil he wants to turn up here for!"

Clearly he had not heard a word of the anecdote. And this annoyed me, because the anecdote was really good. I stared at him.

"Come, come!" I cried. "Don't you know what Jasper Allen is turning up here for?"

This was the first open allusion I had ever made to the true state of affairs between Jasper and his daughter. He took it very calmly.

"Oh, Freya is a sensible girl!" he murmured absently, his mind obviously fixed on the "authorities."

Joseph Conrad

Born *in Russian Poland in 1857, young Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski read English books from his childhood. His father had translated Shakespeare's* Two Gentlemen of Verona *into Polish, and Joseph read this and many other translations from the English. "It is extraordinary," he said, "how well Nicholas Nickleby could chatter in Polish.*

When Joseph went to sea at the age of sixteen, he joined the English merchant fleet. And when after twenty-two years of sailing in all quarters of the globe, he left the sea in order to write, he chose England as his home. All of his twenty-four books are in English.

Conrad was soon famous, with the publication of his third book in 1897, The Nigger of the Narcissus, *but he always deprecated his own work, and wrote of this story, "I dare say* Freya *is pretty rotten."*

Henry Seidel Canby, of our own Editorial Board, says: "Conrad sails on an open sea, tamed by wireless and conquered by steel. Mystery for him lies not beyond the horizon, but in his fellow passengers. On them he broods."

No; Freya was no fool. He was not concerned about that. He didn't mind it in the least. The fellow was just company for her; he amused the girl, nothing more.

When the perspicacious old chap left off mumbling, all was still in the house. The other two were amusing themselves very quietly, and no doubt very heartily. What more absorbing and less noisy amusement could they have found than to plan their future? Side by side on the veranda they must have been looking at the brig, the third party in that fascinating game. Without her there would have been no future. She was the fortune and the home, and the great free world for them. Who was it that likened a ship to a prison? May I be ignominiously hanged at a yardarm if that's true. The white sails of that craft were the white wings—pinions, I believe, would be the more poetical style—well, the white pinions, of their soaring love. Soaring as regards Jasper. Freya, being a woman, kept a better hold of the mundane connections of this affair.

But Jasper was elevated in the true sense of the word ever since the day when, after they had been gazing at the brig in one of those decisive silences that alone establish a perfect communion between creatures gifted with speech, he proposed that she should share the ownership of that treasure with him. Indeed, he presented the brig to her altogether. But then his heart had been in the brig since the day he bought her in Manila from a certain middle-aged Peruvian, in a sober suit of black broadcloth, enigmatic and sententious, who, for all I know, might have stolen her on the South American coast, whence he said he had come over to the Philippines "for family reasons." This "for family reasons" was distinctly good. No true *caballero* would care to push on inquiries after such a statement.

Indeed, Jasper was quite the *caballero*. The brig herself was then all black and enigmatical, and very dirty; a tarnished gem of the sea, or, rather, a neglected work of art. For he must have been an artist, the obscure builder who had put her body together on lovely lines out of the hardest tropical timber fastened with the purest copper. Goodness only knows in what part of the world she had been built. Jasper himself had not been able to ascertain much of her history from his sententious, saturnine Peruvian—if the fellow was a Peruvian, and not the devil himself in disguise, as Jasper jocularly pretended to believe. My opinion is that she was old enough to have been one of the last pirates, a slaver perhaps, or else an opium clipper of the early days, if not an opium smuggler.

However that may be, she was as sound as on the day she first took the water, sailed like a witch, steered like a little boat, and, like some fair women of adventurous life famous in history, seemed to have the secret of perpetual youth; so that there was nothing unnatural in Jasper Allen treating her like a lover. And that treatment restored the luster of her beauty. He clothed her in many coats of the very best white paint so skilfully, carefully, artistically put on and kept clean by his badgered crew of picked Malays, that no costly enamel such as jewelers use for their work could have looked better and felt smoother to the touch. A narrow gilt molding defined her elegant sheer as she sat on the water, eclipsing easily the professional good looks of any pleasure yacht that ever came to the East in those days. For myself, I must say I prefer a molding of deep crimson color on a white hull. It gives a stronger relief besides being less expensive; and I told Jasper so. But no, nothing less than the best gold-leaf would do, because no decoration could be gorgeous enough for the future abode of his Freya.

His feelings for the brig and for the girl were as indissolubly united in his heart as you may fuse two precious metals together in one crucible. And the flame was pretty hot, I can assure you. It induced in him a fierce inward restlessness both of activity and desire. Too fine in face, with a lateral wave in his chestnut hair, spare, long-limbed, with an eager glint in his steely eyes and quick, brusque movements, he made me think sometimes of a flashing sword-blade perpetually leaping out of the scabbard. It was only when he was near the girl, when he had her there to look at, that this peculiarly tense attitude was replaced by a grave devout watchfulness of her slightest movements and utterances. Her resolute, capable, good-humored self-possession seemed to steady his heart. Was it the magic of her face, of her voice, of her glances which calmed him so? Yet these were the very things one must believe which had set his imagination ablaze—if love begins in imagination. But I am no man to discuss such mysteries, and it strikes me that we have neglected poor old Nelson inflating his cheeks in a state of worry on the back veranda.

I pointed out to him that, after all, Jasper was not a very frequent visitor. He and his brig worked hard all over the Archipelago. But all old Nelson said, and he said it uneasily, was:

"I hope Heemskirk won't turn up here while the brig's about."

Getting up a scare about Heemskirk now! Heemskirk! . . . Really, one hadn't the patience. . . .

II

For, pray, who was Heemskirk? You shall see at once how unreasonable this dread of Heemskirk. . . . Certainly, his nature was malevolent enough. That was obvious, directly you heard him laugh. Nothing gives away more a man's secret disposition than the unguarded ring of his laugh. But, bless my soul! if we were to start at every evil guffaw like a hare at every sound, we shouldn't be fit for anything but the solitude of a desert, or the seclusion of a hermitage. And even there we should have to put up with the unavoidable company of the devil.

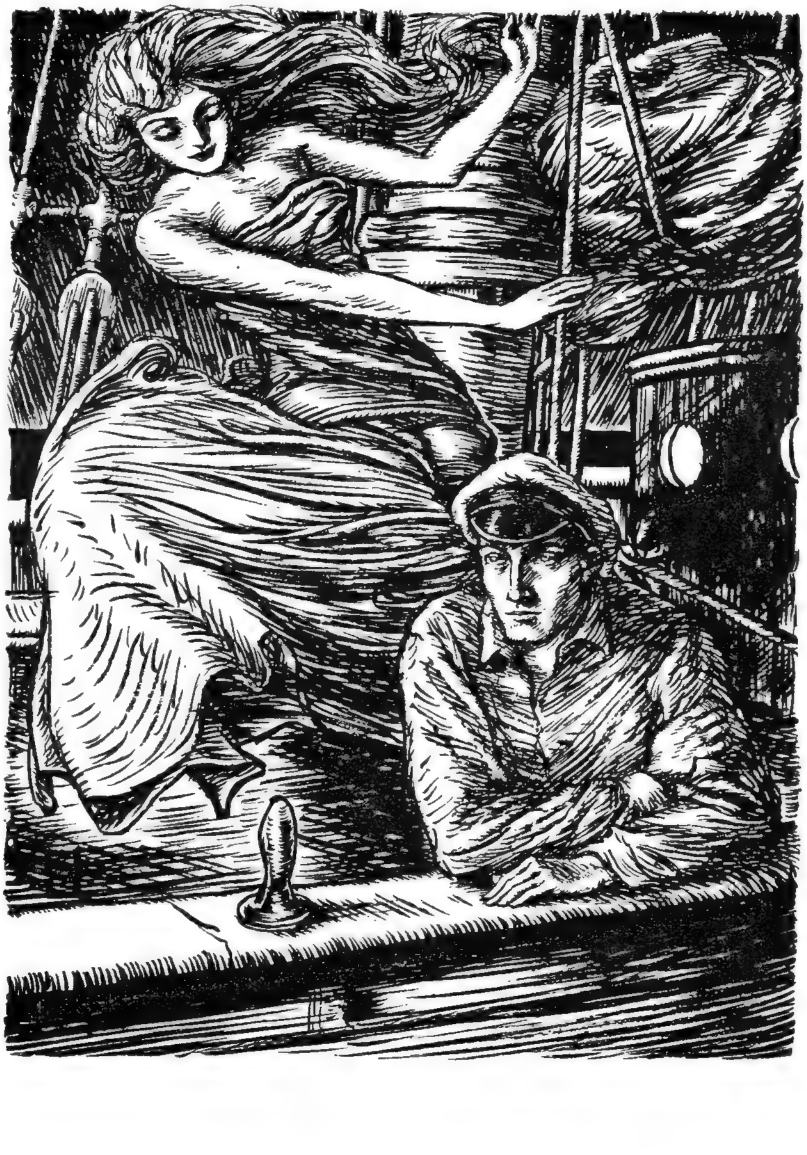
Heemskirk, whose early days could not have been very splendid, was merely a naval officer forty years of age, of no particular connections or ability to boast of. He was commanding the *Neptun*, a little gunboat employed on dreary patrol duty up and down the Archipelago, to look after the traders. Not a very exalted position truly. I tell you, just a common middle-aged lieutenant of some twenty-five years' service and sure to be retired before long—that's all.

He never bothered his head very much as to what was going on in the Seven Isles group till he learned from some talk in Mintok of Palembang, I suppose, that there was a pretty girl living there. Curiosity, I presume, caused him to go poking around that way and then, after he had once seen Freya, he made a practice of calling at the group whenever he found himself within half a day's steaming from it.

I don't mean to say that Heemskirk was a typical Dutch naval officer. I have seen enough of them not to fall into that absurd mistake. He had a big, clean-shaven face; great flat, brown cheeks, with a thin, hooked nose and a small, pursy mouth squeezed in between. There were a few silver threads in his black hair, and his unpleasant eyes were nearly black, too. He had a surly way of casting side glances without moving his head, which was set low on a short, round neck. A thick, round trunk in a dark undress jacket with gold shoulder-straps, was sustained by a straddly pair of thick, round legs, in white drill trousers. His round skull under a white cap looked as if it were immensely thick too, but there were brains enough in it to discover and take advantage maliciously of poor old Nelson's nervousness before everything that was invested with the merest shred of authority.

Heemskirk would land on the point and perambulate silently every part of the plantation as if the whole place belonged to him, before he went to the house. On the veranda he would take the best chair, and would stay for tiffin or dinner, just simply stay on, without taking the trouble to invite himself by so much as a word.

He ought to have been kicked, if only for his manner to Miss Freya. Had he been a naked savage, armed with spears and poisoned arrows, old Nelson (or Neilsen) would have gone for him with his bare fists. But these gold shoulder-straps—Dutch shoulder-straps at that—were enough to terrify the old fellow; so he let



And then to console him he had the brig which seemed pervaded by the spirit of Freya.

the beggar treat him with heavy contempt, devour his daughter with his eyes, and drink the best part of his little stock of wine.

I saw something of this situation, and on one occasion I tried to pass a remark on the subject. It was pitiable to see the trouble in old Nelson's round eyes. At first he cried out that the lieutenant was a good friend of his; a very good fellow. I went on staring at him pretty hard, so that at last he faltered, and had to own that, of course, Heemskirk was not a very genial person outwardly, but all the same at bottom. . . .

"I haven't yet met a genial Dutchman out here," I interrupted. "Geniality, after all, is not of much consequence, but don't you see——"

Nelson looked suddenly so frightened at what I was going to say that I hadn't the heart to go on. Of course, I was going to tell him that the fellow was after his girl. That just describes it exactly. What Heemskirk might have expected or what he thought he could do, I don't know. For all I can tell, he might have imagined himself irresistible, or have taken Freya for what she was not, on account of her lively, assured, unconstrained manner. But there it is. He was after that girl. Nelson could see it well enough. Only he preferred to ignore it. He did not want to be told of it.

"All I want is to live in peace and quietness with the Dutch authorities," he mumbled shamefacedly.

He was incurable. I was sorry for him; and I really think Miss Freya was sorry for her father, too. She restrained herself for his sake, and like everything she did, she did it simply, unaffectedly, and even good-humoredly. No small effort that, because in Heemskirk's attentions there was an insolent touch of scorn, hard to put up with. Dutchmen of that sort are overbearing to their inferiors, and that officer of the king looked upon old Nelson and Freya as quite beneath him in every way.

I can't say I felt sorry for Freya. She was not the sort of girl to take anything tragically. One could feel for her and sympathize with her difficulty, but she seemed equal to any situation. It was rather admiration she extorted by her competent serenity. It was only when Jasper and Heemskirk were together at the bungalow, as happened now and then, that she felt the strain, and even then it was not for everybody to see. My eyes alone could detect a faint shadow on the radiance of her personality. Once I could not help saying to her appreciatively:

"Upon my word you are wonderful."

She let it pass with a faint smile.

"The great thing is to prevent Jasper becoming unreasonable," she said; and I could see real concern lurking in the quiet depths of her frank eyes gazing straight at me. "You will help to keep him quiet, won't you?"

"Of course, we must keep him quiet," I declared, understanding very well the nature of her anxiety.

"He's such a lunatic, too, when he's roused."

"He is!" she assented, in a soft tone; for it was our joke to speak of Jasper abusively. "But I have tamed him a bit. He's quite a good boy now."

"He would squash Heemskirk like a black beetle, all the same," I remarked.

"Rather" she murmured. "And that wouldn't do," she added quickly. "Imagine the state poor papa would get into. Besides, I mean to be mistress of the dear brig and sail about the seas, not go off wandering ten thousand miles away from here."

"The sooner you are on board to look after the man and the brig the better," I said seriously. "They need you to steady them both a bit. I don't think Jasper will ever get sobered down till he has carried you off from this island. You don't see him when he is away from you, as I do. He's in a state of perpetual elation which almost frightens me."

At this she smiled again, and then looked serious. For it could not be unpleasant to her to be told of her power, and she had some sense of her responsibility. She slipped away from me suddenly, because Heemskirk, with old Nelson in attendance at his elbow, was coming up the steps of the veranda. Directly his head came above the level of the floor his ill-natured black eyes shot glances here and there.

"Where's your girl, Nelson?" he asked, in a tone as if every soul in the world belonged to him. And then to me: "The goddess has flown, eh?"

Nelson's Cove—as we used to call it—was crowded with shipping that day. There was first my steamer, then the *Neptun* gunboat further out, and the *Bonito*, brig, anchored as usual so close inshore that it looked as if, with a little skill and judgment, one could shy a hat from the veranda onto her scrupulously holystoned quarter-deck. Her brasses flashed like gold, her white body-paint had a sheen like a satin robe. The rake of her varnished spars and the big yards, squared to a hair, gave her a sort of martial elegance. She was a beauty. No wonder that in possession of a craft like that and the promise of a girl like Freya, Jasper lived in a state of perpetual elation fit, perhaps, for the seventh heaven, but not safe in a world like ours.

I REMARKED POLITELY to Heemskirk that, with three guests in the house, Miss Freya had no doubt domestic matters to attend to. I knew, of course, that she had gone to meet Jasper at a certain cleared spot on the banks of the only stream on Nelson's little island. The commander of the *Neptun* gave me a dubious black look, and began to make himself at home, flinging his thick, cylindrical carcass into a rocking-chair, and unbuttoning his coat. Old Nelson sat down opposite him in a most unassuming manner, staring anxiously with his round eyes and fanning himself with his hat. I tried to make conversation to while the time away; not an easy task with a morose, enamored Dutchman constantly looking from one door to another and answering one's advances either with a jeer or a grunt.

However, the evening passed off all right. Luckily there is a degree of bliss too intense for elation. Jasper was quiet and concentrated silently in watching Freya. As we went on board our respective ships I offered to give his brig a tow out next morning. I did it on purpose to get him away at the earliest possible moment. So in the first cold light of the dawn we passed by the gunboat lying black and still without a sound in her at the mouth of the glassy cove. But with a tropical swiftness the sun had climbed twice its diameter above the horizon before we had rounded the reef and got abreast of the point. On the biggest boulder there stood Freya, all in white and, in her helmet, like a feminine and martial statue with a rosy face, as I could see very well with my glasses. She fluttered an expressive handkerchief, and Jasper, running up the main rigging of the white and warlike brig, waved his hat in response. Shortly afterward we parted, I to the northward, and Jasper heading east with a light wind on the quarter for Banjermassin and two other ports, I believe it was, that trip.

This peaceful occasion was the last on which I saw all these people assembled together; the charmingly fresh and resolute Freya, the innocently round-eyed old Nelson, Jasper, keen, long limbed, lean faced, admirably self-contained in his manner, because inconceivably happy under the eyes of his Freya; all three tall, fair, and blue-eyed in varied shades, and amongst them the swarthy, arrogant, black-haired Dutchman, shorter nearly by a head, and so much thicker than any of them that he seemed to be a creature capable of inflating itself, a grotesque specimen of mankind from some other planet.

The contrast struck me all at once as we stood in the lighted veranda, after rising from the dinner-table. I was fascinated by it for the rest of the evening, and I remember the impression of something funny and ill-omened at the same time in it to this day.

III

A FEW WEEKS later, coming early one morning into Singapore, from a journey to the southward, I saw the brig lying at anchor in all her usual symmetry and splendor of aspect as though she had been taken out of a glass case and put delicately into the water that very moment.

She was well out in the roadstead, but I steamed in and took up my habitual berth close in front of the town. Before we had finished breakfast a quartermaster came to tell me that Captain Allen's boat was coming our way.

His smart rig dashed alongside, and in two bounds he was up our accommodation-ladder and shaking me by the hand with his nervous grip, his eyes snapping inquisitively, for he supposed I had called at the Seven Isles group on my way. I reached into my pocket for a nicely folded little note, which he grabbed out of my hand without ceremony and carried off on the bridge to read by himself. After a decent interval I followed him up there, and found him pacing to and fro; for the nature of his emotions made him restless even in his most thoughtful moments.

He shook his head at me triumphantly.

"Well, my dear boy," he said, "I shall be counting the days now."

I understood what he meant. I knew that those young people had settled already on a runaway match without official preliminaries. This was really a logical decision. Old Nelson (or Nielsen) would never have agreed to give up Freya peaceably to this compromising Jasper. Heavens! What would the Dutch authorities say to such a match! It sounds too ridiculous for words. But there's nothing in the world more selfishly hard than a timorous man in a fright about his "little estate," as old Nelson used to call it in apologetic accents. A heart permeated by a particular sort of funk is proof against sense, feeling, and ridicule. It's a flint.

Jasper would have made his request all the same and then taken his own way; but it was Freya who decided that nothing should be said, on the ground that, "Papa would only worry himself to distraction." He was capable of making himself ill, and then she wouldn't have the heart to leave him. Here you have the sanity of feminine outlook and the frankness of feminine reasoning. And for the rest, Miss Freya could read "poor dear papa" in the way a woman reads a man—like an open book. His daughter once gone, old Nelson would not worry himself. He would raise a great outcry, and make no end of lamentable fuss, but that's not the same thing. The real agonies of indecision, the anguish of conflicting feelings would be spared to him. And as he was too unassuming to rage, he would, after a period of lamentation, devote himself to his "little estate," and to keeping on good terms with the authorities.

Time would do the rest. And Freya thought she could afford to wait, while ruling over her own home in the beautiful brig and over the man who loved her. This was the life for her who had learned to walk on a ship's deck. She was a ship-child, a sea-girl if ever there was one. And of course she loved Jasper and trusted him; but there was a shade of anxiety in her pride. It is very fine and romantic to possess for your very own a finely tempered and trusty sword-blade, but whether it is the best weapon to counter with the common cudgel-play of Fate—that's another question.

She knew that she had the more substance of the two—you needn't try any cheap jokes, for I am not talking of their weights. She was just a little anxious while he was away, and she had me who, being a tried confidant, took the liberty to whisper frequently "The sooner the better." But there was a peculiar vein of obstinacy in Miss Freya, and her reason for delay was characteristic. "Not before my twenty-first birthday; so that there shall be no mistake in people's minds as to my being old enough to know what I am doing."

Jasper's feelings were in such subjection that he had never even remonstrated against the decree. She was just splendid, whatever she did or said, and there was an end of it for him. I believe that he was subtle enough to be even flattered at bottom—at times. And then to console him he had the brig which seemed pervaded by the spirit of Freya, since whatever he did on board was always done under the supreme sanction of his love.

"Yes. I'll soon begin to count the days," he repeated. "Eleven months more. I'll have to crowd three trips into that, and that means keeping busy."

"Mind you don't come to grief trying to do too much," I admonished him. But he dismissed my caution with a laugh and an elated gesture. Pooh! Nothing, nothing could happen to the brig, he cried, as if the flame of his heart could light up the dark nights of uncharted seas, and the image of Freya serve for an unerring beacon amongst hidden shoals; as if the winds had to wait on his future, the stars fight for it in their courses; as if the magic of his passion had the power to float a ship on a drop of dew or sail her through the eye of a needle—simply because it was her magnificent lot to be the servant of a love so full of grace as to make all ways of the earth safe, resplendent, and easy.

"I suppose," I said, after he had finished laughing at my innocent enough remark, "I suppose you will be off today."

That was what he meant to do. He had not gone at daylight only because he expected me to come in.

"And only fancy what has happened yesterday," he went on. "My mate left me suddenly. Had to. And as there's nobody to be found at a short notice I am going to take Schultz with me. The notorious Schultz! Why don't you jump out of your skin? I tell you I went and unearthed Schultz late last evening, after no end of trouble. 'I am your man, Captain,' he says, in that wonderful voice of his, 'but I am sorry to confess I have practically no clothes to my back. I have had to sell all my wardrobe to get a little food from day to day.' What a voice that man has got. Talk about moving stones! But people seem to get used to it. I had never seen him before, and, upon my word, I felt suddenly tears rising to my eyes. Luckily it was dusk. He was sitting very quiet under a tree in a native compound as thin as a lath, and when I peered down at him all he had on was an old cotton singlet and a pair of ragged pajamas. I bought him six white suits and two pairs of canvas shoes. Can't clear the ship without a mate. Must have somebody. I am going on shore presently to sign him on, and I shall take him with me as I go back on board to get under way. Now, I am a lunatic—am I not? Mad, of course. Come on! Lay it on thick. Let yourself go. I like to see you get excited."

He so evidently expected me to scold that I took especial pleasure in exaggerating the calmness of my attitude.

"The worst that can be brought up against Schultz," I began, folding my arms and speaking dispassionately, "is an awkward habit of stealing the stores of every ship he has ever been in. He will do it. That's really all that's wrong. I don't credit absolutely that story Captain Robinson tells of Schultz conspiring in Chantabun with some ruffians in a Chinese junk to steal the anchor off the starboard bow of the *Bohemian Girl* schooner. Robinson's story is too ingenious altogether. That other tale of the engineers of the *Nan-Shan* finding Schultz at midnight in the engine-room busy hammering at the brass bearings to carry them off for sale on shore seems to me more authentic. Apart from this little weakness, let me tell you that Schultz is a smarter sailor than many who never took a drop of drink in their lives, and perhaps no worse morally than some men you and I know who have never stolen the value of a penny. He may not be a desirable person to have on board one's ship, but since you have no choice he may be made to do, I believe. The important thing is to understand his psychology. Don't give him any money till you have done with him. Not a cent, if he begs you ever so. For as sure as Fate the moment you give him any money he will begin to steal."

I enjoyed Jasper's incredulous surprise.

"The devil he will!" he cried. "What on earth for? Aren't you trying to pull my leg, old boy?"

"No. I'm not. You must understand Schultz's psychology. He's neither a loafer nor a cager. He's not likely to wander about looking for somebody to stand him drinks. But suppose he goes on shore with five dollars, or fifty for that matter, in his pocket? After the third or fourth glass he becomes fuddled and charitable. He either drops his money all over the place, or else distributes the lot around; gives it to anyone who will take it. Then it occurs to him that the night is young yet, and that he may require a good many drinks for himself and his friends before morning. So he starts off cheerfully for his ship. His legs never get affected nor his head either in the usual way. He gets aboard and simply grabs the first thing that seems to him suitable—the cabin lamp, a coil of rope, a bag of biscuits, a drum of oil—and converts it into money without thinking twice about it. This is the process and no other. You have only to look out that he doesn't get a start. That's all."

"Confound his psychology," muttered Jasper. "But a man with a voice like his is fit to talk to the angels. Is he incurable, do you think?"

I said that I thought so. Nobody had prosecuted him yet, but no one would employ him any longer. His end would be, I feared, to starve in some hole or other.

"Ah, well," reflected Jasper. "The *Bonito* isn't trading to any ports of civilization. That'll make it easier for him to keep straight."

That was true. The brig's business was on uncivilized coasts, with obscure rajahs dwelling in nearly unknown bays; with native settlements up mysterious rivers opening their somber, forest-lined estuaries among a welter of pale green reefs and dazzling sandbanks, in lonely straits of calm blue water all aglitter with sunshine. Alone, far from the beaten tracks, she glided, all white, round dark, frowning headlands, stole out, silent like a ghost, from behind points of land stretching out all black in the moonlight; or lay hove-to, like a sleeping sea-bird, under the shadow of some nameless mountain waiting for a signal. She would be glimpsed suddenly on misty, squally days dashing disdainfully aside the short aggressive waves of the Java Sea; or be seen far, far away, a tiny dazzling white speck flying across the brooding purple masses of thunderclouds piled up on the horizon. Sometimes, on the rare mail tracks, where civilization brushes against wild mystery, when the naïve passengers crowding along the rail exclaimed, pointing at her with interest: "Oh, here's a yacht!" the Dutch captain, with a hostile glance, would grunt contemptuously: "Yacht! No! That's only English Jasper. A pedlar, coasting around and interfering——"

"A good seaman, you say," ejaculated Jasper, still in the matter of the hopeless Schultz with the wonderfully touching voice.

"First rate. Ask anyone. Quite worth having—only impossible," I declared.

"He shall have his chance to reform in the brig," said Jasper, with a laugh. "There will be no temptations either to drink or steal where I am going to this time."

I didn't press him for anything more definite on that point. In fact, intimate as we were, I had a pretty clear notion of the general run of his business.

But as we were going ashore in his gig he asked suddenly: "By the way, do you know where Heemskirk is?"

I eyed him covertly, and was reassured. He had asked the question, not as a lover, but as a trader. I told him that I had heard in Palembang that the *Neptun* was on duty down about Flores and Sumbawa. Quite out of his way. He expressed his satisfaction.

"You know," he went on, "that fellow, when he gets on the Borneo coast, amuses himself by knocking down my beacons. I have had to put up a few to help me in and out of the rivers. Early this year a Celebes trader becalmed in a prau was watching him at it. He steamed the gunboat full tilt at two of them, one after another, smashing them to pieces, and then lowered a boat on purpose to pull out a third, which I had a lot of trouble six months ago to stick up in the middle of a mudflat for a tide mark. Did you ever hear of anything more provoking—eh?"

"I wouldn't quarrel with the beggar," I observed casually, yet disliking that piece of news strongly. "It isn't worth while."

"I quarrel?" cried Jasper. "I don't want to quarrel. I don't want to hurt a single hair of his ugly head. My dear fellow, when I think of Freya's twenty-first birthday, all the world's my friend, Heemskirk included. It's a nasty, spiteful amusement, all the same."

We parted rather hurriedly on the quay, each of us having his own pressing business to attend to. I would have been very much cut up had I known that this hurried grasp of the hand with "So long, old boy. Good luck to you!" was the last of our partings. On his return to the Straits I was away, and he was gone again before I got back. He was trying to achieve three trips before Freya's twenty-first birthday.

[To be Continued in September]

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What They Had Laid Out *for Their* Vacation

By GEORGE ADE

A man who had three weeks of Vacation coming to him began to get busy with an Atlas about April 1st. He and his Wife figured that by keeping on the Jump they could do Niagara, Thousand Islands, Atlantic City, The Mammoth Cave and cover the Great Lakes.

On April 10th they decided to charter a House-Boat and float down the Mississippi.

On April 20th he heard of a Cheap Excursion to California with a stop-over Privilege at every Station and they began to read up on Salt Lake and Yellowstone and Zion National Park.

Drawings from "Oh, Ranger!" (Stanford University Press)

On May 1st she flashed a Prospectus of a Northern Lake Resort where Boats and minnows were free and Nature was ever smiling.

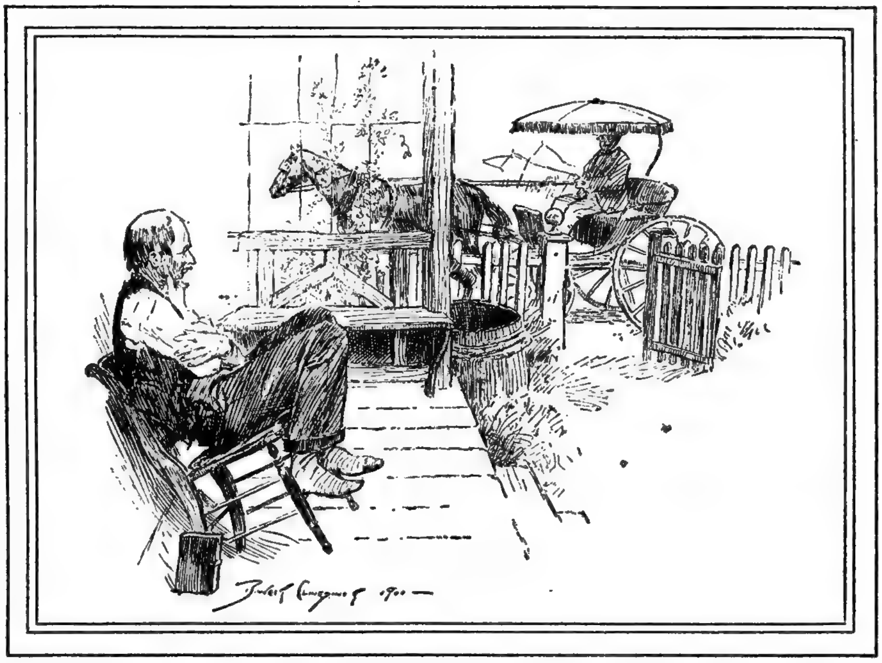
By May 10th he had drawn a Blue Pencil all over a Folder of the Adirondacks, and all the Hotel Rates were set down in his Pocket Note Book.

Ten days later she vetoed the Mountain Trip because she had got next to a Nantucket Establishment where Family Board was $6 a Week, with the use of a Horse.

On June 1st a Friend showed him how, by making two Changes and hiring a Canoe, he could penetrate the Deep Woods, where the Foot of Man had never Trod and the Black Bass came to the Surface and begged to be taken out.

On June 15th he and Wifey packed up and did the annual Hike up to Uncle Foster's Place in Brown County, where they ate with the Hired Hand and had Greens three times a Day. There were no Screens on the Windows, but by climbing a Hill they could get a lovely View of the Pike that ran over to the County Seat.

MORAL: If Summer came in the Spring there would be a lot of Travel.



David Harum Buys a Hoss

By EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT

“Where you ben?” asked Mrs. Bixbee of her brother as the three sat at the one o’clock dinner. “I see you drivin’ off somewheres.”

“Ben up the Lake Road to ’Lizer Howe’s,” replied David. “He’s got a hoss ’t I’ve some notion o’ buyin’.”

“Ain’t the’ week-days enough,” she asked, “to do your horse-tradin’ in ’ithout breakin’ the Sabbath?”

David threw back his head and lowered a stalk of the last asparagus of the year into his mouth.

“Some o’ the best deals I ever made,” he said, “was made on a Sunday. Hain’t you never heard the sayin’, ‘The better the day, the better the deal’?”

“Wa’al,” declared Mrs. Bixbee, “the’ can’t be no blessin’ on money that’s made in that way, an’ you’d be better off without it.”

“I dunno,” remarked her brother, “but Deakin Perkins might ask a blessin’ on a hoss trade, but I never heard of it’s bein’ done, an’ I don’t know jest how the deakin ’d put it; it’d be two fer the deakin an’ one fer the other feller, though, somehow, you c’n bet.”

“Humph!” she ejaculated. “I guess nobody ever did; an’ I sh’d think you had money enough an’ horses enough an’ time enough to keep out o’ that bus’nis on Sunday, anyhow.”

“Wa’al, wa’al,” said David, “mebbe I’ll swear off before long, an’ anyway the’ wa’n’t no blessin’ needed on this trade, fer if you’ll ask ’Lizer he’ll tell ye the’ wa’n’t none made. ’Lizer ’s ’o your way o’ thinkin’ on the subjict.”

“That’s to his credit, anyway,” she asserted.

“Jes’ so,” observed her brother; “I’ve gen’ally noticed that folks who was of your way o’ thinkin’ never made no mistakes, an’ ’Lizer ’s a very consistent believer;” whereupon he laughed in a way to arouse both Mrs. Bixbee’s curiosity and suspicion.

“I don’t see anythin’ in that to laugh at,” she declared.

“He, he, he, he!” chuckled David.

“Wa’al, you may ’s well tell it one time ’s another. That’s the way,” she said, turning to John with a smile trembling on her lips, “ ’t he picks at me the hull time.”

“I’ve noticed it,” said John. “It’s shameful.”

“I do it hully fer her good,” asserted David with a grin. “If it wa’n’t fer me she’d git in time as narrer as them seven-day Babtists over to Peeble—they call ’em the ‘narrer Babtists.’ You’ve heard on ’em, hain’t you, Polly?”

“No,” she said, without looking up from her plate, “I never heard on ’em, an’ I don’t much believe you ever did neither.”

“What!” exclaimed David. “You lived here goin’ on seventy year an’ never heard on ’em?”

“David Harum!” she cried, “I ain’t within ten year——”

“Hold on,” he protested, “don’t throw that teacup. I didn’t say you *was*, I only said you was *goin’ on*—an’ about them people over to Peeble, they’ve got the name of the ‘narrer Babtists’ because they’re so narrer in their views that fourteen on ’em c’n sit, side an’ side, in a buggy." This astonishing statement elicited a laugh even from Aunt Polly, but presently she said:

"Wa'al, I'm glad you found one man that would stan' you off on Sunday."

"Yes'm," said her brother, "'Lizer 's jest your kind. I knew 't he'd hurt his foot, an' prob'ly couldn't go to meetin', an' sure enough, he was settin' on the stoop, an' I drove in an' pulled up in the lane alongside. We said good mornin' an' all that, an' I ast after the folks an' how his foot was gettin' 'long, an' so on, an' fin'ly I says, 'I see your boy drivin' a hoss the other day that looked a little—f'm the middle o' the road—as if he might match one I've got, an' I thought I'd drive up this mornin' an' see if we couldn't git up a dicker.' Wa'al, he give a kind of a hitch in his chair as if his foot hurt him, an' then he says, 'I guess I can't deal with ye today. I don't never do no bus'nis on Sunday,' he says.

"'I've heard you was putty pertic'ler,' I says, 'but I'm putty busy jest about now, an' I thought that mebbe once in a way, an' seein' that you couldn't go to meetin' anyway, an' that I've come quite a ways an' don't know when I c'n see you again, an' so on, that mebbe you'd think, under all the circumstances, the' wouldn't be no great harm in't—long 's I don't pay over no money, et cetery,' I says.

"'No,' he says, shakin' his head in a sort o' mournful way, 'I'm glad to see ye, an' I'm sorry you've took all that trouble fer nuthin', but my conscience won't allow me,' he says, 'to do no bus'nis on Sunday.'

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'I don't ask no man to go agin his conscience, but it wouldn't be no very glarin' transgression on your part, would it, if I was to go up to the barn all alone by myself an' look at the hoss?' I c'd see," continued Mr. Harum, "that his face kind o' brightened up at that, but he took his time to answer. 'Wa'al,' he says fin'ly, 'I don't want to lay down no law fer *you,* and if *you* don't see no harm in't, I guess the' ain't nuthin' to prevent ye.' So I got down an' started fer the barn, an'—he, he, he!—when I'd got about a rod he hollered after me, 'He's in the end stall,' he says.

"Wa'al," the narrator proceeded, "I looked the critter over an' made up my mind about what he was wuth to me, an' went back an' got in, an' drove into the yard, an' turned 'round, an' drew up agin 'longside the stoop. 'Lizer looked up at me in an askin' kind of a way, but he didn't say anythin'.

"'I s'pose,' I says, 'that you wouldn't want me to say anythin' more to ye, an' I may 's well jog along back.'

"'Wa'al,' he says, 'I can't very well help hearin' ye, kin I, if you got anythin' to say?'

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'the hoss ain't exac'ly what I expected to find, nor jes' what I'm lookin' fer; but I don't say I wouldn't 'a' made a deal with ye if the price had ben right, an' it hadn't ben Sunday.' I reckon," said David with a wink at John, "that that there foot o' his'n must 'a' give him an extry twinge the way he wriggled in his chair; but I couldn't break his lockjaw yit. So I gathered up the lines an' took out the whip, an' made all the motions to go, an' then I kind o' stopped an' says, 'I don't want you to go agin your princ'ples nor the law an' gosp'l on my account, but the' can't be no harm in s'posin' a case, can the'?' No, he allowed that 'sposin' wa'n't jest the same as doin'. 'Wa'al,' says I, 'now s'posin' I'd come up here yestidy as I have today, an' looked your hoss over, an' said to you, "What price do you put on him?" what do you s'pose you'd 'a' said?'

"'Wa'al,' he said, 'puttin' it that way, I s'pose I'd 'a' said one-seventy.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'an' then again, if I'd said that he wa'n't wuth that money to me, not bein' jes' what I wanted—an' so he ain't—but that I'd give one-forty, *cash,* what do you s'pose you'd 'a' said?'

"'Wa'al,' he says, givin' a hitch, 'of course I don't know jes' what I would have said, but I *guess,*' he says, ''t I'd 'a' said if you'll make it one-fifty you c'n have the hoss.'

"'Wa'al, now,' I says, 's'posin' I was to send Dick Larrabee up here in the mornin' with the money, what do you s'pose you'd do?'

"'I *s'pose* I'd let him go,' says 'Lizer.

"'All right,' I says, an' off I put. That conscience o' 'Lizer's," remarked Mr. Harum in conclusion, "is wuth it's weight in gold, *jest about.*"

"David Harum," declared Aunt Polly, "you'd ort to be 'shamed o' yourself."

"Wa'al," said David with an air of meekness, "if I've done anythin' I'm sorry for, I'm willin' to be forgi'n. Now, s'posin'——"

"I've heard enough 'bout s'posin' fer one day," said Mrs. Bixbee decisively, "unless it's s'posin' you finish your dinner so's't Sairy c'n git through her work sometime."

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WOMAN IS CERTAINLY *our angel and our demon, the best and the worst of this base world, that which gives us life and death, happiness and despair. From her comes peace and trouble, virtue and vice, ecstasy and remorse, hell and heaven for man on this earth. She is the Temptation, the Enigma, the Abyss, the Curse, and the Blessing, because she is unknown and because she determines our fate. Capable of everything, source of everything, mother of everything, her breast is like Pandora's box, it conceals all sorrows and all human joys; but at the very bottom there is, perhaps, hope. We cannot exist either without or with her; she is our anxiety, our desire, our fear, our support, our terror, our anger and our love. . . . We are besotted without her, her kiss enflames us, her embrace unnerves us. The safest thing is to flee her in youth and marry her at a ripe age, for otherwise she devours and consumes us instead of soothing and strengthening us.* —*From* AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

Woodcut by James C. Reid

What Are *Your* Favorite Stories?

The GOLDEN BOOK *is the one magazine that the reader can—and must—help to edit. Our job is to choose the best entertainment from the true literature of the world, and you can help us to find it.*

Each month GOLDEN BOOK *offers a cash prize of $25 for the best essay of 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." You may write your essay about any story you like, just so long as it has proved memorable to you and worth re-reading. It may be old or new, thrilling or humanely touching, the funniest story you have ever read or the most beautiful.*

It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the GOLDEN BOOK *or not. We have been proud to find that an overwhelming number of the favorite stories chosen by contestants have appeared in our pages. But we are also particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the* GOLDEN BOOK.

The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.

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The $25 Prize-winning Essay for August

"Mateo Falcone"—My Favorite Story *and* Why

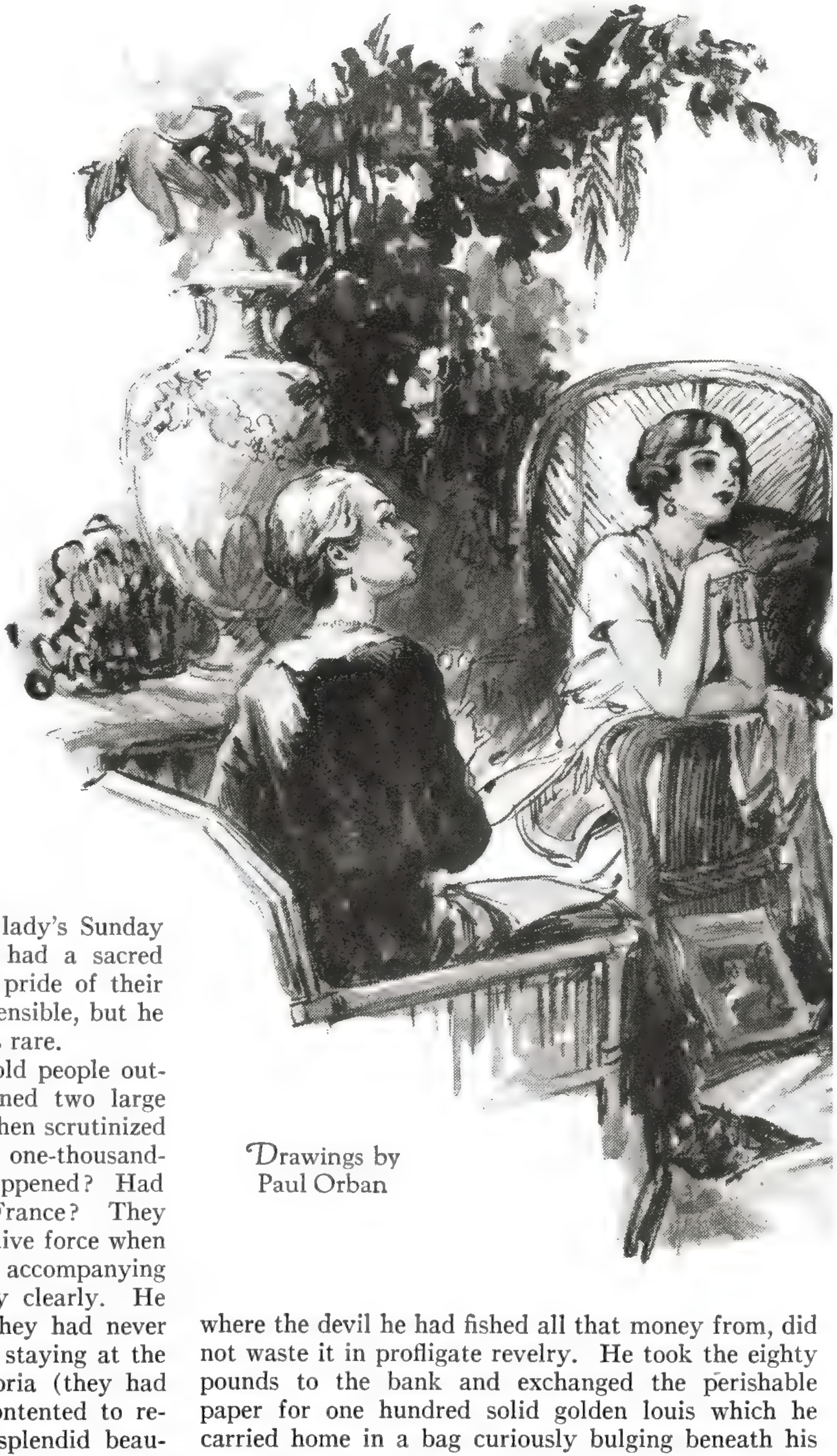
WHEN PAUSING to choose a favorite from among all the short stories that I have read, the one that comes instantly to mind is "Mateo Falcone" by Prosper Merimée. It appeared in the GOLDEN BOOK for January, 1926. It struck me as no other story had done.

"Mateo Falcone" is written so quietly and with such consummate artistry that at least two or three perusals are necessary to a full appreciation of its value. Even then, one cannot squeeze out all its rich emotional content. The style is distinguished by precision, and by the utmost economy in the use of words. But that is by no means all. So much more is communicated to the reader than each word definitely tells!

It is said that it impressed Walter Pater as "the cruelest story ever written." It probably affects different persons in different ways. But as a tragic tale of a little boy and a father's stern code of justice, it certainly reacts powerfully, whatever one's emotion may happen to be.

ARTHUR M. MILLER, Redlands, California.

The Adventure of the



Drawings by
Paul Orban

IT MAY BE REMEMBERED that Aristide Pujol had aged parents, browned and wrinkled children of the soil, who had passed all their days in the desolation of Aigues-Mortes, the little fortified, derelict city in the salt marshes of Provence. Although they regarded him with the same unimaginative wonder as a pair of alligators might regard an Argus butterfly, their undoubted but freakish progeny, and although Aristide soared high above their heads in all phases of thought and emotion, the mutual ties remained strong and perdurable. Scarcely a year passed without Aristide struggling somehow south to visit *ses vieux,* as he affectionately called them, and whenever Fortune shed a few smiles on him, one or two at least were sure to find their way to Aigues-Mortes in the shape of, say, a silver-mounted umbrella for his father or a deuce of a Paris hat for the old lady's Sunday wear. Monsieur and Madame Pujol had a sacred museum of these unused objects—the pride of their lives. Aristide was entirely incomprehensible, but he was a good son. A bad son in France is rare.

But once Aristide nearly killed his old people outright. An envelope from him contained two large caressive slips of bluish paper, which when scrutinized with staring eyes turned out to be two one-thousand-franc notes. *Mon Dieu!* What had happened? Had Aristide been robbing the Bank of France? They stood paralyzed and only recovered motive force when a neighbor suggested their reading the accompanying letter. It did not explain things very clearly. He was in Aix-les-Bains, a place which they had never heard of, making his fortune. He was staying at the Hôtel de l'Europe, where Queen Victoria (they had heard of Queen Victoria) had been contented to reside, he was a glittering figure in a splendid beau-monde, and if *ses vieux* would buy a few cakes and a bottle of vin cacheté with the enclosed trifle, to celebrate his prosperity, he would deem it the privilege of a devoted son. But Pujol senior, though wondering where the devil he had fished all that money from, did not waste it in profligate revelry. He took the eighty pounds to the bank and exchanged the perishable paper for one hundred solid golden louis which he carried home in a bag curiously bulging beneath his woolen jersey and secreted it with the savings of his long life in the mattress of the conjugal bed.

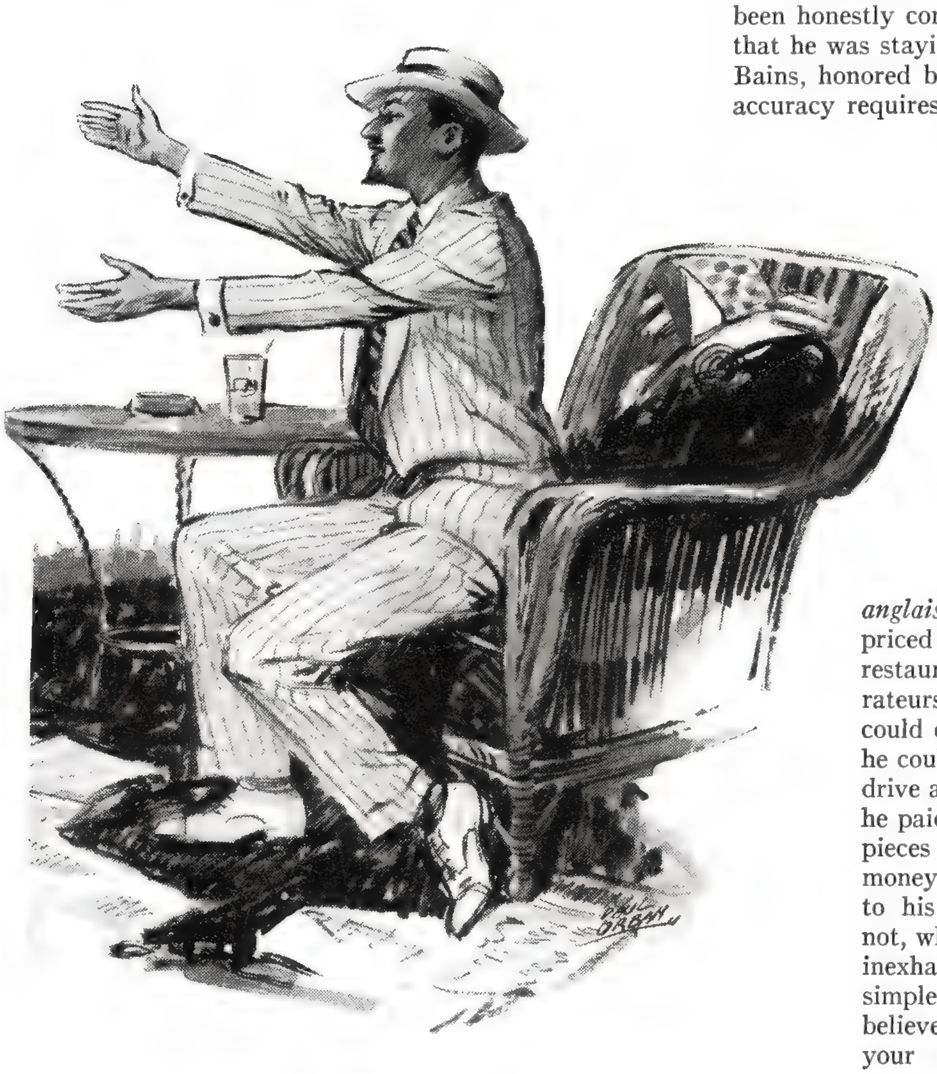
"If only he hasn't stolen it," sighed the mother.

"What does it matter, since it is sewn up there all

Fickle Goddess

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

"I could have hugged you," she said. "Why didn't you? Ah!" His arms spread wide. "What I have lost!"



secure?" said the old man. "No one can find it."

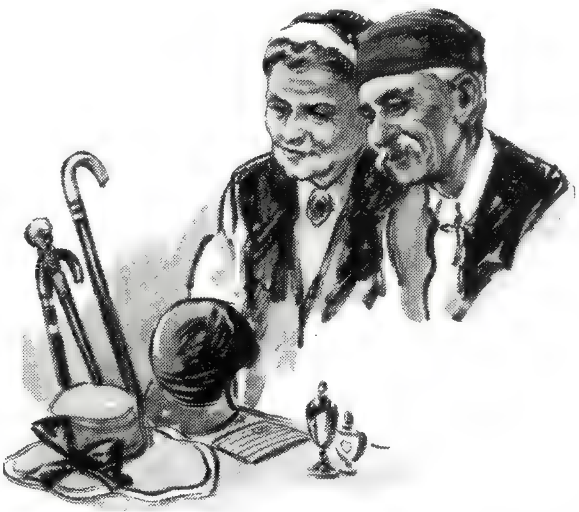
The Provençal peasant is as hard-headed and practical as a Scottish miner, and if left alone by the fairies would produce no imaginative effect whatever upon his generation; but in his progeniture he is more preposterously afflicted with changelings than any of his fellows, which, though ethnologically a new proposition, accounts for a singular number of things and *inter alia* for my dragon-fly friend, Aristide Pujol.

Now, Aristide, be it said at the outset, had not stolen the money. It (and a vast amount more) had been honestly come by. He did not lie when he said that he was staying at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Aix-les-Bains, honored by the late Queen Victoria (pedantic accuracy requires the correction that the august lady rented the annex, the Villa Victoria, on the other side of the shady way—but no matter—a hotel and its annex are the same thing), nor did he lie in boasting of his prodigious prosperity. Aristide was in clover. For the first, and up to now as I write, the only, time in his life, he realized the gorgeous visions of pallid years. He was leading the existence of the amazing rich. He could drink champagne—not your miserable *tisane* at five francs a quart—but real champagne, with year of vintage and *goût américain* or *goût anglais* marked on the label, fabulously priced; he could dine lavishly at the Casino restaurants or at Nikola's, prince of restaurateurs, among the opulent and the fair; he could clothe himself in attractive raiment; he could step into a fiacre and bid the man drive and not care whither he went or what he paid; he could also distribute five-franc pieces to lame beggars. He scattered his money abroad with both hands, according to his expansive temperament; and why not, when he was drawing wealth out of an inexhaustible fount? The process was so simple, so sure. All you had to do was to believe in the cards on which you staked your money. If you knew you were going to win, you won.

He had drifted into Aix-les-Bains from Geneva on the lamentable determination of a commission agency in the matter of some patent fuel, with a couple of louis in his pocket forlornly jingling the tale of his entire fortune. As this was before the days when you had to exhibit certificates of baptism, marriage, sanity, and bank-balance before being allowed to enter the baccarat rooms, Aristide paid his two francs and made a bee line for the tables. I am afraid Aristide was a gambler. He was never so happy as when taking chances; his whole life was a gamble, with Providence holding the bank. Before the night was over he had converted his two louis into fifty. The next day they became five hundred. By the end of a week his garments were wadded with bank notes whose value amounted to a sum so stupendous as to be beyond need of computation. He was a celebrity in the place and people nudged each other as he passed by. And Aristide passed by with a swagger, his head high and the end of his pointed beard sticking joyously up in the air.

We see him one August morning, in the plentitude of his success, lounging in a wicker chair on the shady lawn of the Hôtel de l'Europe. He wore white buckskin shoes—I begin with these as they were the first point of his person to attract the notice of the onlooker—lilac silk socks, a white flannel suit with a zigzag black stripe, a violet tie secured by a sapphire and diamond pin, and a rakish panama hat. On his knees lay the *Matin;* the fingers of his left hand held a fragrant corona; his right hand was uplifted in a gesture, for he was talking. He was talking to a couple of ladies who sat near by, one a mild-looking Englishwoman of fifty dressed in black, the other, her daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty-four. That Aristide should fly to feminine charms, like moth to candle, was a law of his being; that he should lie, with shriveled wings, at Miss Errington's feet was the obvious result. Her charms were of the winsome kind to which he was most susceptible. She had an oval face, a little mouth like crumpled rose petals (so Aristide himself described it), a complexion the mingling of ivory and peach blossom (Aristide again), a straight little nose, appealing eyes of the deepest blue veiled by sweeping lashes and fascinating fluffiness of dark hair over a pure brow. She had a graceful figure, and the slender foot below her white piqué skirt was at once the envy and admiration of Aix-les-Bains.

Aristide talked. The ladies listened, with obvious amusement. In the easy hotel way he had fallen into their acquaintance. As the man of wealth, the careless player who took five-hundred-louis banks at the table with the five-louis minimum, and cleared out the punt, he felt it necessary to explain himself. I am afraid he deviated from the narrow path of truth.



A silver-mounted umbrella for his father or a deuce of a Paris hat for the old lady's Sunday wear.

"What perfect English you speak," Miss Errington remarked, when he had finished his harangue and had put the corona between his lips. Her voice was a soft contralto.

"I have mixed much in English society, since I was a child," replied Aristide, in his grandest manner. "Fortune has made me know many of your county families and members of Parliament."

Miss Errington laughed. "Our M. P.s are rather a mixed lot, Monsieur Pujol."

"To me an English Member of Parliament is a high-bred conservative. I do not recognize the others," said Aristide.

"Unfortunately we have to recognize them," said the elder lady with a smile.

"Not socially, madame. They exist as mechanical factors of the legislative machine; but that is all." He swelled as if the blood of the Montmorencys and the Colignys boiled in his veins. "We do not ask them into our drawing rooms. We do not allow them to marry our daughters. We only salute them with cold politeness when we pass them in the street."

"It's astonishing," said Miss Errington, "how strongly the aristocratic principle exists in republican France. Now, there's our friend, the Comte de Lussigny, for instance——"

A frown momentarily darkened the cloudless brow of Aristide Pujol. He did not like the Comte de Lussigny——

"With Monsieur de Lussigny," he interposed, "it is a matter of prejudice, not of principle."

"And with you?"

"The reasoned philosophy of a life-time, mademoiselle," answered Aristide. He turned to Mrs. Errington.

"How long have you known Monsieur de Lussigny, madame?"

She looked at her daughter. "It was in Monte Carlo the winter before last, wasn't it, Betty? Since then we have met him frequently in England and Paris. We came across him, just lately, at Trouville. I think he's charming, don't you?"

"He's a great gambler," said Aristide, with a stern frown.

Betty Errington laughed again. "But so are you. So is mamma. So am I, in my poor little way. We all are."

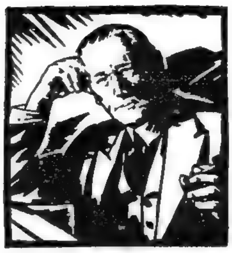
"We gamble for amusement," said Aristide loftily.

"I'm sure I don't," cried Miss Betty, with merry eyes—and she looked adorable— "When I put my despised five-franc piece down on the table I want desperately to win, and when the horrid croupier rakes it up I want to hit him—Oh! I want to hit him hard."

"And when you win?"

"I'm afraid I don't think of the croupier at all," said Miss Betty.

Her mother smiled indulgently and exchanged a glance with Aristide. This pleased him; there was an agreeable little touch of intimacy in it. It confirmed friendly relations with the mother. What were his designs as regards the daughter he did not know. They were not evil, certainly. For all his southern blood, Latin traditions and devil-may-care upbringing, Aristide, though perhaps not reaching our divinely set and therefore unique English standard of morality, was a decent soul; further, partly through his pedagogic sojourn among them, and partly through his childish adoration of the frank, fair-cheeked, northern goddesses talking the quick, clear speech, who passed him by when he was a hunted little devil of a *chasseur* in the Marseilles café, he had acquired a peculiarly imaginative reverence for English girls. The reverence, indeed, extended to English ladies generally. Owing to the queer circumstances of his life they were the only women of a class above his own, with whom he had associated on terms of equality. He had, then, no dishonorable designs as regards Miss Betty Errington. On the other hand, the thoughts of marriage had as yet not entered his head. You see, a Frenchman and an Englishman or an American, view marriage from entirely different angles. The Anglo-Saxon of honest instincts, attracted towards a pretty girl, at once thinks of the possibilities of marriage; if he finds them infinitely remote, he makes romantic love to her in the solitude of his walks or dreams, and, in her presence, is as dumb and dismal as a freshly hooked trout. The equally honest Gaul does nothing of the kind. The attraction in itself is a stimulus to adventure. He makes love to her, just because it is the nature of a lusty son of Adam to make love to a pretty daughter of Eve. He lives in the present. The rest doesn't matter. He leaves it to chance. I am speaking, be it understood, not of deep passions—that is a different matter altogether—but of the more superficial sexual attractions which we, as a race, take so seriously and puritanically, often to our most disastrous undoing, and which the Latin lightheartedly regards as essential, but transient phenomena of human existence. Aristide made the most respectful love in the world to Betty Errington, because he could not help himself. "*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" he cried when from my Britannic point of view I talked to him on the subject. "You English whom I try to understand and can never understand are so funny! It would have been insulting to Miss Betty Errington—*tiens!*—a purple hyacinth of spring—that was what she was—not to have made love to her. Love to a pretty woman is like a shower of rain to hyacinths. It passes, it goes. Another one comes. *Qu'importe?* But the shower is necessary—Ah! *sacré gredin,* when will you comprehend?"



AS A RULE to meet an author whose work you admire is to court disillusionment. But the very forbiddenness of W. J. Locke's private personality as contrasted with his published intimacy only serves to whet one's speculation as regards the man who has cast so gentle and benevolent a shadow. . . .

All day he plays. You may find him wherever people, especially young people, are. Youth is his worship. Not till midnight, as a rule, does his working day commence. Often it continues till dawn. Mr. Locke is a slow writer by modern standards of pressure. It takes him eighteen months to complete a novel. And yet I have seen his manuscripts; a penmanship which runs flowingly, without erasure or correction. The hand itself never hesitates; it is beautifully decided and microscopic. Whatever he writes must be completely thought out, so that there only remains the task of setting it down.

One evening we were conversing about novel-writing and the intimidating moment when one pens the opening sentence. "Long ago," he said, "I was taught a lesson by Thomas Hardy. He was being lionized in London, and I, a young apprentice, was seated next him. He turned to me: 'You young men puzzle me. I can't see what attracts you to fiction. You're clever, cynical, often brilliant; but your books miss the bull's-eye—they tell everything except a story. I have never allowed myself to write Chapter the First till I have felt sure that I had a story and doubly sure that it was a story worth the telling.'" Mr. Locke went on to say that he had stored that piece of wisdom and attributed to it a large share of his success.

Coningsby Dawson wrote the above before Mr. Locke's death May last.

Coningsby Dawson

All this to make as clear as an Englishman, in the confidence of a changeling child of Provence, can hope to do, the attitude of Aristide Pujol towards the sweet and innocent Betty Errington with her mouth like crumpled rose-petals, her ivory and peach-blossom complexion, her soft contralto voice, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, as per foregoing bald description, and as per what can, by imaginative effort, be pictured from the Pujolic hyperbole, by which I, the unimportant narrator of these chronicles, was overwhelmed.

"I'm afraid I don't think of the croupier at all," said Betty.

"Do you think of no one who brings you good fortune?" asked Aristide. He threw the *Matin* on the grass, and, doubling himself up in his chair regarded her earnestly. "Last night you put five louis into my bank——"

"And I won forty. I could have hugged you."

"Why didn't you? Ah!" His arms spread wide and high. "What I have lost!"

"Betty!" cried Mrs. Errington.

"Alas, Madame," said Aristide, "that is the despair of our artificial civilization. It prohibits so much spontaneous expression of emotion."

"You'll forgive me, Monsieur Pujol," said Mrs. Errington dryly, "but I think our artificial civilization has its advantages."

"If you will forgive me, in your turn," said Aristide, "I see a doubtful one advancing."

A MAN APPROACHED the group with profuse gestures, took off a straw hat which he thrust under his right arm, exposing an amazingly flat head on which the closely cropped hair stood brush-fashion upright. He had an insignificant pale face to which a specious individuality was given by a mustache with ends waxed up to the eyes and by a monocle with a tortoise-shell rim. He was dressed (his valet had misjudged things—and valets like the rest of us are fallible) in what was yesterday a fairly white flannel suit.

"Madame—Mademoiselle." He shook hands with charming grace. "Monsieur." He bowed stiffly. Aristide doffed his Panama hat with adequate ceremony. "May I be permitted to join you?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur de Lussigny," said Mrs. Errington.

Monsieur de Lussigny brought up a chair and sat down.

"What time did you get to bed, last night?" asked Betty Errington. She spoke excellently pure French, and so did her mother.

"Soon after we parted, mademoiselle, quite early for me but late for you. And you look this morning as if you had gone to bed at sundown and got up at dawn."

Miss Betty's glance responsive to the compliment filled Aristide with wrath. What right had the Comte de Lussigny, a fellow who consorted with Brazilian Rastaquouères and perfumed Levantine nondescripts, to win such a glance from Betty Errington?

"If Mademoiselle can look so fresh," said he, "in the artificial atmosphere of Aix, what is there of adorable that she must not resemble in the innocence of her Somersetshire home?"

"You cannot imagine it, Monsieur," said the Count; "but I have had the privilege to see it."

"I hope Monsieur Pujol will visit us also in our country home, when we get back," said Mrs. Errington with intent to pacificate. "It is modest, but it is old-world and has been in our family for hundreds of years."

"Ah, these old English homes!" said Aristide.

"Would you care to hear about it?"

"I should," said he.

He drew his chair courteously a foot or so nearer that of the mild lady; Monsieur de Lussigny took instant advantage of the move to establish himself close to Miss Betty. Aristide turned one ear politely to Mrs. Errington's discourse, the other ragingly and impotently to the whispered conversation between the detached pair.

Presently a novel fell from the lady's lap. Aristide sprang to his feet and restored it. He remained standing. Mrs. Errington consulted a watch. It was nearing lunch time. She rose, too. Aristide took her a pace or two aside.

"My dear Mrs. Errington," said he, in English, "I do not wish to be indiscreet—but you come from your quiet home in Somerset and your beautiful daughter is so young and inexperienced, and I am a man of the world who has mingled in all the society of Europe—may I warn you against admitting the Comte de Lussigny too far into your intimacy."

She turned an anxious face. "Monsieur Pujol, is there anything against the Count?"

Aristide executed the large and expressive shrug of the Southerner.

"I play high at the tables for my amusement—I know the principal players, people of high standing. Among them Monsieur de Lussigny's reputation is not spotless."

"You alarm me very much," said Mrs. Errington, troubled.

"I only put you on your guard," said he.

The others who had risen and followed, caught them up. At the entrance to the hotel the ladies left the men elaborately saluting. The latter, alone, looked at each other.

"Monsieur."

"Monsieur."

Each man raised his hat, turned on his heel and went his way. Aristide betook himself to the café on the Place Carnot on the side of the square facing the white Établissement des Bains, with a stern sense of having done his duty. It was monstrous that this English damask rose should fall a prey to so detestable a person as the Comte de Lussigny. He suspected him of disgraceful things. If only he had proof. Fortune, ever favoring him, stood at his elbow. She guided him straight to a table in the front row of the terrace where sat a black-haired, hard-featured though comely youth deep in thought, in front of an untouched glass of beer. At Aristide's approach he raised his head, smiled, nodded and said: "Good morning, sir. Will you join me?"

ARISTIDE graciously accepted the invitation and sat down. The young man was another hotel acquaintance, one Eugene Miller of Atlanta, Georgia, a curious compound of shrewdness and simplicity, to whom Aristide had taken a fancy. He was twenty-eight and ran a colossal boot-factory in partnership with another youth and had a consuming passion for stained-glass windows. From books he knew every square foot of old stained-glass in Europe. But he had crossed the Atlantic for the first time only six weeks before, and having indulged his craving immoderately, had rested for a span at Aix-les-Bains to recover from esthetic indigestion. He had found these amenities agreeable to his ingenious age. He had also, quite recently, come across the Comte de Lussigny. Hence the depth of thought in which Aristide discovered him. Now, the fact that North is North and South is South and that never these twain shall meet is a proposition all too little considered. One of these days when I can retire from the dull but exacting avocation of tea-broking in the City, I shall write a newspaper article on the subject. Anyhow, I hold the theory that the Northerners of all nations have a common characteristic and the Southerners of all nations have a common characteristic, and that it is this common characteristic in each case that makes North seek and understand North and South seek and understand South. I will not go further into the general proposition; but as a particular instance I will state that the American of the South and the Frenchman of the South found themselves in essential sympathy. Eugene Miller had the unfearing frankness of Aristide Pujol.

"I used rather to look down upon Europe as a place where people knew nothing at all," said he. "We're sort of trained to think it's an extinct volcano, but it isn't. It's alive. My God! It's alive. It's Hell in the shape of a Limburger cheese. I wish the whole population of Atlanta, Georgia, would come over and just see. There's a lot to be learned. I thought I knew how to take care of myself, but this tortoise-shell-eyed Count taught me last night I couldn't. He cleaned me out of twenty-five hundred dollars——"

"How?" asked Aristide, sharply.

"Écarté."

Aristide brought his hand down with a bang on the table and uttered anathemas in French and Provençal entirely unintelligible to Eugene Miller; but the youth knew by instinct that they were useful, soul-destroying curses and he felt comforted.

"Écarté! You played ecarté with Lussigny? But my dear young friend, do you know anything of ecarté?"

"Of course," said Miller. "I used to play it as a child with my sisters."

"Do you know the *jeux de règle?*"

"The what?"

"The formal laws of the game—the rules of discards——"

"Never heard of them," said Eugene Miller.

"But they are as absolute as the Code Napoléon," cried Aristide. "You can't play without knowing them. You might as well play chess without knowing anything at all about the moves."

"Can't help it," said the young man.

"Well, don't play écarté any more."

"I must," said Miller.

"Comment?"

"I must. I've fixed it up to get my revenge this afternoon—in my sitting room at the hotel."

"But it's imbecile!"

The sweep of Aristide's arm produced prismatic chaos among a tray-full of drinks which the waiter was bringing to the family party at the next table. "It's imbecile," he cried, as soon as order was apologetically and peculiarly restored. "You are a little mutton going to have its wool taken off."

"I've fixed it up," said Miller. "I've never gone back on an engagement yet in my own country and I'm not going to begin this side."

Aristide argued. during the mechanical absorption of four glasses of *vermouth-cassis* — after which prodigious quantity of black currant syrup he rose and took the Gadarene youth to Nikola's where he continued the argument during *déjeuner*. Eugene Miller's sole concession was that Aristide should be present at the encounter and, backing his hand, should have the power (given by the rules of the French game) to guide his play. Aristide agreed and crammed his young friend with the *jeux de règle* and *pâté de foies gras*.

The Count looked rather black when he found Aristide Pujol in Miller's sitting room. He could not, however, refuse him admittance to the game. The three sat down, Aristide by Miller's side, so that he could overlook the hand and, by pointing, indicate the cards that it was advisable to play. The game began. Fortune favored Mr. Eugene Miller. The Count's brow grew blacker.

"You are bringing your own luck to our friend, Monsieur Pujol," said he, dealing the cards.

"He needs it," said Aristide.

"Le roi," said the Count, turning up the king.

The Count won the vole, or all five tricks, and swept the stakes towards him. Then, fortune quickly and firmly deserted Mr. Miller. The Count besides being an amazingly fine player, held amazingly fine hands.

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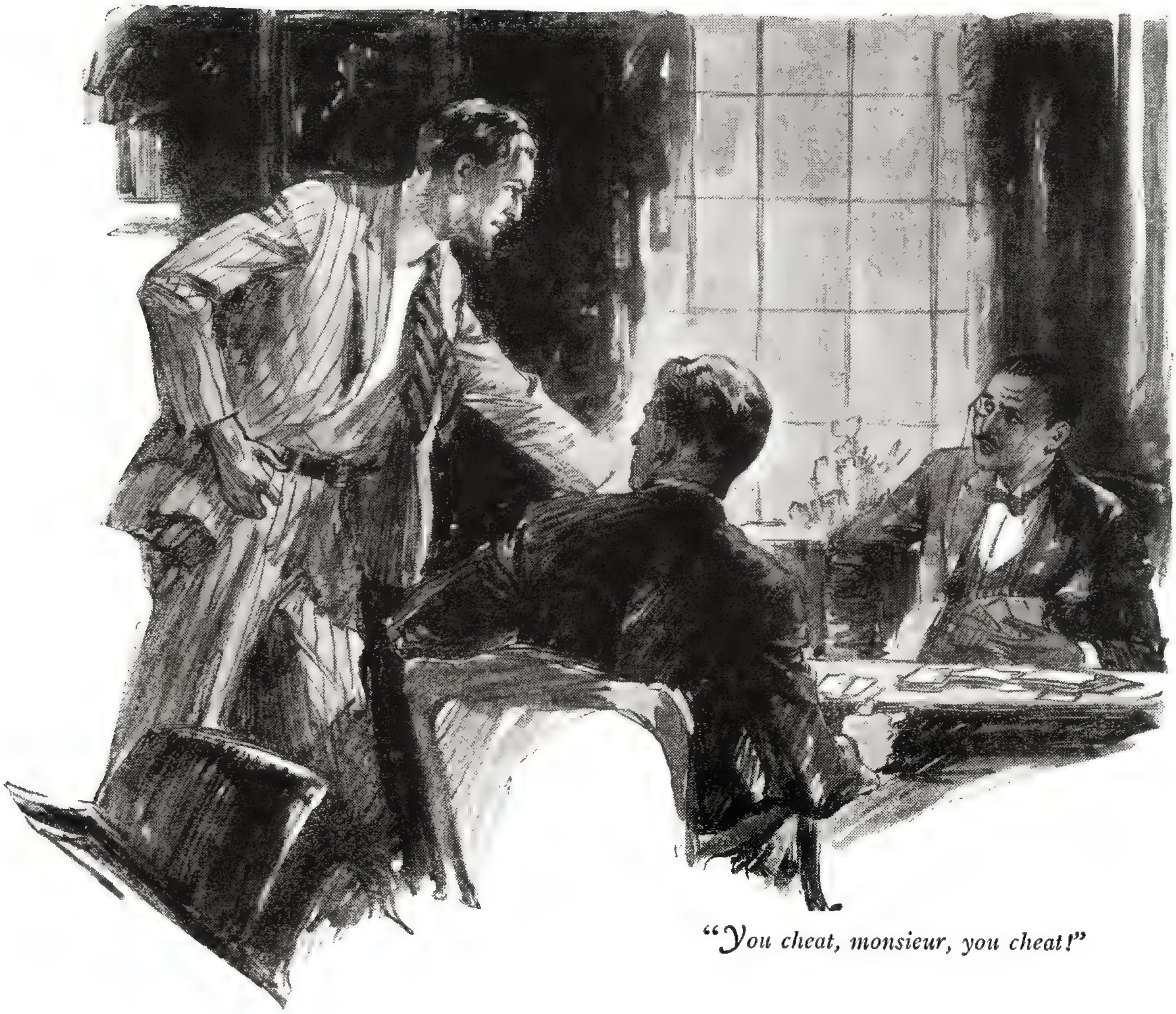


"You cheat, monsieur, you cheat!"

The pile of folded notes in front of him rose higher and higher. Aristide tugged at his beard in agitation. Suddenly, as the Count dealt a king as trump card, he sprang to his feet knocking over the chair behind him.

"You cheat, monsieur. You cheat!"

"Monsieur!" cried the outraged dealer.

"What has he done?"

"He has been palming kings and neutralizing the cut. I've been watching. Now I catch him," cried Aristide in great excitement. *"Ah, sale voleur! Maintenant je vous tiens!"*

"Monsieur," said the Comte de Lussigny with dignity, stuffing his winnings into his jacket pocket. "You insult me. It is an infamy. Two of my friends will call upon you."

"And Monsieur Miller and I will kick them over Mont Revard."

"You cannot treat *gens d'honneur* in such a way, monsieur." He turned to Miller, and said haughtily in English, "Did you see the cheat, you?"

"I can't say that I did," replied the young man. "On the other hand that torch-light procession of kings doesn't seem exactly natural."

"But you did not see anything! *Bon!*"

"But I saw. Isn't that enough, *hein?*" shouted Aristide brandishing his fingers in the Count's face. "You come here and think there's nothing easier than to cheat young foreigners who don't know the rules of écarté. You come here and think you can carry off rich young English misses. Ah, *sale escroc!* You never thought you would have to reckon with Aristide Pujol. You call yourself the Comte de Lussigny. Bah! I know you——" he didn't but that doesn't matter—"your *dossier* is in the hands of the prefect of police. I am going to get that *dossier*. Monsieur Lepine is my intimate friend. Every autumn we shoot together. Aha! You send me your two galley-birds and see what I do to them."

The Comte de Lussigny twirled the tips of his mustache almost to his forehead and caught up his hat.

"My friends shall be officers in the uniform of the French Army," he said, by the door.

"And mine shall be two gendarmes," retorted Aristide. *"Nom de Dieu!"* he cried, after the other had left the room. "We let him take the money!"

"That's of no consequence. He didn't get away with much anyway," said young Miller. "But he would have if you hadn't been here. If ever I can do you a return service, just ask."

Aristide went out to look for the Erringtons. But they were not to be found. It was only late in the afternoon that he met Mrs. Errington in the hall of the hotel. He dragged her into a corner and in his impulsive fashion told her everything. She listened white faced, in great distress.

"My daughter's engaged to him. I've only just learned," she faltered.

"Engaged? *Sacrebleu!* Ah, *le goujat!*"—for the second he was desperately, furiously, jealously in love with Betty Errington. *"Ah, le sale type! Voyons!* This engagement must be broken off. At once! You are her mother."

"She will hear of nothing against him."

"You will tell her this. It will be a blow; but——"

Mrs. Errington twisted a handkerchief between helpless fingers. "Betty is infatuated. She won't believe it." She regarded him piteously. "Oh, Monsieur Pujol, what can I do? You see she has an independent fortune and is over twenty-one. I am powerless."

"I will meet his two friends," exclaimed Aristide magnificently—"and I will kill him. *Voilà!*"

"Oh, a duel? No! How awful!" cried the mild lady horror-stricken.

He thrust his cane dramatically through a sheet of a newspaper, which he had caught up from a table. "I will run him through the body like that"—Aristide had never handled a foil in his life—"and when he is dead, your beautiful daughter will thank me for having saved her from such an execrable fellow."

"But you mustn't fight. It would be too dreadful. Is there no other way?"

"You must consult first with your daughter," said Aristide.

He dined in the hotel with Eugene Miller. Neither the Erringtons nor the Comte de Lussigny were anywhere to be seen. After dinner, however, he found the elder lady waiting for him in the hall. They walked out into the quiet of the garden. She had been too upset to dine, she explained, having had a terrible scene with Betty. Nothing but absolute proofs of her lover's iniquity would satisfy her. The world was full of slanderous tongues; the noblest and purest did not escape. For herself she had never been comfortable with the Comte de Lussigny. She had noticed too that he had always avoided the best French people in hotels. She would give anything to save her daughter. She wept.

"And the unhappy girl has written him compromising letters," she lamented.

"They must be got back."

"But how? Oh, Monsieur Pujol, do you think he would take money for them?"

"A scoundrel like that would take money for his dead mother's shroud," said Aristide.

"A thousand pounds?"

She looked very haggard and helpless beneath the blue arc-lights. Aristide's heart went out to her. He knew her type—the sweet gentlewoman of rural England who comes abroad to give her pretty daughter a sight of life, ingenuously confident that foreign watering-places are as innocent as her own sequestered village.

"That is much money, *chère madame,*" said Aristide.

"I am fairly well off," said Mrs. Errington.

Aristide reflected. At the offer of a smaller sum the Count would possibly bluff. But to a Knight of Industry, as he knew the Count to be, a certain thousand pounds would be a great temptation. And after all to a wealthy Englishwoman what was a thousand pounds?

"Madame," said he, "if you offer him a thousand pounds for the letters, and a written confession that he is not the Comte de Lussigny, but a common adventurer, I stake my reputation that he will accept."

They walked along for a few moments in silence; the opera had begun at the adjoining Villa des Fleurs and the strains floated through the still August air. After a while she laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Monsieur Pujol, I have never been faced with such a thing before. Will you undertake for me this delicate and difficult business?"

"Madame," said he, "my life is at the service of yourself and your most exquisite daughter."

She pressed his hand. "Thank God, I've got a friend in this dreadful place," she said brokenly. "Let me go in." And when they reached the lounge, she said, "Wait for me here."

She entered the lift. Aristide waited. Presently the lift descended and she emerged with a slip of paper in her hand.

"Here is a bearer check, Monsieur Pujol, for a thousand pounds. Get the letters and the confession if you can, and a mother's blessing will go with you."

She left him and went upstairs again in the lift. Aristide athirst with love, living drama and unholy hatred of the Comte de Lussigny, cocked his black, soft-felt evening hat at an engaging angle on his head and swaggered into the Villa des Fleurs. As he passed the plebeian crowd round the petits-chevaux table—these were the days of little horses and not the modern equivalent of *la boule*—he threw a louis on the square marked 5, waited for the croupier to push him his winnings, seven louis and his stake on the little white horse, and walked into the baccarat room. A bank was being called for thirty louis at the end table.

"Quarante," said Aristide.

"Ajugé à quarante louis," cried the croupier, no one bidding higher.

ARISTIDE TOOK the banker's seat and put down his forty louis. Looking round the long table he saw the Comte de Lussigny sitting in the punt. The two men glared at each other defiantly. Someone went "banco." Aristide won. The fact of his holding the bank attracted a crowd round the table. The regular game began. Aristide won, lost, won again. Now it must be explained, without going into the details of the game, that the hand against the bank is played by the members of the punt in turn.

Suddenly, before dealing the cards, Aristide asked, *"A qui la main?"*

"C'est à Monsieur," said the croupier, indicating Lussigny.

"Il y a une suite," said Aristide, signifying, as was his right, that he would retire from the bank with his

winnings. "The face of that gentleman does not please me."

There was a hush at the humming table. The Count grew dead white and looked at his finger-nails. Aristide superbly gathered up his notes and gold, and tossing a couple of louis to the croupiers, left the table, followed by all eyes. It was one of the thrilling moments of Aristide's life. He had taken the stage, commanded the situation. He had publicly offered the Comte de Lussigny the most deadly insult and the Comte de Lussigny sat down beneath it like a lamb. He swaggered slowly through the crowded room, twirling his mustache, and went into the cool of the moonlit deserted garden beyond, where he waited gleefully. He had a puckish knowledge of human nature. After a decent interval, and during the absorbing interest of the newly constituted bank, the Comte de Lussigny slipped unnoticed from the table and went in search of Aristide. He found him smoking a large corona and lounging in one wicker chair with his feet on another, beside a very large whisky and soda.

"Ah, it's you," said he without moving.

"Yes," said the Count furiously.

"I haven't yet had the pleasure of kicking your friends over Mont Revard," said Aristide.

"Look here, *mon petit,* this has got to finish," cried the Count.

"*Parfaitement.* I should like nothing better than to finish. But let us finish like well-bred people," said Aristide suavely. "We don't want the whole Casino as witnesses. You'll find a chair over there. Bring it up."

HE WAS ENJOYING himself immensely. The Count glared at him, turned and banged a chair over by the side of the table.

"Why do you insult me like this?"

"Because," said Aristide, "I've talked by telephone this evening with my good friend Monsieur Lepine, Prefect of Police of Paris."

"You lie," said the Count.

"*Vous verrez.*. In the meantime, perhaps we might have a little conversation. Will you have a whisky and soda? It is one of my English habits."

"No," said the Count emphatically.

"You permit me then?" He drank a great draught. "You are wrong. It helps to cool one's temper. *Eh bien,* let us talk."

He talked. He put before the Count the situation of the beautiful Miss Errington. He conducted the scene like the friend of the family whose astuteness he had admired as a boy in the melodramas that found their way to Marseilles.

"Look," said he, at last, having vainly offered from one hundred to eight hundred pounds for poor Betty Errington's compromising letters. "Look ——" He drew the check from his note-case. "Here are twenty-five thousand francs. The signature is that of the charming Madame Errington herself. The letters, and a little signed word, just a little word. 'Mademoiselle, I am a *chevalier d'industrie.* I have a wife and five children. I am not worthy of you. I give you back your promise.' Just that. And twenty-five thousand francs, *mon ami.*"

"Never in my life!" exclaimed the Count rising. "You continue to insult me."

Aristide for the first time abandoned his lazy and insolent attitude and jumped to his feet.

"And I'll continue to insult you, *canaille* that you are, all through that room," he cried, with a swift-flung gesture towards the brilliant doorway. "You are dealing with Aristide Pujol. Will you never understand? The letters and a confession for twenty-five thousand francs."

"Never in life," said the Count, and he moved swiftly away.

Aristide caught him by the collar as he stood on the covered terrace, a foot or two from the threshold of the gaming-room.

"I swear to you, I'll make a scandal that you won't survive."

The Count stopped and pushed Aristide's hand away.

"I admit nothing," said he. "But you are a gambler and so am I. I will play you for those documents against twenty-five thousand francs."

"Eh?" said Aristide, staggered for the moment.

The Comte de Lussigny repeated his proposition.

"Bon," said Aristide. *"Très bon. C'est entendu. C'est fait."*

IF BEELZEBUB had arisen and offered to play beggar-my-neighbor for his soul, Aristide would have agreed; especially after the large whisky and soda and the Mumm Cordon Rouge and the Napoleon brandy which Eugene Miller had insisted on his drinking at dinner.

"I have a large room at the hotel," said he.

"I will join you," said the Count. "Monsieur," he took off his hat very politely. "Go first. I will be there in three minutes."

Aristide trod on air during the two minutes' walk to the Hôtel de l'Europe. At the bureau he ordered a couple of packs of cards and a supply of drinks and went to his palatial room on the ground floor. In a few moments the Comte de Lussigny appeared. Aristide offered him a two-franc corona which was ceremoniously accepted. Then he tore the wrapping off one of the packs of cards and shuffled.

"Monsieur," said he, still shuffling. "I should like to deal two hands at écarté. It signifies nothing. It is an experiment. Will you cut?"

"*Volontiers,*" said the Count.

Aristide took up the pack, dealt three cards to the Count, three cards to himself, two cards to the Count, two to himself and turned up the King of Hearts as the eleventh card.

"Monsieur," said he, "expose your hand and I will expose mine."

Both men threw their hands face uppermost on the table. Aristide's was full of trumps, the Count's of valueless cards.

He looked at his adversary with his roguish, triumphant smile. The Count looked at him darkly.

"The ordinary card player does not know how to deal like that," he said with sinister significance.

"But I am not ordinary in anything, my dear sir," laughed Aristide, in his large boastfulness. "If I were do you think I should have agreed to your absurd proposal? *Voyans*, I only wanted to show you that in dealing cards I am your equal. Now, the letters——" The Count threw a small packet on the table. "You will permit me? I do not wish to read them. I verify only. Good," said he. "And the confession?"

"What you like," said the Count, coldly. Aristide scribbled a few lines that would have been devastating to the character of a Hyrcanean tiger and handed the paper and fountain pen to the Count.

"Will you sign?"

The Count glanced at the words and signed.

"*Voilà*," said Aristide, laying Mrs. Errington's check beside the documents. "Now let us play. The best of three games?"

"Good," said the Count. "But you will excuse me, monsieur, if I claim to play for ready money. The check will take five days to negotiate and if I lose, I shall evidently have to leave Aix tomorrow morning."

"That's reasonable," said Aristide.

He drew out his fat note-case and counted twenty-five one-thousand-franc notes on to the table. And then began the most exciting game of cards he had ever played. In the first place he was playing with another person's money for a fantastic stake, a girl's honor and happiness. Secondly he was pitted against a master of écarté. And thirdly he knew that his adversary would cheat if he could and that his adversary suspected him of fraudulent designs. So as they played, each man craned his head forward and looked at the other man's fingers with fierce intensity.

Aristide lost the first game. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. In the second game he won the vole in one hand. The third and final game began. They played slowly, carefully, with keen quick eyes. Their breathing came hard. The Count's lips parted beneath his uptwisted mustache showed his teeth like a cat's. Aristide lost sense of all outer things in the thrill of the encounter. They snarled the stereotyped phrases necessary for the conduct of the game. At last the points stood at four for Aristide and three for his adversary. It was Aristide's deal. Before turning up the eleventh card he paused for the fraction of a second. If it was the King, he had won. He flicked it neatly face upward. It was not the King.

"*J'en donne.*"

"*Non. Le roi.*"

The Count played and marked the King. Aristide had no trumps. The game was lost.

He sat back white, while the Count smiling gathered up the bank-notes.

"And now, Monsieur Pujol," said he impudently, "I am willing to sell you this rubbish for the check."

Aristide jumped to his feet. "Never!" he cried. Madness seized him. Regardless of the fact that he had nothing like another thousand pounds left wherewith to repay Mrs. Errington if he lost, he shouted: "I will play again for it. Not écarté. One cut of the cards. Ace lowest."

"All right," said the Count.

"Begin, you."

Aristide watched his hand like a cat, as he cut. He cut an eight. Aristide gave a little gasp of joy and cut quickly. He held up a Knave and laughed aloud. Then he stopped short as he saw the Count about to pounce on the documents and the check. He made a swift movement and grabbed them first, the other man's hand on his.

He dashed his free hand into the adventurer's face. The man staggered back. Aristide pocketed the precious papers. The Count scowled at him for an undecided second, and then bolted from the room.

"Whew!" said Aristide, sinking into his chair and wiping his face. "That was a narrow escape."

He looked at his watch. It was only ten o'clock. It had seemed as if his game with Lussigny had lasted for hours. He could not go to bed and stood confronted with anti-climax. After a while he went in search of Eugene Miller and having found him in solitary meditation on stained glass windows in the dim-lit grounds of the Villa, sat down by his side and for the rest of the evening poured his peculiar knowledge of Europe into the listening ear of the young man from Atlanta.

On the following morning, as soon as he was dressed, he learned from the concierge that the Comte de Lussigny had left for Paris by the early train.

"Good," said Aristide.

A little later Mrs. Errington met him in the lounge and accompanied him to the lawn where they had sat the day before.

"I have no words to thank you, Monsieur Pujol," she said with tears in her eyes. "I have heard how you shamed him at the tables. It was brave of you."

"It was nothing." He shrugged his shoulders as if he were in the habit of doing deeds like that every day of his life. "And your exquisite daughter, Madame?"

"Poor Betty! She is prostrate. She says she will never hold up her head again. Her heart is broken."

"It is young and will be mended," said Aristide.

She smiled sadly. "It will be a question of time. But she is grateful to you, Monsieur Pujol. She realizes from what a terrible fate you have saved her." She sighed. There was a brief silence.

"After this," she continued, "a further stay in Aix would be too painful. We have decided to take the Savoy express this evening and get back to our quiet home in Somerset."

"Ah, madame," said Aristide earnestly. "And shall I not have the pleasure of seeing the charming Miss Betty again?"

"You will come and stay with us in September. Let me see? The fifteenth. Why not fix a date? You have my address? No? Will you write it down?" she dictated: "Wrotesly Manor, Burnholme, Somerset. There I'll try to show you how grateful I am."

She extended her hand. He bowed over it and kissed it in his French way and departed a very happy man.

THE ERRINGTONS left that evening. Aristide waylaid them as they were entering the hotel omnibus, with a preposterous bouquet of flowers which he presented to Betty, whose pretty face was hidden by a motor-veil. He bowed, laid his hand on his heart and said: "*Adieu, mademoiselle.*"

"No," she said in a low voice, but most graciously, *"Au revoir,* Monsieur Pujol."

For the next few days Aix seemed to be tame and colorless. In an inexplicable fashion, too, it had become unprofitable. Aristide no longer knew that he was going to win; and he did not win. He lost considerably. So much so that on the morning when he was to draw the cash for the check at the Crédit Lyonnais, he had only fifty pounds and some odd silver left. Aristide looking at the remainder rather ruefully made a great resolution. He would gamble no more. Already he was richer than he had ever been in his life. He would leave Aix. *Tiens!* why should he not go to his good friends the Bocardons at Nîmes, bringing with him a gold chain for Bocardon and a pair of earrings for the adorable Zette? There he would look about him. He would use the thousand pounds as a stepping-stone to legitimate fortune. Then he would visit the Erringtons in England, and if the beautiful Miss Betty smiled on him—why, after all, *sacre-bleu* he was an honest man, without a feather on his conscience.

So, jauntily swinging his cane, he marched into the office of the Crédit Lyonnais, went into the inner room and explained his business.

"Ah, your check, monsieur, that we were to collect. I am sorry. It has come back from the London bankers."

"How come back?"

"It has not been honored. See, monsieur. 'Not known. No account.'" The cashier pointed to the grim words across the check.

"Comprends pas," faltered Aristide.

"It means that the person who gave you the check has no account at this bank."

Aristide took the check and looked at it, dazed.

"Then I do not get my twenty-five thousand francs?"

"Evidently not," said the cashier.

ARISTIDE STOOD for a while stunned. What did it mean? His thousand pounds could not be lost. It was impossible. There was some mistake. It was an evil dream. With a heavy weight on the top of his head, he went out of the Crédit Lyonnais and mechanically crossed the little street separating the Bank from the café on the Place Carnot. There he sat stupidly and wondered. The waiter hovered in front of him. *"Monsieur désire?"* Aristide waved him away absently. Yes, it was some mistake. Mrs. Errington in her agitation must have used the wrong check book. But even rich English people do not carry about with them a circulating library assortment of check books. It was incomprehensible—and meanwhile his thousand pounds. . . .

The little square blazed before him in the August sunshine. Opposite flashed the white mass of the Établissement des Bains. There was the old Roman Arch of Titus, gray and venerable. There were the trees of the gardens in riotous greenery. There on the right marking the hour of eleven on its black face was the clock of the Comptoir National. It was Aix; familiar Aix; not a land of dreams. And there coming rapidly across from the Comptoir National was the well-knit figure of the young man from Atlanta.

"Nom de Dieu," murmured Aristide. *"Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu!"*

Eugene Miller, in a fine frenzy, threw himself into a chair beside Aristide.

"See here. Can you understand this?"

He thrust into his hand a pink strip of paper. It was a check for a hundred pounds, made payable to Eugene Miller, Esquire, signed by Mary Errington, and marked "Not known. No account."

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" cried Aristide. "How did you get this?"

"How did I get it? I cashed it for her—the day she went away. She said urgent affairs summoned her from Aix—no time to wire for funds—wanted to pay her hotel bill—and she gave me the address of her old English home in Somerset and invited me to come there in September. Fifteenth of September. Said that you were coming. And now I've got a bum check. I guess I can't wander about this country alone. I need blinkers and harness and a man with a whip."

He went on indignantly. Aristide composed his face into an expression of parental interest; but within him there was shivering and sickening upheaval. He saw it all, the whole mocking drama. . . .

He, Aristide Pujol, was the most sweetly, the most completely swindled man in France.

The Comte de Lussigny, the mild Mrs. Errington and the beautiful Betty were in league together and had exquisitely plotted. They had conspired, as soon as he had accused the Count of cheating. The rascal must have gone straight to them from Miller's room. No wonder that Lussigny, when insulted at the tables, had sat like a tame rabbit and had sought him in the garden. No wonder he had accepted the accusation of adventurer. No wonder he had refused to play for the check which he knew to be valueless. But why, thought Aristide, did he not at once consent to sell the papers on the stipulation that he should be paid in notes? Aristide found an answer. He wanted to get everything for nothing, afraid of the use that Aristide might make of a damning confession, and also relying for success on his manipulation of the cards. Finally he had desired to get hold of a dangerous check. In that he had been foiled. But the trio has got away with his thousand pounds, his wonderful thousand pounds. He reflected, still keeping an attentive eye on young Eugene Miller and interjecting a sympathetic word, that after he had paid his hotel bill, he would be as poor on quitting Aix-les-Bains as he was when he had entered it. *Sic transit. . . .* As it was in the beginning with Aristide Pujol, is now and ever shall be. . . .

"But I have my clothes—such clothes as I've never had in my life," thought Aristide. "And a diamond and sapphire tie-pin and a gold watch, and all sorts of other things. *Tron de l'air,* I'm still rich."

"Who would have thought she was like that?" said he. "And a hundred pounds, too. A lot of money."

For nothing in the world would he have confessed himself a fellow-victim.

"I don't care a cent for the hundred pounds," cried the young man. "Our factory turns out seven hundred and sixty-seven million pairs of boots per annum." (Aristide, not I, is responsible for the statistics.) "But I have a feeling that in this hoary country I'm just a little toddling child. And I hate it. I do, sir. I want a nurse to take me round."

Aristide flashed the lightning of his wit upon the young man from Atlanta, Georgia.

"You do, my dear young friend. I'll be your nurse, at a weekly salary—say a hundred francs—it doesn't matter. We will not quarrel." Eugene Miller was startled. "Yes," said Aristide, with a convincing flourish. "I'll clear robbers and sirens and harpies from your path. I'll show you things in Europe—from Tromsö to Cap Spartivento—that you never dreamed of. I'll lead you to every stained glass window in the world. I know them all."

"I particularly want to see those in the church of St. Sebald in Nuremberg."

"I know them like my pocket," said Aristide. "I will take you there. We start today."

"But, Mr. Pujol," said the somewhat bewildered Georgian. "I thought you were a man of fortune."

"I am more than a man. I am a soldier. I am a soldier of fortune. The fickle goddess has for the moment deserted me. But I am loyal. I have for all worldly goods two hundred and fifty dollars, with which I shall honorably pay my hotel bill. I say I am a soldier of fortune. But," he slapped his chest, "I am the only honorable one on the continent of Europe."

The young man fixed upon him the hard blue eyes, not of the enthusiast for stained glass windows, but of the senior partner in the boot factory of Atlanta.

"I believe you," said he. "It's a deal. Shake."

"And now," said Aristide, after having shaken hands, "come and lunch with me at Nikola's for the last time."

He rose, stretched out both arms in a wide gesture and smiled with his irresistible Ancient Mariner's eyes at the young man.

"We lunch. We eat ambrosia. Then we go out together and see the wonderful world through the glass-blood of saints and martyrs and apostles and the good Father Abraham and Louis Quatorze. *Viens, mon cher ami.* It is the dream of my life."

Practically penniless and absolutely disillusioned the amazing man was radiantly happy.

◆

On Growing Old Gracefully

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.
—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

To keep young, every day read a poem, hear a choice piece of music, view a fine painting, and, if possible, do a good action. Man's highest merit always is, as much as possible, to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. —GOETHE.

It happened that in her old age Julia Ward Howe one day paid a visit at the home of her minister; he said to her, "It's pretty hard to grow old, isn't it?"

She stopped and looked up.

"No," she said, "the deeper I drink the cup, the sweeter it tastes; all the sugar at the bottom."

No one is so old that he does not think he has a year to live.—CICERO.

Is the Author of all life, think you, so much less skilful than a human writer that He puts all the color of the drama into the first chapter?
—ALICE AMES WINTER.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still.
—SHAKESPEARE.

A man not old, but mellow, like good wine.—STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned."
Youth shows but half,
Trust God, see all, nor be afraid.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love makes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift
The warm rosebuds below.
—R. W. EMERSON.

So They Say

Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn:
head of the American Museum of Natural History

"Recent evidence has so strengthened the case against the ape-men theory of man's origin that we must now definitely and forever banish the myth of ape-men descent."

Sir James M. Barrie:
on his seventieth birthday

"Not for years and years have I written anything, and it is rather sad to know that nobody seems to have noticed this except myself."

Thomas A. Edison:

"The United States Government is the most inefficient big business organization in operation today."

Calvin Coolidge:

"I have sort of lost my taste for writing."

James Rowland Angell:
president of Yale University

"There are abroad in our time tendencies of thought and action which, unchecked and uncorrected, are not less grave in the perils they foreshadow for our people than those which plunged the nation into civil war."

Dorothy Dix:
adviser to the love-lorn in the "New York Evening Post"

"Nobody wants to kiss when they are hungry."

Bishop James Cannon, Jr.:
of the World League Against Alcoholism

"The object of the Eighteenth Amendment is to protect society from selfish individualism."

Justice Royal A. Stone:
of the Minnesota Supreme Court

"It is not pleasant to contemplate what might now be the state of the world had the students and practitioners of medicine and surgery and of the physical sciences been so much the slaves of 'standpatism' during the last century as have been the members of the American bar."

Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow:
gives rules for wives of political candidates

"Talk if you want to, but don't have your picture taken—you'll only lose votes for your husband that way; don't take off your hat, ever, if you have gray hair. Do you cook any favorite dish for your husband? Be sure to bring that in—it helps a great deal if you can make a good apple pie or a special brand of ginger-bread. I can't."

Sergei M. Eisenstein:
Russian film director

"In America, England, and some other countries, marriage is often delayed for some economic reasons. The repression sends thousands of young people to theaters and to the moving picture shows."

Rudy Vallee:
radio crooner and band leader

"I have been called a menace (in a humorous way, of course.)"

Mrs. Ella Boole:
of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

"Our definition of temperance is temperance, or moderation, in those things which are good, but total abstinence in those which are bad."

Justice John Ford:
of the New York County Supreme Court

"A home does not mean what it used to because people are born in hospitals, entertain in clubs, eat in restaurants, take visitors to cabarets and are buried from funeral parlors."

Peggy Joyce:

"All I want is one man who will love me for myself only and not because I am a success."

Grover Whalen: *retired police commissioner of New York City*	"What Philadelphia needs is a few good night clubs."
Nicholas Murray Butler: *president of Columbia University*	"Everybody lost the war and nobody won it."
John Gilbert: *movie star*	"Do you know that there are a million aching hearts, a million lonely girls and a million Cinderellas dreaming of me?"
Patrick Hurley: *Secretary of War*	"Irishmen fight through necessity and not through choice."
William E. Borah: *Senator from Idaho*	"A radical in these days is one who believes in the Constitution of the United States and will not barter away his devotion for his party for the sake of so-called regularity and for the sake of being with the majority."
Commissioner William F. Russell: *resigning under fire from the Chicago police*	"Someone had to be the red meat."
Dr. Donald A. Laird: *of Colgate*	"Our tests have shown conclusively that it is possible to stay awake for greater lengths of time and with far less after-effect in the nature of fatigue when highly concentrated energy foods such as cakes, candy or sweetened drinks are consumed at intervals during the night."
Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin: *president of Union Theological Seminary*	"The curriculum of our life and death is mostly made up of required courses."
Commissioner Mulrooney: *of the New York Police*	"Send the gangster caught carrying a gun, thus proving his intention or willingness to commit murder, to some place just inside the Arctic Circle, where he will do useful hard work for the rest of his life, and you will get results that no electric chair could give."
Rev. Milo H. Gates: *dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine*	"Men today know vast things, but they understand little of what they know."
William L. Ward: *Republican leader*	"In ten years we will have 10,000 Westchester County children playing on musical instruments. By this very reasonable human thing Westchester realty values will be swelled."
Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd:	"Thrill is a word which I do not use."
Walter Lippmann: *in Vanity Fair*	"It is unreasonable to have a simple emotion about popular government: to be completely cynical because its detail is so sordid or to be completely exalted because its end is so great."
Count Keyserling: *noted Austrian writer*	"What I write I do not always understand myself at first."
Baron Darling: *retired English judge*	"Hundreds of years ago in the old law books it was decided that to say that a lawyer was a fool was actionable, because if he was a fool he could not be a good lawyer. To say of the vicar of a parish that he was a fool was not actionable for the judges decided that notwithstanding all that, he might still be a very good vicar."
Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink: *opera and concert singer at 69*	"Years ago when I was young I used to yell."
Charles F. Pabst: *chief dermatologist of Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, New York*	"Every year 200,000 working days are lost because of illness due to sunburn, which represents an annual loss of $1,400,000. In the majority of cases the sunburn is deliberately and intentionally acquired."

The First Stone

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

How I Came to Write This Story:

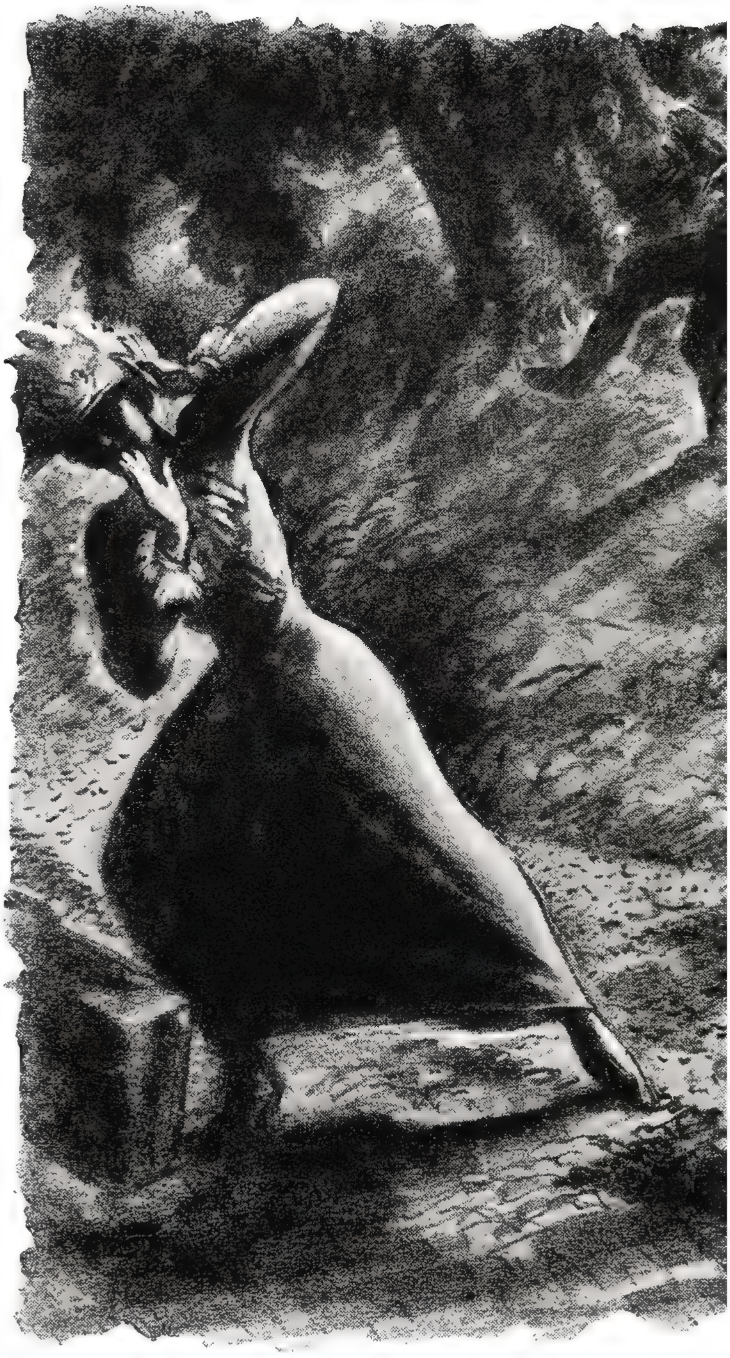
I WAS born in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains. I left that town when I was about seventeen, but I returned sometimes to spend long hours wandering over the hills.

There is a melancholy sort of pleasure in finding again the spring that enchanted one at seven, and the cave where one shiveringly hoped to find a human skeleton. But on these rambles there was one house that for years fascinated and puzzled me—a desolate little house that stood by itself at the end of a stony lane half way up a hillside. For every time I passed that house something stirred in my memory—something unhappy, buried too deeply to be rediscovered. It was exactly as if the house called to me: "Don't you remember?" And yet, my mother could not recall the name of anyone who had ever lived in that house.

A good many years passed before I myself remembered. I had written a good many stories, some of them of my own home town, when late one night, riding on a train that was forever stopping with a weary sigh in the midst of nowhere, I thought again of that little house. And all at once I remembered the woman who had lived there, I remembered the cookies she gave me, and I remembered why she suddenly left that house.

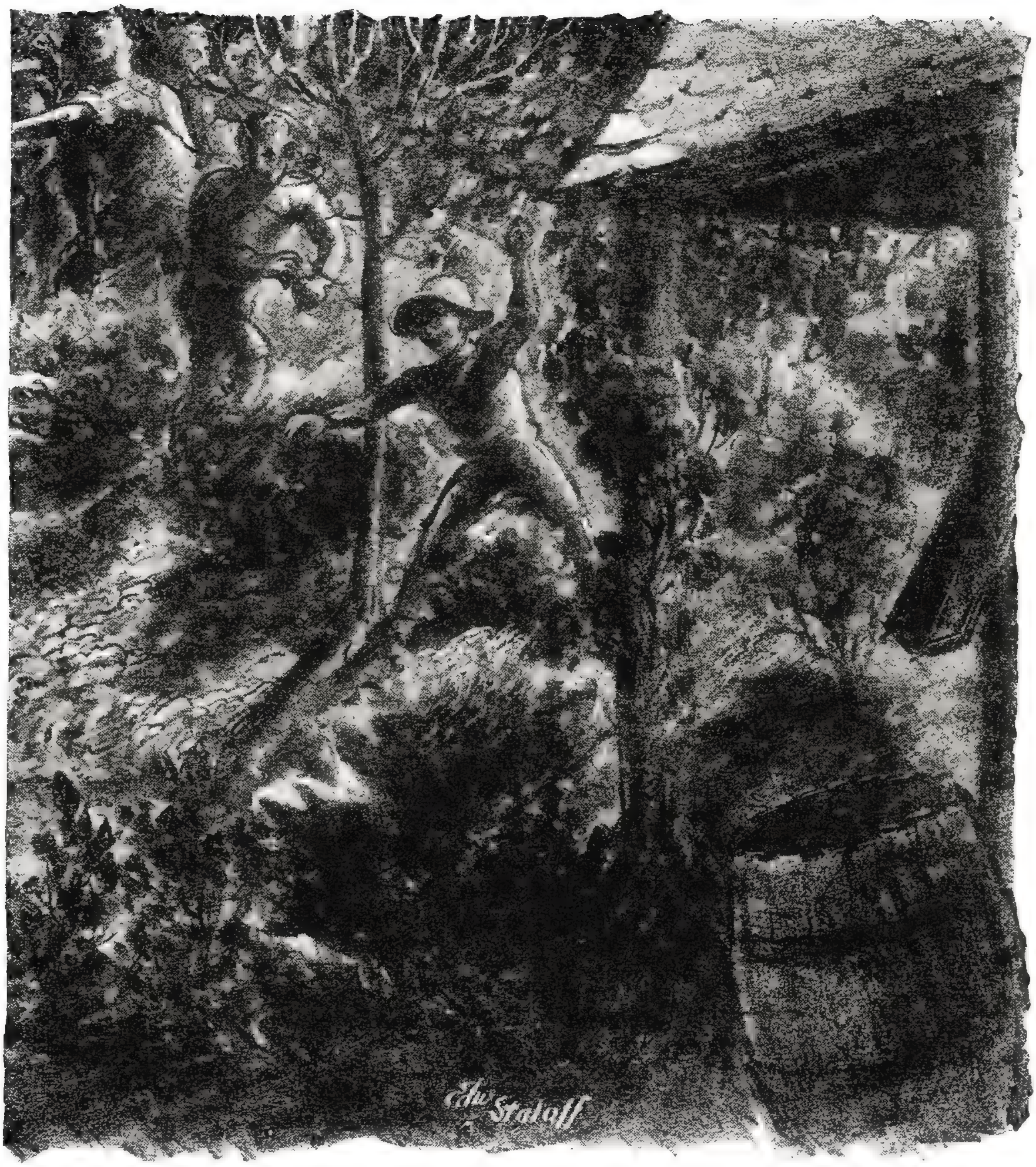
And the next day I wrote The First Stone.

Grace Sartwell Mason



Two MEN sat talking on the observation platform of a transcontinental train. They had met for the first time that morning at breakfast, but there was between them a certain conviction of congeniality, though they were quite unlike. Marlton, the younger of the two, was a dark-eyed, sensitive, finely tuned sort of man, and Bettinger, middle-aged and growing stout, was of a cheerful, purely objective type, saved by a capacity for friendly sympathy.

It was late in the evening. The train had been standing on a siding for a long time on account of some accident to a wheel. The other passengers had left the observation car and gone to bed. The two



I was a hunter, primitive and cruel. I was hunting down a Bad Woman.

Drawings by Edward Staloff

"I thought of that desolate little house, of the woman who had lived there, and I remembered why she suddenly left that house . ."

men were alone, enfolded in the vast, velvety darkness of a Kansas prairie. The quiet around them was thick and soft. Far away, up ahead, a light was moving, and the voices of trainmen came back to them faintly. But the world they looked into from the platform was utterly dark and void.

There had been until a few minutes before one tiny light in the darkness to their left, in the window of a solitary farmhouse. When they had stopped on the siding it was still twilight, and two boys had hastened across the field from this house. They had stood on the other side of a wire fence, knee deep in a windrow of tumbleweed, staring at the long train. The eyes of the smaller boy were filled with a shining solemnity.

The sight of these two boys had prompted Bettinger, the middle-aged man, to speak of his childhood, when the two men were alone. "You know, sometimes I think it's the bunk, this talk about childhood being the happiest part of a man's life," he said, in his slow, pleasant voice. "It seems to me I remember going through some things when I was a kid that I wouldn't like to wrestle with now—you know, frights and doubts and disillusionment. The older I get the more I seem to remember them. Of course, there was plenty of fun, but—it's queer—what really sticks in my mind are the other things, the things I couldn't understand."

The other man, Marlton, turned his head to look quickly at his companion. A light flashed up in his dark eyes. "Exactly. I know. Queer things happen to children." He glanced behind him to make sure they were alone. "Look here," he said, "I dare say this will sound odd to you—it sounds odd to me, for I'm not a religious man—but did it ever occur to you that God lives in some children for a little while?"

His voice sounded eager, as if there had been something opened up he wanted to talk about, perhaps had wanted to talk about for a long time. But at the same time he was embarrassed by having to mention divinity. He avoided looking at Bettinger. Bettinger took off his cap and rubbed his head. They were both glad of the darkness.

"I don't know much about God," said Bettinger finally, "I'm not a religious man either. But kids, well, they're funny. It may be——"

Marlton in the dark gripped the arms of his chair. "I *know* it may be," he declared. "I believe there's a time, when a child has stopped being a little eating-and-sleeping animal and hasn't yet become a human being—a time between babyhood and schooldays, say—when the world is—enchanted. When *something*—may as well call it God—lives in that child for a little while, a year, or a month, or a week, or a day."

"What makes you think so?"

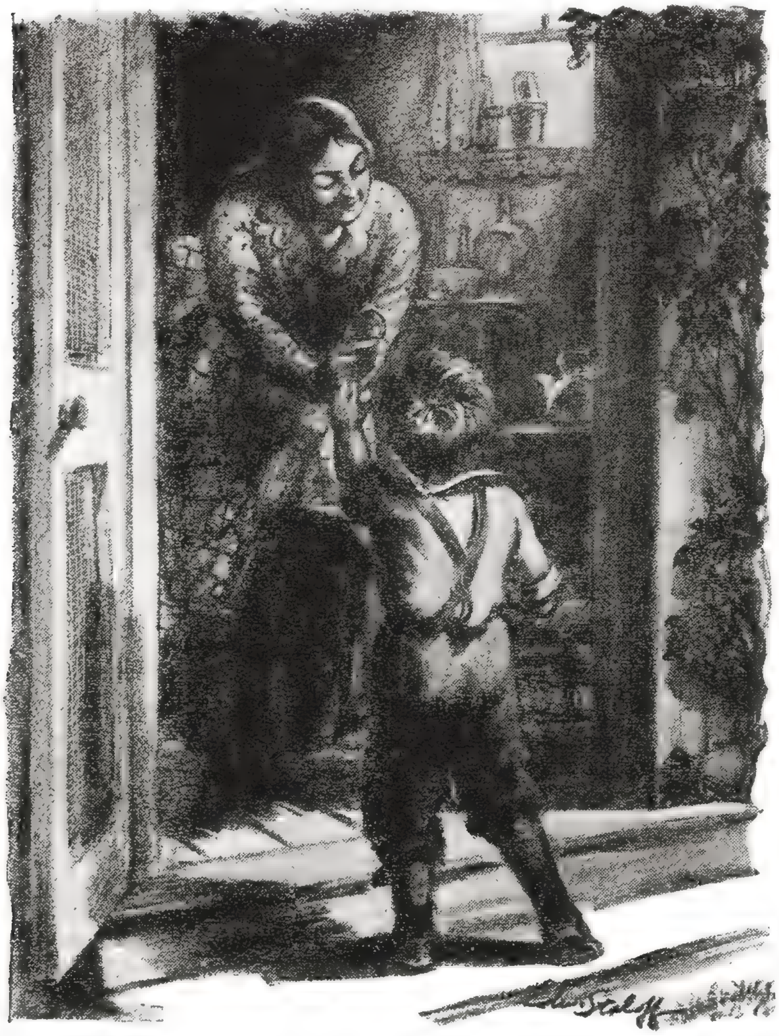
"Something I remember. Or rather, something I can't forget! Did you notice the eyes of the younger of the two boys who came across from that farmhouse?"

Bettinger did remember that the boy's eyes had shone and that they had appeared, at the same time, not to see what he was looking at.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Marlton. "That's because he's living in a world of his own, which has its own special meaning. And everything in that world is different from the real world—out of focus, so to speak; brighter, more shining—and more terrible, too. I know, because when I was that boy's age and living in a country town, I saw, really, two towns. One was made up of ordinary things which I took for granted, the orchard, games, my parents, and the house I called home. But the other—ah, that was quite different. A sort of invisible town, seen between the objects and persons of the real town, as on a foggy day gray wraiths may be seen between trees in an orchard. You see, this invisible village was created and peopled by my imagination. But—and this is the point—my imagination created this invisible world out of the material supplied by my elders, by the careless words, the hints, the glances, that grown-up persons always believe a child doesn't notice. For instance, take the matter of my brother, Frankie. It's a bit out of that queer, twisted world I'm talking about."

Marlton went on to explain that his brother Frankie had died before he was born, but there was a photograph of him in boots and a jacket with brass buttons. It was the buttons that made Frankie a real person to his brother. It was impossible for him to believe that Frankie did not live, though it had been explained that he had died and gone to heaven. He wanted to know where was heaven? Up there. Was "up there" as high as the church steeple? And some elder, weary of questions, replied, "Yes."

"This church steeple had green shutters high up in the belfry," said Marlton, "and instantly Frankie lived for me behind those shutters. Sundays when I was going to church I seemed to catch the glint of brass buttons behind the shutters, and always I was aware of Frankie looking down watchfully. It gave me a thrill and a shudder, and yet it was a cherished sensation. You see, this invisible world of mine was strange and beautiful and always a little askew. I have a theory that during the brief time a child lives in this world of his own creation queer things of importance happen to him, things both good and evil, which stay with him more or less vividly all his life."



She gave him white sugar cookies with a raisin in the exact center of each.

"Hold on," Bettinger interrupted. "How about your theory that God lives in a child at this age? How can God and evil——"

"Oh, I know there's no logic in all this. I suppose what I believe is that God sometimes rests from judgment, forgets evil; that He lives in the soul of a child through sheer love of walking abroad on the good earth. Especially in the springtime. Anyhow, I know He lived in me, because"—he hesitated, started to glance at his companion, and then looked off into the enormous blackness at his right—"because I know the hour, the very minute when He left me."

Bettinger did not move, he scarcely breathed. It was the most extraordinary statement he had ever heard. And yet—perhaps it was the breathing of the dark prairie around them, or something in the other man's tone—he did not say to himself as usual, "Screw loose in this fellow's bean!" Instead, after a moment he prompted, "What had you done to—to make God leave you?"

"I had thrown a stone."

"A stone? But all kids throw stones."

Marlton gave a short laugh. "This was an unusual occasion."

He paused again, and Bettinger took the opportunity to light a cigar. In the brief flare of the match he glanced sidewise at the other man's profile. It had in it a lifelong question, a melancholy and ironic question. When he began to tell the story of the stone, he seemed to talk more to himself than to Bettinger.

"I can remember," he said, "almost every detail of that occasion. And that's odd, for there are whole chunks of time out of my childhood that are like old photographs which have faded, only the dimmest suggestion of features remaining. But that June—I was between five and six—remains clear and bright in my memory as if fixed by some special acid. I can remember the very shade of weather-beaten yellow a certain house was painted. It stood on a little street that climbed up a hillside. It was the last house, and the green hill seemed to run right down into the kitchen when the door was opened. It was always open that June—for me.

"Of course I didn't know it was kept open for me, not until I grew up and straightened my perspective on the woman in the yellow house. I knew then that she left the door open when she saw me playing on the hillside above, as an invitation. She never asked me in, nor urged me to come back again—she knew her code. She probably knew that my mother would have fainted with horror had she known how often I ran down the hill and in at that open door. And so the woman in the yellow house did nothing, merely set the door open, and was herself. That is what puzzles me to this day: what was she that she could draw me so naturally to that open door of hers?

"Of course, I know what she was called. My mother told me in two words, the Bad Woman. 'Don't you ever go into that woman's house or yard,' my mother exclaimed, when I told her that the woman in the yellow house had given me a cookie. I had stopped at her kitchen door—it was the first time—for a drink of water on my way home from playing on the hill. 'But why?' I wanted to know. 'Because she's a Bad Woman,' my mother replied.

"Then she turned to the neighbor who had come in to borrow a cup of something, and over my head a look passed between them, a significant, smiling curl of the lip.

"You know, people wonder—" Marlton digressed, "where children get their knowledge of evil. Well, I could tell them. They get it from the looks that pass over their heads between grown-up people. Not any straight, useful, unbiased knowledge, but twisted, inflammatory stuff."

Up to that time his outer world had been made up of clear, comprehensible things, Marlton went on: the freshness of mornings, the enormous height of the hills, the delightful fur of dogs and kittens, spring water flowing over rocks, arbutus under cold wet leaves, the pines on the hillside under which he dreamed day dreams in autumn when a blue haze drifted through the streets from bonfires of leaves. A happy enchantment, this world, made solely for his use.

But now, with those glances exchanged between his mother and the neighbor woman, Marlton declared that a secret wonder possessed him, and from it was projected into his invisible world a new shape, the Bad Woman. All about her was a fog, murky and mysterious. When his mother said "the Bad Woman," he thought at once of a witch. But what confused him, the contradiction that made the fog about her was the fact that the woman in the yellow cottage did not look like a witch.

HE KNEW ABOUT witches from the fairy-tale books, and it was puzzling that this woman should look of a morning very much as his mother did. When he stopped at her door the first time she had been wearing a gingham dress of some clean faded tint; it reminded him of the pale spring flowers at the edge of the woods. An apron of blue-and-white check, exactly like his mother's, had been tied about her waist. Through the open door he could see the floor of the kitchen, scrubbed white, the shining stove, and on the window sill three little flowerpots with "slips" in them. They were being coaxed to grow up into plants by means of jelly glasses turned upside down over them. The sun caused a film of moisture to gather on the glasses so that they were like tiny hot-houses. "Heliotrope and fuchsia, one for looks and the other for smell," she explained.

That was the first thing he liked about her—she made jokes but they were not baby jokes, and she did not call him Sonny or Bub. She had a wide, impersonal smile and she said "Hello!" like another boy. He liked her white sugar cookies with a raisin pressed down in the exact center of each. She kept them in a putty-colored jar with a brown-glazed lining and a clean tea towel over the top, exactly as his mother did. It was puzzling, trying to reconcile her witchlike qualities with her appearance and her kitchen.

After he had heard her called the Bad Woman he sat on the hillside safely above the yellow house and gazed fixedly at it, half hoping he might see her riding on a broomstick above the lettuce bed. In half of his mind he knew this was nonsense, but in the other half there was a curious excitement, a sort of irritation which kept his thoughts a great deal upon the yellow house.

And then, the first thing he knew, one dull morning—he was alone a good deal, his playmates being in school—he found himself swinging a leg over the low wall and sliding down toward the kitchen door of the yellow cottage. He felt guilty and half afraid, but there seemed to be something he wanted—something that would protect him from the oppression which crept over him as he sat there aloof on the hillside, with the noises of the village coming up to him, faint but clear. He often had those moods in the very midst of the brightest ecstasy. Strangely enough, they were like a kind of homesickness.

"I've never been able to understand it," said Marlton, "for I had a good home. I had a good mother. She gave me the best of care. But, I don't know; perhaps she was not really the maternal type. Maybe most of her love had been expended on my brother who died. There was—not coldness, exactly, so much as a lack of warmth, about my mother. I think there can be a lack of fundamental harmony between a mother and her child, and I guess that's the way it was with us, though we cared a great deal for each other. I've always thought that had something to do with those queer homesick spells I had.

"But that doesn't explain why I was pulled toward the woman in the yellow cottage. There were other houses I had gone in and out of all my six years, good homes that had no particular attraction for me. Why, I've forgotten," cried Marlton, "what my mother's kitchen looked like, and I can see that other woman's as clearly——"

And yet he found, when he tried to describe it to Bettinger that only one or two actual details stuck in his memory: a rocking-chair with a turkey-red cushion, a white apron sprigged with little bouquets that hung behind the door, a shelf edged with paper lace. Something less tangible and more vivid remained in his memory. Strangely enough it was a sense of deep peace.

"Now how can you account for that," asked Marlton, "considering the sort of woman she was? It wasn't as if I didn't recognize her as a bad woman. I did, not alone because my mother had called her that, but through some sixth sense of my own, developed over night. I knew there was something—sinister? No, that's not quite the word. I knew there was something *dark* which set apart the woman and the yellow house from my mother's world. But once I was in that kitchen it did not seem to make any difference. The kitchen itself was the happiest place I had ever known. It seemed in some way to be a part of my own world, it seemed to be the very heart of that imaginary world where I roamed dreaming, free——"

Marlton broke off to light a cigarette, and to exhale the first puff of smoke with a long sigh. "Oh, Lord! I wish I could adequately describe that world of mine in that one short June. The sheer shimmer and gleam of it, the cobwebs like tents in the meadows of a morning, the enormous dome of the blue sky, the pine trees on the hillside, with bright bits of the sky caught in their branches as I lay under them—it's no use, you can't put into words an ecstasy like that. If there ever was a man named Adam he must have felt that way when he was young and the garden was still cool and new to him. Before he got knowledge and lost wisdom. Well, that was I, when I had stopped being a baby and was not yet a so-called citizen of the world."

He was silent then so long that finally Bettinger asked how a woman of that kind came to be in a little town where each family knew every other, and immorality must have been too conspicuous to be comfortable? Was she a native of the place?

"No, I don't think so," replied Marlton. "But I'm inclined to think she may have been a country girl. Perhaps she became homesick and drifted from the city to a temporary anchorage in the yellow house. She was the only one of her kind in the place. Perhaps she was making a half-hearted effort at reformation. I don't know, I only know that I could not keep away from her house.

"I would be playing on the hill, on a little level plateau where there were four tall pines and a spring, and all at once I would want to get away from there. I would have that sense of homesickness. Perhaps it was just loneliness, I don't know. Anyhow, pretty soon I'd be looking in at the kitchen door. And she would look up with her indescribable smile, impersonal, warm, alive. Then she would go on with whatever she was doing. Whether she was baking cookies or scrubbing the floor or just sitting rocking in the little chair by the window there was something about her that was like the pine trees on the hill, something effortless and kind, as if she had all the time in the world. I often felt underfoot in my mother's kitchen, for she was an intense housekeeper, easily flurried. In that other kitchen I always felt wanted, and yet as free as the wind. She never looked at my muddy feet, she never petted me, she scarcely seemed to notice me, and she asked only sensible questions—was the wintergreen plentiful that year, would I advise her to paint the back steps green, and did I know where she could get a maltese kitten?

"But it was something deeper than all this, deeper even than her kindness which flowed out to me like spring water. Sometimes I've thought we were like two travelers who had known each other well somewhere else. We had met again and words were superfluous. The walls of that kitchen received us after our wanderings, they shut out whatever had been, whatever was, and encompassed us in a deep friendliness. We were at home with each other.

"Only once was this harmony disturbed. One morning when the woman was making sugar cookies and I was decorating each with a raisin, there came a cautious rapping at a distant door. I looked up inquiringly; it was the first time I had heard a rap at her door. And I saw the expression of peace that had been in her face shattered. She seemed to draw over the broken bits of it a mask with strange harsh lines in it.

"She dusted her hands on her apron and went toward the inner door to the part of the cottage I had never been in. 'You must go now,' she said to me. But I was busy sticking raisins in the cookies and I didn't want to go. She came over to me and, putting her hands on my shoulders—it was the first time she had ever touched me—she put me outside the kitchen door. So gentle, so soft had been her hands upon my shoulders that I was surprised to find myself staring up at the closed door. I went home feeling again that odd homesick aloneness."

Marlton went on to say that he never knew the succession of events that led up to the woman's final day in the yellow cottage, but he remembered vividly a certain night. It was a warm June evening and, unnoticed by his mother, he had gone to sleep after supper in the hammock on the porch. He was awakened suddenly by a loud, thrilling whisper.

"I lifted my head," he said, "and there was Mrs. Lennox, our neighbor, whispering excitedly to my mother. What had awakened me so suddenly was the stealthy zest in her voice. She was urging my mother to come along and see something that was going to happen up at the yellow cottage. She said that Mag Doverley was on a rampage, on account of her husband and 'that creature,' and she had got her friends together. They were now marching up Main Street, gathering adherents as they went.

"Mag Doverley was six feet tall, a coarse-mouthed bully of a woman, who boarded the mill-girls in order to support a worthless husband. My mother did not want to be dragged into any row of Mag's picking, and she hung back. I was glad to think of that, afterward. Mrs. Lennox I hated the rest of my life in that town, though I didn't understand why. 'Come on,' she urged my mother, 'it'll be a circus. No one needs to see us. We can go up the back way, through Taylor's Lane, and see the whole thing from the hill.'

"My mother was finally persuaded, and the two of them hastened through the back garden. I was tingling with curiosity. I wanted to know what it was that could make them whisper so thrillingly. I was still a little befuddled with sleep, but I stumbled along through the darkness after them. They struck upward into Taylor's Lane, which was only a sort of cow-path leading to the pastures on the hillside. I was so near to them that I could hear their repressed laughter when they stumbled in the dark lane. I could sense their half-shamed excitement. And my own excitement grew."

When the lane rounded the shoulder of the hill it came out only a narrow field's width from the back of the yellow cottage. Here the two women halted and stood staring down, leaning their arms upon the top rail of the fence. Marlton said that he, too, came to a stop and kept very still for fear his mother would discover him and send him back home. By now he was wide awake, for, looking down the street on which the yellow house was the last dwelling, he could see, moving in and out of the lights from windows, a dark procession, massed well together. It climbed upwardly solidly. In the yellow cottage a steady light in one window burned, unaware.

Then suddenly, as the dark procession reached the yellow cottage and flowed into its yard, over the fence like a wave, the quiet night was shivered by a brutal noise—cat-calls, hoots, shrieks, banging of tin pans, of sticks upon the palings of the fence, and the hideous blatancy of horse-fiddles and tin horns.

"God, I'll never forget it!" exclaimed Marlton. "It raised goose-flesh all over my body. I had never heard anything like it before. I was terrified and yet somehow horribly stimulated. I clung to that fence, staring down through two rails. And I saw the light in the window go out, as if the frightful noise had been a breath that blew it out. There was a cow sleeping in a bed of fern just near my side of the fence. She lurched to her feet and went woof! through her astonished nostrils. I thought it was the devil, which shows the state of nerves I was in."

Then his mother and Mrs. Lennox climbed over the fence and began to creep down through the intervening field to get a better view of proceedings, since the charivari was beginning to concentrate at the front of the cottage, away from them. And he crept through the fence and followed. Before he knew it he had reached the low wall back of the cottage, he had climbed it and had run past the familiar kitchen door, now tightly closed, around to the front of the house. He had springs in his legs and he felt gay and light-footed, as he did on circus day when the calliope first began to tootle. He was not thinking about anything except that here was something exciting happening and he wanted to be in it.

There was the darkness, too. That lent a strangeness to everything. Back of the cottage was the great dark huddle of the hill; there were the unseen flowers in the yard, giving up their fragrance as they were trampled upon; and there was the yellow cottage, huddled, mute, trying to hide in the darkness from the blows of the cruel serenade. But stranger than anything else were the gleaming eyes of the grown-up persons.

"You see, I couldn't understand," said Marlton, "that gleam. There I was capering with other boys on the edge of the crowd, stimulated and excited—and wondering. All the pores of my being, so to speak, wide open. Up to this moment I had inhabited a world that was cool and clear. Now the braying voice of that mob broke through into my world, shattering it, leaving me exposed to——"

He paused, searching for a word. "Raw poison, that's what it was! It poured out from that crowd. I don't suppose, in the history of our town, it ever had a moment quite so ignoble. There were a few good people in that mob of course. But they, too, had been overcome by the poisonous hysteria. They were shamefaced to be there, but they would have been afraid to leap up in front of that silent house and speak of Christian charity. So they hung in the background; the women tittered and hoped no one would recognize them and the men looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes. But pretty soon that gleam had come into their eyes, too, the same expression that was in the faces of the mill-girls and the half-grown hoodlums from the poolroom.

No wonder I looked up at them and felt bewildered and horribly stimulated! I wanted a horse-fiddle or a tin-horn, too. I wanted to make a noise. So I put my fingers in my mouth to make my whistle more shrill like the rest of the boys, and I wormed my way in and out between knees, until I got to the front and there was Mag Doverley ranting and shrieking at the house, 'Come out o' there! We've got something to say to you, we have. You——'

"The insistent rhythm of the charivari went on beating up against the closed eyelids of the yellow cottage. The door remained mutely shut. Mag Doverly made a rush up the steps, calling back, 'Come on, girls, we'll get her out of here if we have to smash down the door.' A group of mill-girls, shrieking with laughter, five or six older women, members of a purity league, with stern, red faces, crowded up behind her. And behind them the crowd pushed and craned, trampling the flower bed along the walk and guffawing. The half-grown youths twirled their horse-fiddles, beat upon tin pans, and yelled encouragement.

"I forgot I had ever known the woman who was hiding behind the closed door," sighed Marlton. "It shows how completely she had been a part of my secret world. For now that I had stepped out of that world into the grown-up world, and was drunk with its excitements, it was as if I had awakened from a dream. I forgot her. I was a hunter, surrounded by other hunters, primitive and cruel. I was hunting down a witch, a Bad Woman.

"So when Mag Doverley yelled at us, 'Hey, you boys go round to the back door and see that she don't get out that way!' I scampered willingly around the house with the other boys. We were led by one Torrey Knowlton, a half-grown bully, who put great zest into his assignment. He grabbed up a clod from the little stony garden patch. 'Everybody get him a chunk o' dirt,' he commanded us, 'and if she tries to get away, paste her one.'

"I obeyed," said Marlton, "with a nervous alacrity. I fastened my eyes as bidden upon the familiar kitchen door, now so oddly unfamiliar. Growing beside it there was a great bush of bridal wreath in full bloom. The woman was very proud of this shrub, though it was only a rented possession, and every day she emptied the dish-water about its roots. In the darkness it was like a proud ghost waiting there beside the kitchen door. The hill at our backs stood up against the little stars.

"Our figures must have melted into this dark background, for it was plain the woman did not see us when a moment later she opened the door. She crept out so quickly and quietly that even the vigilant Torrey was a moment in recovering himself. Then he shouted at her to go back into the house. 'They want you at the front door, chippy!' he roared manfully.

"Taken by surprise she was not able at once to recover herself and retreat. Fury, perhaps panic, seized our leader and poured out through him to us. He raised his arm, he let fly his clod. The others automatically did likewise. The clods and stones spattered about her, they hit the steps, they muddied the branches of bridal wreath. And the woman made a sound more dreadful than any scream—a small squeak, like a rabbit caught in a trap."

Marlton fetched a long breath. "Those clods may really not have touched her—afterwards the boys declared they had not thrown to hit her, only to scare her back into the house. I don't know. I only know that in that instant I was certain only one had hit her—mine. My hand was empty.

"I can't recall taking any further part in the proceedings. It is in my memory vaguely that the woman was escorted from the yellow cottage to the railroad station and put upon the midnight train.

"But what I do remember," said Marlton, "is a strange and terrible moment. I stood alone in the dark. The woman had stumbled back into the house, the boys had run whooping around the house to boast. And there I stood, aware of my empty hand. Dreadfully aware of it. There was dirt in the palm of it where the muddy stone had been. I wiped it quickly off upon my jacket. All at once nausea seized me. And something more—a sense of unbearable loss, a sort of terrible desolation. I could not stand it. I climbed over the wall into the hillside field. I ran across it toward home. As I crawled through the broken fence rail into the lane a great sob wrenched me, tore me open. I was empty as a house for rent. God had gone out of me with that stone. I had become a human being."

◆

Tree *in* Rain

By ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

The first metallic drops of rain come down
With suddenness of javelins, one by one
Stabbing each leaf whose green has dulled to brown
Beneath the ruthless torpor of the sun.
Now fast and faster comes the rain until
Staccato rhythms merge into a roar;
The young tree sways beneath the torrent's will,
That felt the noon's dead calm an hour before.

Drenched to the marrow, the insatiate tree
Yields to the rain's impetuous embrace;
Each leaf and twig is ravished utterly
Before the lover rain moves on apace.
And now that he is gone, each leaf and limb
Quickens and freshens with the thought of him.

A Monthly Letter to the Golden Book

HUGH WALPOLE'S
Notes *from a* Northern Cottage

Keswick, England.

Do books ever die? I'm tempted to wonder as I look at my shelves and then consider the "Hundred Best Books" list of the Golden Book and then glance at my shelves again.

There is a strange persistence of bad books, books I mean that are bad for all fine people with grand literary tastes. The trouble about the Best Books is that if you really like them—quite genuinely and with warm human appreciation—to many people you seem to be a prig, and up here in Cumberland, with the mountain stream running past the library door and sheep nibbling the hedge at the bottom of the garden, it is very difficult to be priggish.

"Oh, he says he likes *Paradise Lost* because it's the right thing." A young man who had been thus taunted came and told me one day, and added: "But I really *do* like *Paradise Lost.*" And I, for instance, really do like Goethe. He is my favorite author in all the world's literature. By that I don't mean that I go about forever with *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* in my waistcoat pocket. But I suppose that I read something of Goethe's a dozen times a year, just as I read a chapter or two of a Waverley novel every Sunday. This I've done ever since I was a child, and it is a remnant, I suppose, of those awful Sunday afternoons when in a house as still as the grave with a church bell somewhere in the distance mournfully ringing, one was allowed only either to read a Waverley novel or play a Sunday puzzle or sing hymns to the rather uncertain piano accompaniment of one's aunt. Now Goethe and Wordsworth, Shakespeare and Scott, I enjoy with as rich a pleasure and content as I do the latest works of T. S. Eliot or James Joyce —richer, if the whole truth were known.

I don't care if they are considered good or bad. If somebody proved to me here on the tawny slopes of Catbells that Goethe was as poor a writer as—well, never mind who—it would make not a shadow of difference. It is Goethe's company I want—and I take care that I get it.

But the *bad* books: what is one to say about them? And *are* they bad and *are* they dead?

Trollope was in my childhood as bad and as dead as a man can be. I remember reading *Barchester Towers,* loving it and hearing it spoken of as though it belonged to the Dark Ages. And now how alive and modern Trollope is again!

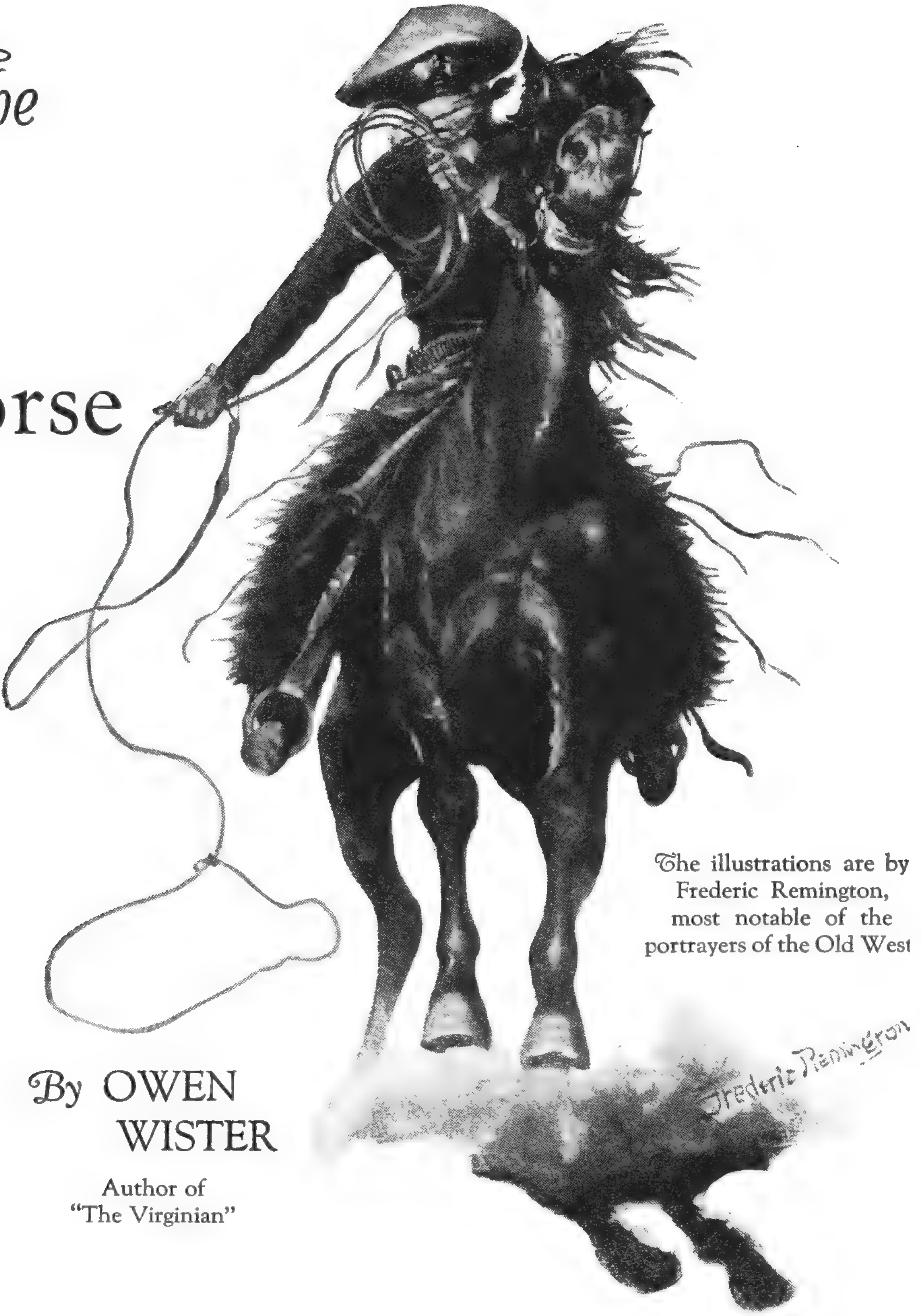
My childhood's friend Marion Crawford—will he ever be alive again? No one could, I suppose, at this moment be deader! Just imagine his jolly athletic handsome body pushing in today among the Freudian disillusions of Aldous Huxley and the grimy authors of most of the war-books! But on one side he was the Trollope of our time. If you can find copies, read *Katherine Lauderdale* and *The Ralstons* again, and on his romantic side try *Casa Braccio and Corleone.* Not so dead as you would suppose—not even so dead as some of the masterpieces of last year!

No, it is very hard to kill a book, even a very bad one! A solemn thought as I sit down to start a new chapter of "Herries No. 2." Judith, daughter of Rogue Herries, is about to lose her husband—only temporarily, of course. How strong, how alive she is in my imagination! How that strength will have petered out by the time I get her to paper!

And yet—solemn thought—although Judith has lost her husband, the adventures that follow for her may be, fifty years hence, on some dusty book shelf. My hand trembles—or at any rate ought to tremble—as I take up my pen!

Hugh Walpole

The Gift Horse



The illustrations are by Frederic Remington, most notable of the portrayers of the Old West

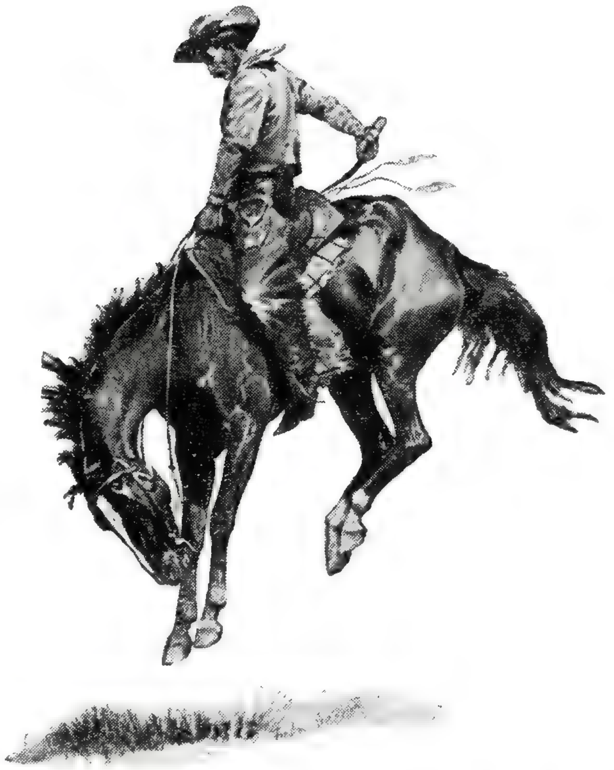
By OWEN WISTER

Author of
"The Virginian"

High up the mountain amid white winter I sat, and looked far down where still the yellow autumn stayed, looked at Wind River shrunk to map-size, a basking valley, a drowsy country, tawny and warm, winding southeastward away to the tawny plain, and there dissolving with air and earth in one deep, hazy, golden sleep. Somewhere in that slumberous haze beyond the buttes and utmost foothills, and burrowed into the vast unfeatured level, lay my problem, Still Hunt Spring.

I had inquired much about Still Hunt Spring. Every man seemed to know of it, but no man you talked with had been to it. Description of it always came to me at second hand. Scipio I except; Scipio assured me he had once been to it. It was no easy spot to find; a man might pass it close and come back and pass it on the other side, yet never know it was at his elbow: so they said. The Indians believed a supernatural thing about it—that it was not there every day, and few of them would talk readily about

TONGUE-TIED and impulsive, this land of the flying noose, with justice at the nearest tree for horse-rustler and blundering tenderfoot.



it; yet it was they who had first showed it to the white man. And because they repeated concerning a valley two hundred feet deep, a mile long, and a quarter-mile wide at its widest, this haunted legend of presence and absence, its name now possessed my mind. Like a strain of music it recurred to my thoughts each day of my November hunting in the mountains of Wind River. Still Hunt Spring; down there, somewhere in that drowsy distance, it lay. One trail alone led into it; from one end of the secret ravine to the other—they said—grew a single file of trees lank and tall as if they stood on stilts to see out over the top, and at the further end was a spring, small, cold, and sweet; though it welled up in the midst of sage-brush desert, there was no alkali—they said—in that water. Still Hunt Spring!

That night I announced to my two camp companions my new project: next summer I should see Still Hunt Spring for myself.

"Alone?" Scipio inquired.

"Not if you will come."

"It is no tenderfoot's trail."

"Then if I find it I shall cease to be a tenderfoot."

"Go on," said Scipio, with indulgence. "We'll not let you stay lost."

"It is no tenderfoot's place," the cook now muttered.

"Then you have been there?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I am in this country for my health," he drawled. On this a certain look passed between my companions, and a certain laugh. A sudden suspicion came to me, which I kept to myself until next afternoon when we had broken this camp where no game save health seemed plentiful, and were down the mountains at Horse Creek and Wind River.

"I don't believe there is any such place as Still Hunt Spring."

This I said sitting with a company in the cabin known later on the Postal Route map as Dubois. The nearest post-office then was seventy-five miles away. No one spoke until a minute after, I suppose, when a man slowly remarked: "Some call that place Blind Spring."

He was presently followed by another, speaking equally slowly: "I've heard it called Arapaho Spring."

"Still Hunt Spring is right." This was a heavy, rosy-faced man, of hearty and capable appearance. His clothes were strong and good, made of whipcord, but his maroon-colored straw hat so late in the season was the noticeable point in his dress. His voice was assertive, having in it something of authority, if not of menace. "Some claim there's such a place," he continued, eyeing me steadily and curiously, "and some claim there's not." (Here he made a pause). "But I tell you there is."

He still held his eye upon me with no friendliness. Were they all merely playing on my tenderfoot credulity, or what was it? I was framing a retort when sounds of trouble came from outside.

"Man down in the corral," exclaimed somebody. "It's that wild horse."

Scipio met us, running. "No doctor here?" he panted. "McDonough has bruck his leg, looks like."

But the doctor was seventy-five miles away—like the post-office.

"Who's McDonough?" inquired the rosy-faced man with the straw hat.

A young fellow from Colorado, they told him, a new settler on Wind River this summer. He had taken up a ranch on North Fork and built him a cabin. Hard luck if he had broken his leg; he had a bunch of horses; was going to raise horses; he had good horses.

We found young McDonough lying in the corral, propped against a neighbor's kindly knee. The wild horse was snorting and showing us red nostrils and white eyes in a far corner; he had reared and fallen backward while being roped, and the bars had prevented dodging in time. Dirt was ground into McDonough's flaxen hair, the skin was tight on his cheeks, and his lips were as white as his large, thick nails; but he smiled at us, and his strange blue eyes twinkled with the full spark of undaunted humor.

"Ain't I a son of a——?" he began, and shook his head over himself and his clumsiness. Further speech was stopped by violent retching, and I was enough of a doctor to fear that this augured a worse hurt than a broken leg. But no blood came up, and he was soon talking to us again, applying to himself sundry jocular epithets which were very well in that rough corral, but must stay there.

He was lifted to the only bed in the cabin, no sound escaping him, though his lips remained white, and when he thought himself unobserved he shut his eyes; but kept them open and twinkling at any one's approach. They were strange, perplexed eyes, evidently large, but deep-set, their lids screwed together; later that evening I noticed that he held his playing-cards close to them, and slightly to one side. Scipio called him "skew-bald," but I could see no such defect. He was not injured internally, it proved later, but his right leg was broken above the ankle. We had to cut his boot off, so swollen already was the limb. The heavy man with the straw hat advised getting him to the hospital at the post without delay, and regretted he himself had not come up the river in his wagon; he could have given the patient a lift. With this he departed upon a tall roan horse, with an air about him of business and dispatch uncommon in these parts. Wind River horsemen mostly looked and acted as if there was no such thing as being behind time, there being no such thing as time.

"Who is he?" I asked, looking after the broad back of whipcord and the unseasonable straw hat.

All were surprised. What? Not know Lem Speed? Biggest cattleman in the country. Store and a bank in Lander. House in Salt Lake. Wife in Los Angeles. Son at Yale.

"Up here looking after his interests?" I pursued.

"Up here looking after his interests." My exact words were repeated in that particular tone which showed I was again left out of something.

"What's the matter with my questions?" I asked.

"What's the matter with our answers?" said a man. Truly, mine had been a tenderfoot speech.

McDonough's white lips regained no color that night, and the skin grew tighter over the bones of his face as the hours wore on. He was proof against complaining, but no stoic endurance could hide such pain as he was in. Beneath the sunburn on his thick hand the flesh was blanched, yet never did he once ask if the hay wagon was not come for him. They had expected to get him off in it by seven, but it did not arrive until ten minutes before midnight; they had found it fifteen miles up the river, instead of two. Sitting up, twisted uncomfortably, he played cards until one of the company, with that lovable tact of the frontier, took the cards from him, remarking, "You'll lose all you've got," and, with his consent, played his hand and made bets for him. McDonough then sank flat, watching the game with his perplexed eyes.

What I could do for him I did; it was but little. Finding his leg burning and his hand cold, I got my brandy—their whiskey was too doubtful—and laid wet rags on the leg, keeping them wet. He accepted my offices and my brandy without a sign; this was like most of them, and did not mean that he was not grateful, but only that he knew no way to say so. Laudanum alone among my few drugs seemed applicable, and he took twenty drops with dumb acquiescence, but it brought him neither sleep nor doze. More I was afraid in my ignorance to give him, and so he bore, unpalliated, what must have become well-nigh agony by midnight, when we lifted him into the wagon. So useless had I been, and his screwed-up eyes, with their valiant sparkle, and his stoic restraint, made me feel so sorry for him, that while they were making his traveling bed as soft as they could I scrawled a message to the army surgeon at the Post. "Do everything you can for him," I wrote, "and as I doubt if he has five dollars to his name, hold me responsible." This I gave McDonough without telling him its contents. Off they drove him in the cold, mute night; I could hear the heavy jolts of the wagon a long way. Six rocky fords lay between here and Washakie, and Scipio thus summed up the seventy-five miles the patient had before him: "I don't expect he'll improve any on the road."

In new camps among other mountains I now tried my luck through deeper snow, thicker ice, and colder days, coming out at length lean and limber, and ravenous for every good that flesh is heir to, yet reluctant to turn eastward to that city life which would unfailingly tarnish the bright, hard steel of health. Of Still Hunt Spring I spoke no more, but thought often, and with undiscouraged plans to visit it. I mentioned it but once again. Old Washakie, chief of the Shoshone tribe, did me the honor to dine with me at the military post which bore his name. Words cannot describe the face and presence of that old man; ragged clothes abated nothing of his dignity. A past like the world's beginning looked from his eyes; his jaw and long white hair made you silent as tall mountains make you silent. After we had dined and I had made him presents, he drew pictures in the sand for me with his finger. Not as I expected, almost to my disappointment, this Indian betrayed no mystery concerning the object of my quest.

"Hé!" he said (it was like a shrug). "No hard find. You want see him? Water pretty good, yes. Trees heap big. You make ranch maybe?"

When he heard my desire was merely to see Still Hunt Spring, I am not certain he understood me, or if so, believed me. "Hé!" he exclaimed again, and laughed because I laughed. "You go this way," he said, beginning to trace a groove in the sand. "So." He laid a match here and there and pinched up little hillocks, and presently he had it all set forth. I tore off a piece of wrapping-paper from the stove and copied the map carefully, with his comments. The place was less distant than I had thought. I thanked him, spoke of returning "after one snow" to see him and Still Hunt Spring. "Hé!" he shrugged. Then he mounted his pony, and rode off without any "good-by," Indian fashion.

McDonough's leg had knit well, and I met him on crutches crossing the parade ground. He was discharged from hospital, and (I will not deny it) his mere nod of greeting seemed somewhat too scant acknowledgment of the good will I had certainly tried to show him. Yet his smile was very pleasant, and while I noted his face, no longer embrowned with sun and riding, but pale from confinement, I noted also the unsubdued twinkle in his perplexed eyes. After

all, why should I need thanks? As he hobbled away with his yellow hair sticking out in a cowlick under his hat behind, I smiled at my own smallness, and wished him good luck heartily.

The doctor, whose hospitable acquaintance I had made on first coming through the Post this year, would not listen to my paying him anything for his services to McDonough. Army surgeons were expected, he said, to render what aid they could to civilians, as well as to soldiers, in the hospital; he good-humoredly forbade all the remonstrance I attempted. When civilians could pay him themselves, he let them do so according to their means; it was just as well that the surrounding country should not grow accustomed to treating "Uncle Sam" as a purely charitable institution. McDonough had offered to pay, when he could, what he could afford. The doctor had thought it due to me to let him know the contents of my note, and that no such arrangement could be allowed.

"And what said he to that?" I asked.

"Nothing as usual."

"Disgusted, perhaps?"

"Not in the least. His myopic eyes were just as cheerful then as they were the second before he fainted away under my surgical attentions. He scorned ether."

"Poor fellow! He's a good fellow!" I exclaimed.

"M'm," went the doctor, doubtfully.

"Know anything against him?" I asked.

"Know his kind. All the way from Assiniboine to Lowell Barracks."

"It has made you hard to please," I declared.

"M'm," went the doctor again.

"Think he'll not pay you?"

"May. May not."

"Well, good-by, Cynic."

"Good-by, Tenderfoot."

The next morning, had there been time to catch the doctor, I could have proved to him that he was hard to please. At the moment of my stepping into the early stage I had a surprise. McDonough had been at breakfast at the hotel, and had said nothing to me; a nod sufficed him, as usual—it was as much social intercourse as was customary at breakfast, or, indeed, at any of the meals. The stage rattled up as I sat, and I, its only passenger, rose and spoke a farewell syllable to McDonough, who repeated his curt nod. My next few minutes were spent in paying the bill, seeing my baggage roped on behind the stage, and in bidding Scipio good-by. One foot was up to get into the vehicle when a voice behind said, "So you're going."

There was McDonough, hobbled out after me to the fence. He stood awkwardly at the open gate, smiling his pleasant smile. I replied yes, and still he stood.

"Coming next year?"

Again I said yes, and again he stood silent, smiling and awkward. Then it was uttered; the difficult word which shyness had choked: "If you come, you shall have the best horse on the river."

Before I could answer he was hobbling back to the hotel. Thus from his heart his untrained lips at last had spoken.

I drove away, triumphing over the doctor, and in my thoughts my holiday passed in review—my camps, and Scipio, and Still Hunt Spring, and most of all this fellow with his broken leg and perplexed eyes.

At Lander, they said, had I come two days earlier, I should have had the company of Lem Speed. So he and his maroon straw hat came into my thoughts too. He had started for California, I heard from the driver whose society I sought on the box. He assured me that Lem Speed was rich, but that I carried better whiskey. Trouble was "due" in this country, he said. He had nothing against Lem Speed. Temptation to steal stock had never come his way, but he could understand how poor men might get tired of the big cattlemen—some poor men, anyhow. Yes, trouble was "sure due"; what brought Lem Speed up here so long after the beef round-up? Still, he "guessed" he hadn't told Lem Speed anything that would hurt a poor fellow. Lem Speed had "claimed" he was up here about his bank. If so, why had he gone up Wind River, and all around Big Muddy, and over to the Embar? The bank was not there. No, sir; the big cattlemen were going to "demonstrate" over here as they had on the Dry Cheyenne and Box Elder. I perceived "demonstration" to be the driver's word for the sudden hanging of somebody without due process of law, and I expressed a doubt as to its being needed here; I had heard nothing of cattle or horses being stolen. This he perceived in silence, presently repeating that Lem Speed hadn't got anything from *him*. We broke off this subject for mines, and after mines, I confided to him the story of McDonough.

"Of course I would never accept the horse."

"Why not?"

"Well—well—it would hardly be suitable."

"Please yourself," said the driver, curtly, and looking away. "Such treatment would not please me."

"You mean, 'never look a gift horse in the mouth,' as we say?"

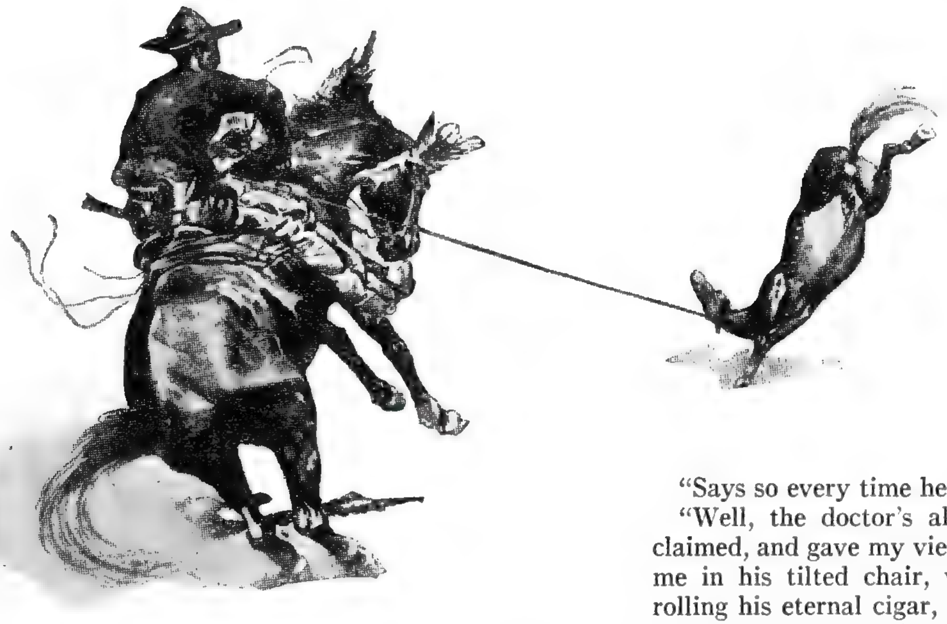
"I don't know as I ever said that." A steep gully in the road obliged him to put on the brake and release it before he continued: "I'd not consider I had the right to do a man a good turn if I wasn't willing for him to do *me* one."

"But I really did nothing for him."

"Please yourself. Maybe folks are different East."

"Well," I ended, laughing, "I understand you, and am not the hopeless snob I sound like, and I'll take his horse next summer if you will take a drink now."

THE INTERVENING MONTHS, whatever drafts they made upon my Rocky Mountain health, weakened my designs not a whit; late June found me again in the stagecoach, taking with eagerness that drive of thirty-two jolting hours. Roped behind were my camp belongings, and treasured in my pocket was Chief Washakie's trail to Still Hunt Spring. My friend, the driver, was on the down stage; and so, to my regret, we could not resume our talk where we had



left it; but I again encountered at once that atmosphere of hinted doings and misdoings which had encompassed me as I went out of the country. At the station called Crook's Gap I came upon new rumors of Lem Speed, and asked, had he come about his bank again?

"You and him acquainted?" inquired a man on a horse. And, on my answering that I was not, he cursed Lem Speed slow and long, looking about for contradiction; then, as none present took it up he rode sullenly away, leaving silence behind him.

When I alighted next afternoon at the Washakie post-trader's store and walked back to the private office of the building whither I was wont always to repair, what I saw in that private room, through a sort of lattice which screened it off from the general public, was a close-drawn knot of men round a table, and on a chair a maroon-colored straw hat! Rather hastily the post-trader came out, and, shaking my hand warmly, drew me away from the lattice. After a few questions he said: "Come back this evening."

"Does he never get a new hat?" I asked.

"Hat? Who? What? Oh; yes, to be sure!" laughed the post-trader. "I'll tell him he ought to."

I sought out the doctor, soon learning from him that McDonough had paid him for his services. But this had not softened his opinion of the young fellow, though he had heard nothing against him, nor even any mention of his name; he repeated his formula that he had known McDonough's kind all the way from Assiniboine to Lowell Barracks, whereupon I again called him "cynic," and he retorted with "tenderfoot," and thus amicably I left him for my postponed gossip with the post-trader. Him I found hospitable, but preoccupied, holding a long cigar unlighted between his taciturn lips. Each topic that I started soon died away: my Eastern news; my summer plans to ramble with Scipio across the Divide on Gros Ventre and Snake; the proposed extension of the Yellowstone Park—everything failed.

"That was quite a company you had this afternoon," I said, reaching the end of my resources.

"Yes. Nice gentlemen. Yes." And he rolled the long, unlighted cigar between his lips.

"Cattlemen, I suppose?"

"Cattlemen. Yes."

"Business all right, I hope?"

"Well, no worse than usual."

Here again we came to an end, and I rose to go.

"Seen your friend McDonough yet?" said he.

"Why, how do you know he's a friend of mine?"

"Says so every time he comes into the post."

"Well, the doctor's all wrong about him!" I exclaimed, and gave my views. The post-trader watched me in his tilted chair, with a half-whimsical smile, rolling his eternal cigar, and I finished with the story of the horse. Then the smile left his face. He got up slowly, and slowly took a number of turns round his office, pottered with some papers on his desk, and finally looked at me again.

"Tell me if he does," he said.

"Offer the horse? I shall not remind him—and I should take it only as a loan."

"You tell me if he does," repeated the post-trader, now smiling again, and so we parted.

"I wonder what he didn't say?" I thought as I proceeded to the hotel; for he had plainly pondered some remarks and decided upon silence. Between them he and the doctor had driven me to a strong hope that McDonough would vindicate my opinion of him by making good his word. At breakfast next morning at the hotel one of the invariable characters at such breakfasts, an unshaven person in tattered overalls, with rope-scarred fists and grimy knuckles, asked:

"Figure on meeting your friend McDonough?"

"Not if he doesn't figure on meeting me."

They all took quiet turns at looking at me until some one remarked:

"He ain't been in town lately."

"I'm glad his leg's all right," I said.

"Oh, his leg's all right."

The tone of this caused me to look at them. "Well, I hope he's *all* right!"

Not immediately came the answer: "By latest reports he was enjoying good health."

Truly they were a hopeless people to get anything direct from. Indirectness is by some falsely supposed to be a property of only the highly civilized; but these latter merely put a harder polish on it.

That afternoon I drove with my camp things out of town in a "buggy"—very different from the Eastern vehicle which bears this name—and the next afternoon between Dinwiddie and Red Creek, on a waste stretch high above the river, who should join me but McDonough. He was riding down the mountain apparently from nowhere, and my pleasure at seeing him was keen. His words were few and halting, as they had been the year before, and in his pleasant, round face the blue eyes twinkled, screwed up and as perplexed as ever. I abstained from more than glancing at the fine sorrel that he rode, lest I should seem to be hinting.

"Water pretty low for this season," he said.

"Was there not much snow?"

"Next to none, and went early."

I turned from my direct course and camped at his cabin on North Fork.

"What's your hurry?" he said next morning, when I was preparing to go.

There was no hurry; those days had no hurry in them, and I bless their memory for it. I sat on a stump, smoking a "Missouri meerschaum," and unfolding to him my plans. To the geography of my route he listened intently—very intently.

"So you're going to keep over the other side the mountains?" he said.

"Even to Idaho," I answered, "and home that way."

"Not back this way?"

"Not this year."

He thought a little while. "You're settled?"

"Quite."

He rose, and put some wood into the stove in his cabin; then he returned to me where I sat on the stump. "Sure you're quite settled you'll keep on the west side of the Divide?"

"Goodness!" I laughed, "why should I lie to you?"

Again he pondered in silence, and I could not imagine what he had in his mind. What had my being east or being west of the mountains to do with him?

He now jerked his head toward the corral. "Like him?" he inquired gruffly. It was the sorrel horse that he meant, and I perceived that it was standing saddled. I said nothing. The fellow's embarrassment embarrassed me. "Like him?" he repeated.

"Looks good to me," I replied, adopting his gruffness.

He rose and brought the horse to me. "Get on."

"Hulloa! You've got my saddle on him."

"Get on. He ain't the one that bruck my leg."

I obeyed. Thus was the gift offered and accepted. I rode the horse down and up the level river bottom. "How shall I get him back to you?" I asked.

McDonough's face fell. "He'll be all right in the East," he protested.

I smiled. "No, my good friend. Not that. Let me send him back with the outfit."

We compromised on this, and caught trout for the rest of the day, also shooting some young sage chickens. The sorrel proved a fine animal. Again McDonough delayed my departure. "I can broil those chickens fine," he said, "and—and you'll not be back this way."

He would not look at me as he said this, but busied himself with the fire. He was lonely, and liked my company, and couldn't say so. Dense doctor! I reflected, not to have been warmed by this nature. But later this friendless fellow touched my heart more acutely. A fine thought had come to me during the evening: to leave my wagon here, to leave a note for Scipio at the E-A outfit, to descend Wind River to the Sand Gulch, strike Washakie's trail to the northeast of Crow Heart Butte, and on my vigorous sorrel find Still Hunt Spring by myself. The whole ride need take but two days. I think I must have swelled with pride at the prospect of this secret achievement, to be divulged, when accomplished, to the admiring dwellers on Wind River. But I intended to have the pleasure of divulging it to McDonough at once, and I composed a jeering note to Scipio Le Moyne.

"Esteemed friend" (this would anger him immediately); "come and find me at Still Hunt Spring, if you don't fear getting lost. If you do, avoid the risk, and I will tell you all about it Friday evening. Yours, Tenderfoot."

I pushed this over to McDonough, who was practising various cuts with a pack of cards. "That will make Scipio jump," I said.

Somewhat to my disappointment, it did not have this or any effect upon McDonough. He held the paper close to his eyes, shutting them still more to follow the writing, and handed it back to me, saying merely, "Pretty good."

"I'll leave it over at the E-A for him," I explained. "He thinks I'm afraid to go there alone."

"Yes. Pretty good," said McDonough, as if I were venturing nothing. Was all Wind River going to treat it as such a trifle? Or—could it be that McDonough alone among white men and red hereabouts knew nothing of the mystery and menace by which Still Hunt Spring was encircled?

Next morning my perplexity was cleared. I made an early start, tying some food and a kettle and my "slicker" to the saddle. McDonough watched me.

"Leavin' your wagon and truck?" he inquired.

"Why, yes, of course, I'll be back for it. I'm going to the E-A now. Are you a poet?" I continued. "I've begun a thing." And I handed him some unfinished lines, which I had entitled "At Gift Horse Ranch." "You don't object to that?"

"Object to what?"

"Why, the title, 'At Gift Horse Ranch.'"

He took the paper down from his eyes, and I saw that his face had suddenly turned scarlet. He stood blinking for a moment, and then he said:—

"I'd kind of like to hear it."

"But that's all there is to hear—so far!" I exclaimed, feeling somehow puzzled.

He put the verses close to his eyes once more. Then he held them out to me, and stood blinking in his odd, characteristic way. "Won't y'r read 'em to me?" he at length managed to say. "I'll not fool *you.*"

For yet one moment more I was dull, and did not understand.

"I can't read," he stated simply.

"Oh!" I murmured in mortification. And so I read the lines to him.

He stretched out his hand for the scribbled envelope on which I had pencilled the fragment. "May I keep that?"

"Wait till I have it finished."

"I'd kind of like to have the start to keep." He took it and shoved it awkwardly inside his coat. "I can't read or write," he said, more at his ease now the truth was out. "Nobody ever taught me nothin'."

But I was not at ease. "Well, that stuff of mine is not worth reading!" I said. Cards had a meaning for him — kings, queens, ten-spots — these had been the fellow's only books! He went on, "Never had any folks, y'u see—to know 'em, that is—well, so long till you're back." He turned to his cabin, and I touched my horse.

The sorrel had gone but a few steps when I looked over my shoulder, and there stood the solitary figure, watching me from the cabin door. Suddenly it occurred to me that, as he had not been able to read my letter to Scipio, he knew nothing of my project. *This* was why he had manifested no surprise! "Do you think," I called back, laughing, "that your horse can take me to Still Hunt Spring?"

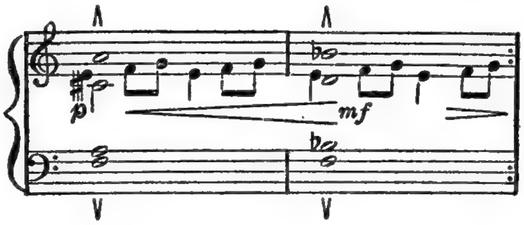
I am now sure that a flash of some totally different expression crossed his face, but at the time I was not sure; he was instantly smiling. "Take y'u anywhere," he called. "Take y'u to Mexico, take y'u to Hell!"

"Oh, not yet!" I responded, and cantered away. So he thought I would not dare to go alone to Still Hunt Spring! Well and good; they should all believe it by Friday evening.

My cantering ceased soon,—it had been for dramatic effect,—and as I had before me a long ride, it behooved me to walk the first miles. Yet I was soon up the easy ascent from North Fork, and though my descent to the main river from the dividing ridge was through precipitous red bluffs, and accomplished with caution, I reached the E-A ranch (where it used to be twenty-five years ago) in less than two hours. To leave my note there for Scipio took but a minute, and now on the level trail down Wind River I made good time, so that before ten o'clock I had crossed back over it above the Blue Holes, skirted by where the Circle fence is today, crossed North Fork here, gone up a gulch, and dropped down again upon Wind River below its abrupt bend, and reached the desolate Sand Gulch. I nooned at the spring which lies, no bigger than a hat, about seven miles up the Sand Gulch on its north side. This was the starting-point of the trail that old Washakie had drawn for me; here I crossed the threshold of the untrodden.

The sense of this heightened the elation which my ride through the bracing hours of dawn had brought me, and as I turned out of the Sand Gulch it was as if some last tie of restraint had stepped from my spirit, leaving it on wings free and rejoicing. This gleamy, unfooted country always looked monotonous from the bluffs of Wind River, but I found no tedium in it; its delicious loneliness was thrilled at each new stage of the trail by recognizing the successive signs and landmarks which Washakie had bidden me look for. The first was a great dull red stone, carved rudely by some ancient savage hand to represent a tortoise. Perhaps in another mood, the grim appearance of this monster might have seemed a symbol of menace, but when I came upon the stone just where my map indicated that it was to be expected, I hailed it with triumph. Nor did the caked and naked earth of the region through which I next traced my way dry up my ardor. Gullies sometimes hid all views from me, and again from mounds and rises I could see for fifty miles. Should this ever meet the eye of some reader familiar with Wind River, he will know my whereabouts by learning that far off, but constantly in plain sight to my left, were Black Mountain and Spring Mountain; that I must have been headed toward a point about midway between where the mail camp now is and the pass over to Embar; that I crossed Crow Creek and (I think) Dry Creek, and that I saw both Steamboat Butte and Tea Pot Butte at different points. Even to write these names is a pleasure, for I loved that country so; and sometimes it seems as if I must go there and smell the sagebrush again—or die!

After the tortoise came several guiding signs: a big gash in the soil, cut by a cloud-burst; an old corral where I turned sharp to the left; a pile of white buffalo bones five miles onward; until at length I passed through a belt of low hills, bare and baked and colored, some pink, like toothpowder, and others magenta, and entered a more level region covered with sparse grass and sage brush. Great white patches of alkali, acres in extent, lay upon this plain. There was no water (Washakie had told me there would be none), and the gleamy waste stretched away on all sides; endlessly in front, and right and left to long lines of distant mountains, full of light and silence. Let the reader who is susceptible to tone combinations listen to the following dissonant, unresolved measures, played slowly over and over:—



their brooding harmonies will picture or at least convey that landscape better than any words. I think it was really a mournful landscape, grand and grave with suggestion of ages unknown, of eras when the sea was not where it is now, and animals never seen by man wandered over the half-made world. Earth did not seem one's own here, but alien, aloof, as if, through some sudden translation, one had lit upon another planet, perhaps a dying one. Yet during these hours of nearing my goal no such melancholy fancies overtook me; I rode forward like some explorer, and I tried to complete the verses which I had begun at McDonough's:—

Would I might prison in these words,
And so keep with me all the year
Some inch of this bright wilderness
Of freedom that I move in here.

But nothing resulted from it, unless a surprisingly swift flight of time. I was aware all at once that day was gone, that the rose and saffron heavens would soon be a field of stars. I had matched one by one the signs on my map with the realities around me, and now had reached the map's last word; I was to stop when I found myself on a line between a hollow dip in the mountains to the left and a circular patch of forest high up on those to the right. On this line I was to travel to the right "a little way," said Washakie. This I began to do, wondering if the twilight would last, and for the first time anxious. After "a little way" I found nothing new—the plain, the sagebrush, the dry ground—no more; and again a little further it was the same, while the twilight was sinking, and disquiet grew within me. Lost I could not well be, but I could fail; food would give out, and before this the sorrel and I must retrace our way to water at the Sand Gulch, seven hours behind us. The twilight deepened. Had I passed it? Should I ride in a circle? Rueful thoughts of a "dry camp" began to assert themselves, and my demoralized hand grew doubtful on the reins, when I gradually discovered that the sorrel *knew where he was*. There was no mistaking increasing alertness.

As this extraordinary fact became a certainty the chasm opened at my feet; the sorrel was trotting quickly along the brink of Still Hunt Spring! In broad day I should have seen it a moment sooner, and the suddenness with which, in the semi-obscurity, it had leaped into my view close beside me produced a startling effect. The success of my quest did not bring the unmixed pleasure that I had looked for; the dying day, the desolate shapes of the hills, the unbefriending hush of the plain, the odd alertness of the sorrel—all this for a while flavored my triumph with something akin to apprehension, and it seemed as if the ravine beneath me had been lurking in a sort of ambush until I should be fully within its power. The Indian legend was now easy to account for; indeed, I have met often enough, among our unlettered and rustic white population, with minds that would have believed, after such a shock as I had just received, that they had beheld the earth open supernaturally. The sorrel's trot had become a canter as we continued to skirt the brink. Looking down I discovered in shadowy form the line of tall cottonwoods, spindled from their usual shape to the gaunt figures described as being on stilts; then the horse turned into the entrance. This steep and narrow trail was barred at a suitable place by a barrier of brush, which I replaced after passing it. A haunting uneasiness caused me to regret that I had not arrived in full daylight, but this I presently overcame. Before we reached the bottom I saw a number of horses grazing down among the trees, and they set up a great running about and kicking their heels at the sight of a human visitor. There must have been twenty or thirty.

Lassitude and satisfaction now divided my sensations as I made my way to the spring, whose cool, sweet water fulfilled all expectation. My good map served me to the last; with it I lighted my cooking fire, addressing it aloud as I did so, "Burn! your work is done!" I needed no map to go back! I had mastered the trail! In my recovered spirits I quite forgot how much I owed to the sorrel. While picking up dry sticks I stumbled upon what turned out to be a number of branding irons, which were quite consistent with the presence of the horses and the barrier at the entrance. Evidently the place sometimes served as a natural pasture and corral for stock gathered on the round-up and far strayed from where they belonged. Perhaps some one was camping here now. I shouted several times; but my unanswered voice merely made the silence more profound, and for a while the influence of the magic legend returned. With this my fancy played not unpleasingly while the kettle—or rather the coffee-pot—was boiling. The naturalness of building a fire, of making camp, of preparing a meal, helped common sense to drive out and keep out those featureless fears which had assailed me. What stories could be made about this place by a skilful writer: The lost traveler stumbles upon it, enters, suspects himself to be not alone, calls out, and immediately the haunted walls close and he is shut within the bowels of the earth. How release him? Therein would be the story. Or—the lost traveler, well-nigh dead of thirst, hastens to the spring amid the frolicsome gambols of the horses. No sooner has he drunk than he becomes a horse himself, and the others neigh loud greetings to a brother victim. Then a giant red man appears and brands him. How release all the horses from the spell?

As I lay by my little cooking fire in the warm night, after some bacon and several cups of good tea made in the coffee-pot, I was too contented to do aught in the way of exploration, and I continued to recline, hearing no sound but the grazing horses, and seeing nothing but the nearer trees, the dark sides of the valley, and the open piece of sky with its stars. My saddle-blanket and "slicker" served me for what bed I needed, the saddle with my coat supplied a pillow, and the cups of tea could not keep me from immediate and deep slumber.

I opened my eyes in sunlight, and the first object that they rested upon was a maroon-colored straw hat. With the mental confusion that frequently attends a traveler upon first waking in a new place, I lay considering the hat and wondering where I was, until at a sound I turned to see the hat's owner stooping to the spring. Instantly Lem Speed, cattleman and owner of a store and bank in Lander, a house in Salt Lake, a wife in Los Angeles, and a son at Yale, was covering me with a rifle.

"Stay still," was his remark. Not a suspicion that it was anything but a joke entered my head. I lay there and smiled. "I could not hurt you if I wished."

"You will never hurt me any more."

Another voice then added: "He is not going to hurt any of us any more."

"Stay still!" sharply reiterated Lem Speed, for at the sound of a second voice I had half risen.

"For whom do you take me?" I asked.

"For one of the people we want."

I continued to be amused. "I'll be glad to know what you want me for. I'll be glad to know what damage I've done. I'll be happy to make it good. I came over here last night for——"

"Go on. What did you come for?"

"Nothing. Simply to see this place. I've wanted to see it for a year. I wanted to see if I could find it by myself." And I told them who I was and where I lived.

"That's a good one, ain't it?" said a third man to Lem Speed.

"And so," said he, "you, claiming you're an Eastern tenderfoot, found this place, first trip, all by yourself across fifty miles of country old-timers get lost in?"

"No. Washakie gave me a map."

"Let's see your map."

"I lighted my fire with it."

Somebody laughed. There were now five or six of them standing round me.

"If some of you gentlemen will condescend to tell me what you think my name is, and what you think I have done——"

"We don't know what your name is, and we don't care. As to what you've done, that's as well known to you as it is to us, and you've got gall to ask, when we've caught you on the spot, branding-iron and all."

"Well, I'm beginning to understand. You think you've caught a cattle thief."

"Horse thief," corrected one.

"Both, probably," added another.

"I'll not ask you to believe me any more," I now said. "Don't I see the post-trader over there among those horses?"

"No."

"Very well, take me to him at Washakie. He has known me for years. I demand it."

"We'll not take you anywhere. We're going to leave you here."

And now the truth, the appalling, incredible truth, which my brain had totally failed to take in, burst like a blast of heat or ice over my whole being, penetrating the innermost recesses of my soul with a blinding glare. They intended to put me to death at once; their minds were as stone vaults closed against all explanation. Here in this hidden crack of the wilderness my body would be left hanging, and far away my family and friends would never know by what hideous outrage I had perished. Slowly they would become anxious at getting no news of me; there would be an inquiry, a mystery, then sorrow, and finally acceptance of my unknown fate. Broken visions of home, incongruous minglings of loved faces and commonplace objects, like my room with its table and chairs, rushed upon me. Had I not been seated, I must have fallen at the first shock of this stroke.

"But," I began, feeling that my very appearance was telling against me, while my own voice sounded guilty to my ears, "but it's not true."

"What's the use in him talking any more to us?" said a man to Lem Speed.

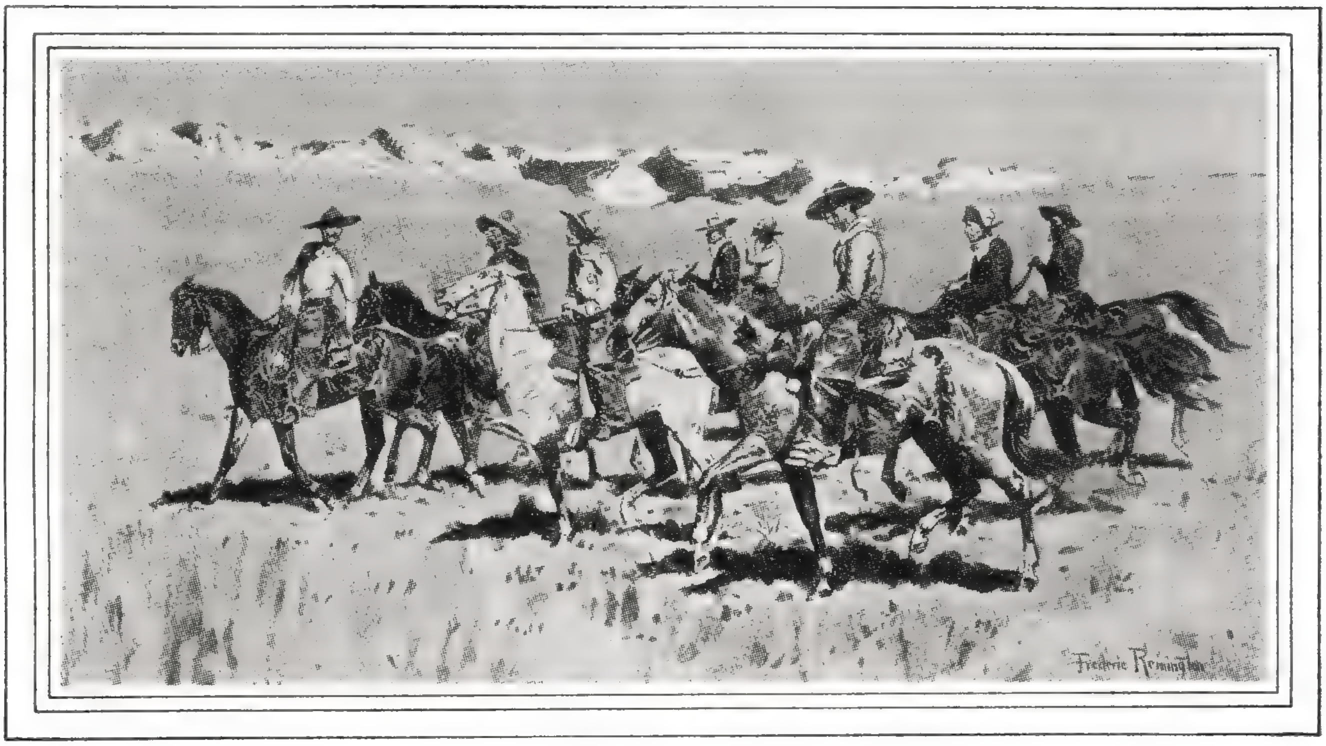
Lem Speed addressed me. "You claim this: you're an Eastern traveler. You come here—out of curiosity. You risk getting lost in the hardest country around here—out of curiosity. But you come all straight because an Indian's map guides you, only you've burnt it. And you're a stranger, ignorant that this is a *cache* for rustlers. That's what you claim. It don't sound like much against these facts: last year you and another man that's wanted in several places and that we're after now—you and him was known to be thick. You offered to pay his doctor's bill. You come back to the country where he's been operating right along, and first thing you do you come over to this *cache* when he's got stolen horses right in it, and you ride a stolen horse that's known to have been in his possession, and that's got on it now the brand of the outfit this man represents—all out of curiosity."

"We've just found six more of our stock in here," said the gentleman indicated by Speed.

I repeated my story in a raised voice—I had not yet had time to regain composure. I accounted for each of my movements from the beginning until now, vehemently reasserting my ignorance and innocence. But I saw that they were not even attending to me any longer; they looked at me only now and then, they spoke low to each other, pointing to the other end of the valley, and turned, while I was still talking, to receive the report of another man, who came from among the stolen horses.

Then I fell silent. I sat by my saddle, locking my hands round my knees, and turning my eyes first upon the men, and then upon the whole place. A strange crystal desolation descended upon me, quiet and cold. The early sunlight showed every object in an extraordinary and delicate distinctness; the stones high up the sides of the valley, the separate leaves on the small high branches of the cottonwoods; the interstices on the bark on lower trunks some distance away; the fine sand and grass of the valley's level bottom, with little wild rose bushes here and there; all these things I noticed, and more, and then my eyes came back to my little dead fire, and the blackened coffee-pot in which I had made the tea. "Your friend McDonough," they had said to me at Washakie, and I had wondered what was behind their reticence when I inquired about him. They were always ready, I bitterly reflected, to feed lies to a tenderfoot, but a syllable of truth about McDonough's suspected dishonesty, which would have saved me from this, they were unwilling to speak. It was natural, of course; everything was natural. I saw also why McDonough had been so precise in asking which way I expected to travel. Over on Snake River, and in Idaho, the sorrel was in no danger of identification, and therefore I should be safe. But with the whole chain of evidence: the doctor's bill, the corral, my unlucky tale of a map which I could not prove, and the branding-irons with which they believed I was going to alter the legitimate brands—what right had they to deny me the chance I asked?

The last two of them now came from the horses to make their report: "Five brands. Thirty-two head. N lazy Y, Bar Circle Zee, Goose Egg, Pitch Fork, Seventy-Six, and V R."



"Not one of you," I broke out, "knows a word against me, except some appearances which the post-trader will set right in one minute. I demand to be taken to him."

"Ain't we better be getting along, Lem?" said one.

"Most eight o'clock," said another, looking at his watch.

"Stand up," said Lem Speed.

Upon being thus ordered, like a felon, my utterance was suddenly choked, and it was with difficulty that I mastered the tears which welled hotly to my eyes.

"Any message you want to write——"

"No!" I shouted.

"Then let's be getting along," said the first man.

"Any message I wrote you would not deliver; it would put a rope round your neck, too. And, Mr. Lem Speed, with your store, and bank, and house, and wife, and son, I hope you will live to see them come to ruin and disgrace."

I wish that I had never spoken these weak, discreditable words; but he who has not been tested cannot know the bitterness of such a test as this.

A horse was led to me, and I got on without aid, a man on each side of me. Memory after this records nothing. We must have been sometime—I think we walked—in reaching the other end of the valley, yet I cannot recall what was spoken around me, or whether or not anything was spoken; I can recall only the sides of the valley passing, and the warmer sense of the sun on my shoulders, and the vivid scent of the sagebrush. What firmness or lack of firmness I might have displayed at the very end I can never know. Before we halted at the fatal tree of execution, and while my rage was still sustaining me, a noise of rattling stones caused us all to look upward, and there, galloping down the steep trail, widely waving and shouting to us, was Scipio Le Moyne. It reeled through me! I was saved!

He plunged into the midst of us at breakneck speed, drew up so short that his horse slid, and burst out furiously—not to my captors, but to me. "You need a nurse!" he cried hoarsely. "Any traveling you do should be in a baby coach."

Breath failed him, he sat in his saddle, bowed over and panting, hands shaking, face dripping with sweat, shirt drenched, as was his trembling horse. After a minute he looked at Speed. "So I'm in time, my God! I've ridden all night. I'd have been here an hour sooner only I forgot about the turn at the corral. Here. That's the way I knowed it."

He handed over my letter, left for him at the E-A ranch. This, with a few words from him, cleared me. All that I had declared was verified; they saw what they had been about to do.

"Well, now, well!" exclaimed one, grinning.

"To think of us getting fooled that way!" another remarked, grinning.

"But it's all right now," said a third, grinning.

"That's so!" a fourth agreed. "No harm done. But we had a close shave, didn't we?" He grinned, too.

Lem Speed approached me. "No hard feelings," he said jocularly, and he held out his hand.

But is it a true joke—this American attempt at shirking responsibility under a bluff of facetiousness? It masquerades as humor every day—a pretty mongrel humor, more like true cowardice.

I turned to Scipio. "Tell this man that anything he wishes to say to me he will say through you."

Speed flushed darkly. Had he kept his temper, he could easily have turned my speech to ridicule. But such a manner of meeting him was novel to a man used to having his own brutal way wherever he went, and he was disconcerted. He spoke loudly and with bluster:—

"You said some things about my wife and son that don't go now."

This delivered him into my hands. Again I addressed Scipio. "Say that I wish his family no further misfortune; they have enough in having him for husband and father."

I think he would have shot me, but the others were now laughing. "He's called the turn on you, Lem. Leave him be. He's been annoyed some this morning."

They now made ready to depart with their recovered property.

"You and your friend will come along with us?" one said to Scipio.

"Thank you," I answered. "I have seen all that I ever wish to see of any of you."

And then suddenly I folded over and slid like a sack of flour from my horse. It had lasted longer than my nerves were good for; darkness engulfed me.

THEY HAD DISAPPEARED when I waked; Scipio and I were the only human tenants of the valley. He sat watching me, and I nodded to him; then silently shook my head at his question if I wanted anything. I lay gazing at the rocks and trees, the tall trees with their leaves gently stirring. It was a beautiful, serene spot and I regarded it with the languid pleasure of a man recovering from a serious illness. We began to talk presently, and I learned that they had taken away their stolen horses, except the sorrel, which had been left at my complete disposal. But from that party I would accept no amends; I would ride the sorrel back to Wind River, and then I would send a check to the proper person, as if I had hired the horse. This intention I may say at once that I duly carried out. Scipio upbraided me with the spirit I was showing; they had meant no harm to *me*, he argued; they were doing their best now—but I turned upon him.

"Oh, their best! Do you think they'll not break out in a new place, condemn some other man who looks guilty to their almighty minds? I asked to see the post-trader. Don't forget that. There's got to be lynching where there's no law, but——"

To these unfinished words Scipio could find no answer, but he remained unconvinced, muttering that "tenderfeet shouldn't monkey with this country by themselves;" and in this sentiment I heartily concurred.

We spent the day and night at Still Hunt Spring. There was nothing to call us away, and I found my physical powers more inclined to rest than to a long ride. Scipio dried out his clothes beside the spring, and refreshed his lank body from the perspiration and dust which had covered it. He narrated how it had been whispered that the cattlemen were on the eve of "demonstrating"; how McDonough's practices and associates had been gradually ascertained; how it was known that Still Hunt Spring had become a hiding-place for stolen stock. Therefore my bragging letter, written in a spirit so light, had given him what he described as "considerable of a jolt." He had not found it until evening, and had instantly galloped forth into the dark, not knowing what he might find at Still Hunt Spring.

"Then McDonough is a thief," I sighed.

"Oh, he's a thief all right," said Scipio, easily.

But it made me very sad. I closed my eyes and could see McDonough as he stood by my horse, embarrassed, reaching out his hand for that envelope with my verses on it.

I slept more soundly and longer even than on the preceding night. Scipio, after his hard ride, slept like me; we did not wake until the sun was high and warm. After breakfast—it was the last morsel we had between us—I took a final drink at the gentle and lovely pool where I had undergone such terrible emotions, and we rode slowly and silently down the long line of trees toward the exit of the valley. Suddenly the sorrel jerked his head up, stopped stiff with a snort, and began to tremble. Ahead of us there, from the branch destined for me, hung a dead man, McDonough. This they had done while we overslept by the spring at the upper end of the valley. They had surprised him coming to his *cache*.

Scipio and I sat still for a while. A wind in the branches now set the body slightly swaying; it seemed worse when it moved; it turned half-way round, and I saw its eyes. "I think—couldn't we bury it?" I said.

Scipio shook his head. "It's left there for some of his partners to see."

"Well—I think we might close the eyes."

"That's no harm," said Scipio, "if you want."

"Yes; I do want."

So we dismounted. Yes; cards were all McDonough knew how to read; no one had ever taught him anything; this was his first lesson.

"There," said Scipio, "that does look better." Then we rode away from Still Hunt Spring.

◆ ◆

Flippancies

A lawyer is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it to himself.
—LORD BROUGHAM.

A statesman is a dead politician.—THOMAS B. REED.

A doctor is one who kills you today to prevent you from dying tomorrow.—PUNCH.

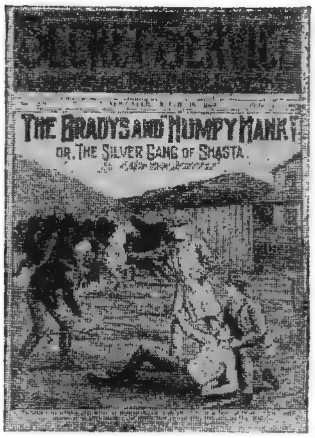
A preacher is one who prays for you on Sunday and preys upon you during the balance of the week.
—ANONYMOUS.

A policeman is a never present help in time of trouble.—ANONYMOUS.

A physician is a man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less.
—VOLTAIRE.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—I. C. HARE.

These books once meant all the world to you



How Many Do You Remember?

CAN you name all of these favorites of your early youth? The eighteen scenes and pictures given here embody some of your fondest memories. But do you now know the titles of the books from which they are taken, or the authors? If not, you will find the answers on page 114.

1. THE CAPTURE OF THE RAJAH

With a sudden spring Charlie leaped upon the rajah, seized him by the throat, and placed a pistol to his ear. Hossein drew his sword and rushed to his side. Tim ran outside and held up his arm, and the little body of cavalry at once rode up, and half of them dismounting, entered the tent with drawn swords.

So astounded were the officers of the rajah at Charlie's sudden attack, that for a moment they knew not what to do, and before they could recover from their surprise Charlie's troopers entered.

"Take this man," Charlie said, pointing to the rajah, "to that tree and hang him at once. Cut down any of these fellows who move a finger." The rajah was dragged to the tree almost lifeless with terror. "Now, Rajah," Charlie said, "you either give instant orders for your army to march back to Masulipatam, or up you go on that branch above there."

The terrified rajah instantly promised to carry out Charlie's orders and to remain faithful to the English. The officers were brought out from the tent and received orders from the rajah to set his troops instantly in motion on their way back. The rajah was led to his tent and there kept under guard until the army was in motion. When the whole of it was well on its way Charlie said: "Now, Rajah, we will ride on. We will say no more about this little affair, and I will ask Colonel Forde to forgive your ill-behavior in leaving him. But mind, if at any future time you attempt to disobey his orders or to retire from the camp, I will blow out your brains, even if I have to follow you with my men into the heart of your own palace."

2. MAGUA CARRIES OFF ALICE

At that dangerous moment Magua placed his hands to his mouth, and raised the fatal and appalling whoop. The scattered Indians started at the well-known cry, as coursers bound at the signal to quit the goal; and, directly, there arose such a yell along the plain, and through the arches of the wood, as seldom burst from human lips before. They who heard it listened with a curdling horror at the heart, little inferior to that dread which may be expected to attend the blasts of the final summons.

More than two thousand raving savages broke from the forest at the signal, and threw themselves across the fatal plain with instinctive alacrity. We shall not dwell on the revolting horrors that succeeded. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspects. Resistance only served to inflame the murderers, who inflicted their furious blows long after their victims were beyond the power of their resentment. The flow of blood might be likened to the outbreaking of a torrent; and, as the natives became heated and maddened by the sight, many among them even kneeled to the earth, and drank freely, exultingly, hellishly, of the crimson tide. . . .

Alice had dropped senseless on the earth, and Cora had sunk at her side, hovering in untiring tenderness over her lifeless form. . . .

"Go," said Cora, still gazing at her unconscious sister; "save thyself. To me thou canst not be of further use."

David comprehended the unyielding character of her resolution, by the simple but expressive gesture that accompanied her words. He gazed, for a moment, at the dusky forms that were acting their hellish rites on every side of him, and his tall person grew more erect, while his chest heaved, and every feature swelled, and seemed to speak with the power of the feelings by which he was governed.

"If the Jewish boy might tame the evil spirit of Saul by the sound of his harp, and the words of sacred song, it may not be amiss," he said, "to try the potency of music here."

Then raising his voice to its highest tones, he poured out a strain so powerful as to be heard even amid the din of that bloody field. More than one savage rushed towards them, thinking to rifle the unprotected sisters of their attire, and bear away their scalps; but when they found this strange and unmoved figure riveted to his post, they paused to listen. Astonishment soon changed to admiration, and they passed on to other and less courageous victims, openly expressing their satisfaction at the firmness with which the white warrior sang his death song. Encouraged and deluded by his success, David exerted all his powers to extend what he believed so holy an influence. The unwonted sounds caught the ears of a distant savage, who flew raging from group to group, like one who, scorning to touch the vulgar herd, hunted for some victim more worthy of his renown. It was Magua, who uttered a yell of pleasure when he beheld his ancient prisoners again at his mercy.

"Come," he said, laying his soiled hands on the dress of Cora, "the wigwam of the Huron is still open. Is it not better than this place?"

"Away!" cried Cora, veiling her eyes from his revolting aspect.

The Indian laughed tauntingly, as he held up his reeking hand, and answered—"It is red, but it comes from white veins!"

"Monster! there is blood, oceans of blood, upon thy soul; thy spirit has moved this scene."

"Magua is a great chief!" returned the exulting savage; "will the dark hair go to his tribe?"

"Never! strike, if thou wilt, and complete thy revenge."

He hesitated a moment; and then catching the light and senseless form of Alice in his arms, the subtle Indian moved swiftly across the plain towards the woods.

"Hold!" shrieked Cora, following wildly on his footsteps; "release the child! wretch! what is't you do?"

3. I TURN SHOEMAKER

Taking a pair of socks, I filled them with sand and then coated them over with a thin layer of clay to form a convenient mold; this was soon hardened in the sun, and was ready for use. Layer after layer of caoutchouc I brushed over it, allowing each layer to dry before the next was put on, until at length I considered that the shoes were of sufficient thickness. I dried them, broke out the clay, secured with nails a strip of buffalo hide to the soles, brushed that over with caoutchouc, and I had a pair of comfortable, durable, respectable-looking waterproof boots.

4. HOW MR. RABBIT WAS TOO SHARP FOR MR. FOX

"'I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"'Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

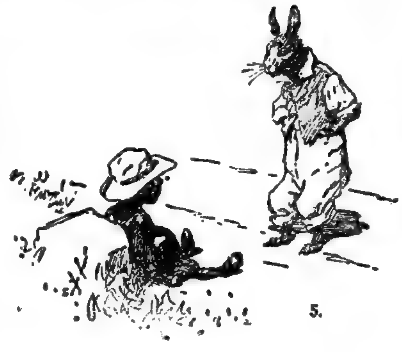
"'Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"'I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

"'Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"'Dey ain't no water nigh,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

"'Skin me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.



5.

"Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behine legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de brushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwinter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out:

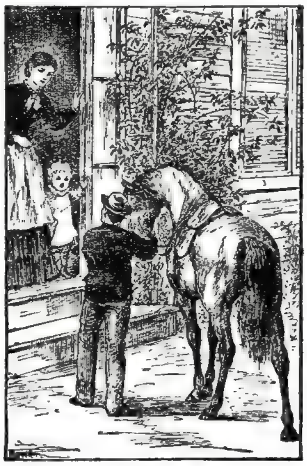
"'Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!' en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers."

6. A Midnight Spree

"Now, keep quiet, and I'll show you how to play a first-rate game called 'Poker,'" said Dan, as the three revellers gathered round the table, on which were set forth the bottle, the cigar, and the cards. First we'll all have a drink, then we'll take a go at the 'weed,' and then we'll play. That's the way men do, and it's jolly fun."

The beer circulated in a mug, and all three smacked their lips over it, though Nat and Tommy did not like the bitter stuff. The cigar was worse still, but they dared not say so, and each puffed away till he was dizzy or choked, when he passed the "weed" on to his neighbor. Dan liked it, for it seemed like old times when he now and then had a chance to imitate the low men who surrounded him. He drank, and smoked, and swaggered as much like them as he could, and, getting into the spirit of the part he assumed, he soon began to swear under his breath for fear some one should hear him. "You mustn't; its wicked to say 'Damn!'" cried Tommy, who had followed his leader so far.

"Oh, hang! don't you preach, but play away; it's part of the fun to swear."



7.

8. The Escape Across The Ice

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge.

Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

9. An Unsavory Interlude

"They've been calling us stinkers for a week now," said M'Turk. "Oh, won't they catch it!"

"Stinker! Yah! Stink-ah!" rang down the corridor.

"And she's there," said Stalky, a hand on either boy's shoulder. "She's—is—there, getting ready to surprise 'em. Presently she'll begin to whisper to 'em in their dreams. Then she'll whiff. Golly, how she'll whiff! Oblige me by thinkin' of it for two minutes."

They went to their study in more or less of silence. There they began to laugh—laugh as only boys can. They laughed with their foreheads on the tables, or on the floor; laughed at length, curled over the backs of chairs or clinging to a book-shelf; laughed themselves limp. . . .

That night was the first of sorrow among the jubilant King's. By some accident of under-floor draughts the cat did not vex the dormitory beneath which she lay, but the next one to the right; stealing on the air rather as a pale-blue sensation than as any poignant offense. But the mere adumbration of an odor is enough for the sensitive nose and clean tongue of youth. Decency demands that we draw several caborlized sheets over what the dormitory said to Mr. King and what Mr. King replied.

* * *

Next day Richards, who had been a carpenter in the Navy, and to whom odd jobs were confided, was ordered to take up a dormitory floor; for Mr. King held that something must have died there. . . .

Richards had been bound to cry the news from the attic window, and, if possible, to exhibit the corpse.

"'Tis a cat, a dead cat!" Richard's face showed purple at the window. . . . "She've been"—he checked himself suddenly—"dead a long taime."

The school roared.

"Well, come on out for a walk," said Stalky in a well-chosen pause. "It's all very disgustin', and I do hope that the Lazar-house won't do it again."

"Do what?" a King's boy cried furiously, doubling his fists.

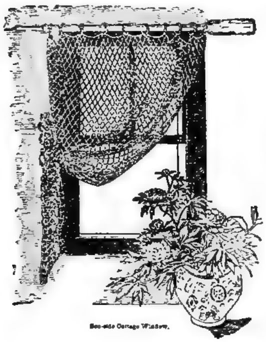
"Kill a poor innocent cat every time you want to get off washing. It's awfully hard to distinguish between you as it is. I prefer the cat, I must say. She isn't quite so whiff. What are you goin' to do, Beetle?"

"Je vais gloater. Je vais gloater tout le blessed afternoon. Jamais j'ai gloaté comme je gloaterai aujourd'hui. Nous bunkerons aux bunkers."

And it seemed good to them so to do.

10. How to Decorate a Seaside Cottage

The windows first claim our attention in any house and our little cottage is no exception to the rule. . . . Light airy curtains are suitable for summer, and the prettiest, most graceful window drapery imaginable can be made of ordinary fish-net. An oar for a pole; rings made of rope, the looping formed of a rope tied in a sailor's knot and a wooden hoop such as is used to attach the sail to the mast on a sail-boat are all that are necessary for the completion of this nautical curtain. . . .


Sea-side Cottage Window.

11.

12. Euchred in the Vault

A single wrench of the detective's giant strength caused the man to cry out with pain and drop the pistol.

Collier then raised the man, and hurled him down on the floor of the vault.

Then, assuming the voice of the man, the detective said, in a low voice:

"Kate!"

"Is it you, Hicks?"

"Yes."

"I did not expect to see you in the vault."

"I was hid behind the coffins."

"What were you doing here?"

"I wanted to see the inside of the vault."

"Bah! You've seen dozens, you body-snatcher. Don't try to fool me."

"H'm!" said the detective to himself, "how she's giving it to me. Well, I'm finding out the character of Hicks, at any rate."

"Come," repeated Kate, in a shrill voice, "what were you doing here?"

"I'll tell you, if you'll tell me," said the detective cautiously.

"Tell you what?"

"What *you* were doing here."

"That is none of your business."

"Then what I was doing here is none of *your* business."

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"It is, my chicken."

"Then get out of here."

Collier heard the click of the lock of a small revolver as the hammer was raised.

Thinking himself unable to dodge a bullet at such close quarters, Collier said:

"Hold on, Kate."

"Will you get out?"

"Yes, but I would rather make friends and tell you what I came here for."

"Well, then, do it."

"Strike a light first."

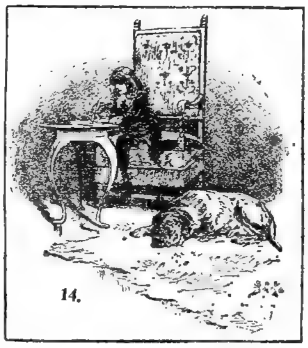
Kate opened the slide of the dark lantern. The vault was flooded with light.

At the instant her figure was disclosed, Collier snatched at the pistol and obtained it.

"Euchred!" he said.

13. Cedric Arrives at the Castle

What the Earl saw was a graceful, childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with lovelocks waving about the handsome, manly little face, whose eyes met his with a look of innocent good-fellowship.


14.

15. The Proposal

"I can no longer endure this torturing anxiety. Will you not tell me, dear child, what I have done to hurt or grieve you so?"

"I—I'm not hurt or gri—you have always been most kind," she stammered, "most—But why should you think I—I was——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a burst of tears, and covering her burning cheeks with her hands, she sank down upon the seat from which she had risen to greet him.

"My dear child, I did not mean to pain you so; do not weep, it breaks my heart to see it. I was far from intending to blame you, or complain of your treatment," he said in an agitated tone, and bending over her in tender concern, "I only wanted to understand my error in order that I might retrieve it, and be no longer deprived of your dear society. Oh, little Elsie, if you only knew how I love you; how I have loved you, and only you, all these years—as child and as woman—how I have waited and longed, hoping even against hope, that some day I might be able to win the priceless treasure of your young heart."

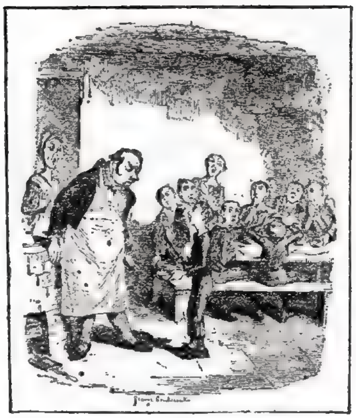
Intense, glad surprise made her drop her hands and look up at him. "But you are not—I—I thought—I understood—Aunt Adelaide——"

"Your Aunt Adelaide!" he cried, scarcely less astonished than herself, "can it be that you have not heard of her engagement to Edward Allison?"

A light broke upon Elsie at that question, and her face grew radiant with happiness; there was one flash of exceeding joy in the soft eyes that met his, and then they sought the ground.

"Oh, my darling, could you? is it—can it be——?"

He took her in his arms, folded her close to his heart, calling her by every tender and endearing name, and she made no effort to escape, or to avoid his caresses; did nothing but hide her blushing face on his breast, and weep tears of deep joy and thankfulness.



16.

17. THE INNOCENTS BEGUILED

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested and absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it——"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard——"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart.

18. THE SECRET OF A THOUSAND SUCCESSES

Mr. Lindsay, Maud and Harry stood on the deck of the vessel, waiting for the ship to be secured, that they might go on shore. Mr. Lindsay's mind was quite at ease, for he had money, and money would provide him with all the comforts and luxuries which he could desire. But with Harry it was different. He realized the helplessness of the situation, and, despite his pluck, it made him feel a little uneasy. He knew that Mr. Lindsay had an interest in him, but he did not like to presume upon that interest.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Lindsay, "are you ready to go on shore?"

Harry hesitated.

"I should like to go," he said.

"I have just ordered my trunks brought on deck," said the merchant. "In half an hour I think we may be on shore."

"Then I will bid you good-by, sir," said Harry.

"Good-by! What for?"

"Yes, Harry, what for?" echoed Maud.

"Because we are going to part."

"No, we are not. You are going with us."

"But," said Harry, hesitating, "I could not afford to stop where you do, so I better leave you now."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Lindsay, kindly. "I feel an interest in you, and so does Maud."

"Of course I do," said Maud, so decidedly that Harry blushed, not being accustomed to hear himself spoken of in such complimentary terms by a young lady.

"Therefore," proceeded Mr. Lindsay, "I mean to take you on shore with me, and I will afterwards give you time to form your plans, in which I shall give you such assistance as I can."

"You are very kind, sir," said Harry, gratefully.

"Then you will go with us, Harry," said Maud, "won't you?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," said Harry. "You are very kind to me, Miss Lindsay."

"Miss Lindsay!" repeated the young lady, impatiently. "What makes you call me that?"

"Isn't it your name?" asked Harry, smiling.

"No, it isn't. At any rate you are not to call me so. Call me Maud."

"Well, Maud, I will, if you want me to."

Fanny Close

By HUGH WALPOLE

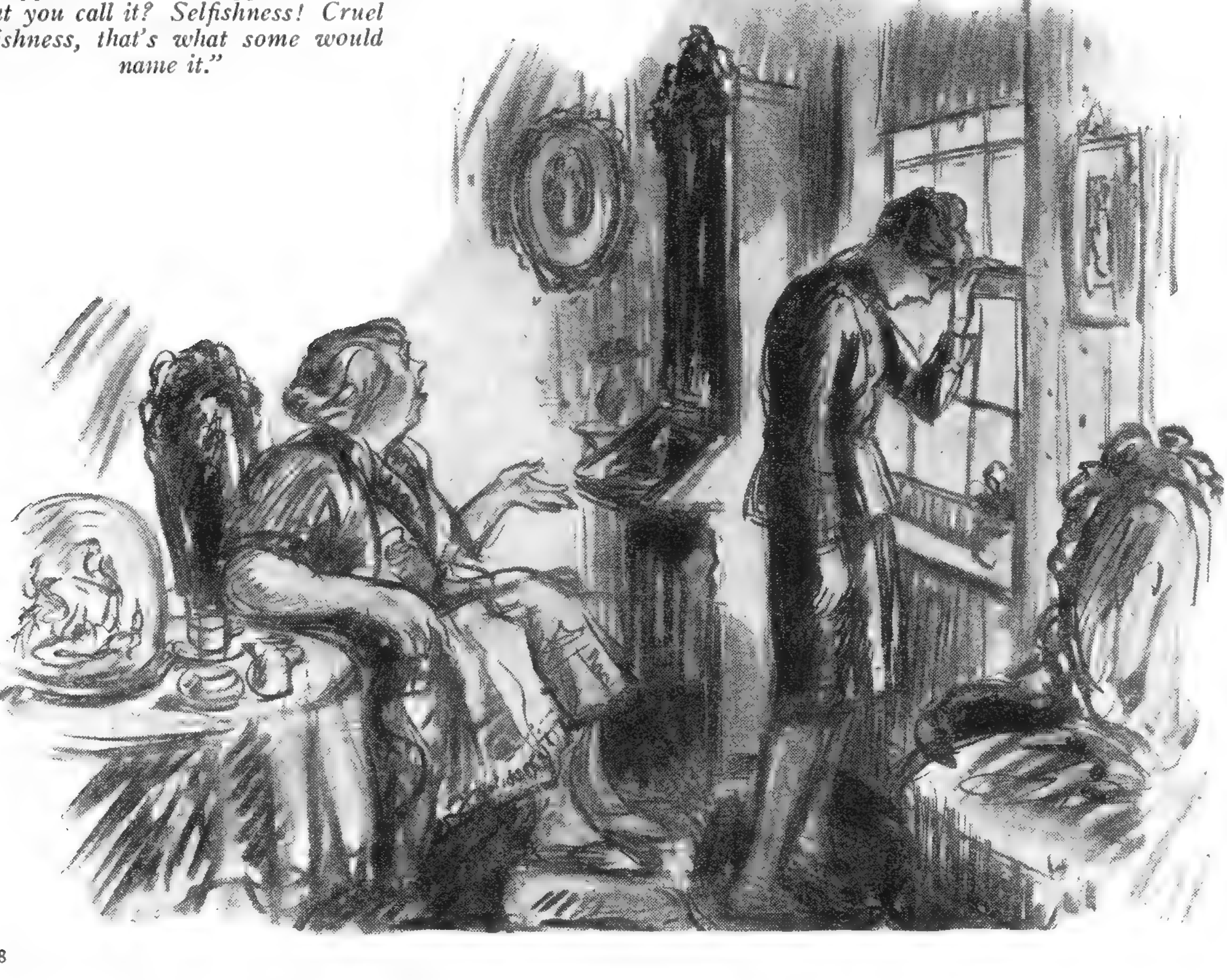
SINCE the second year of the war Fanny Close had been portress at Hortons. It had demanded very much resolution on the part of Mr. Nix to search for a portress. Since time immemorial the halls of Hortons had known only porters. James, the present fine specimen, had been magnificently in service there for the last ten years. However, Mr. Nix was a patriot; he sent his son, aged nineteen, to the war (his son was only too delighted to go), himself joined the London Air Defenses, and then packed off every man and boy in the place.

The magnificent James was the last to go. He had, he said, an ancient mother dependent upon him. Mr. Nix was disappointed in him. He did not live up to his chest measurement. "You're very nearly a shirker," he said to him indignantly. Nevertheless he promised to keep his place open for him. . . .

He had to go out into the highways and by-ways and find women. The right ones were not easily found, and often enough they were disappointing. Mr. Nix was a tremendous disciplinarian, that was why Hortons were the best service flats in the whole of the West End. But he discovered, as many a man had discovered before him, that the discipline that does for a man will not do nine times out of ten for a woman. Woman has a way of wriggling out of the net of discipline with subtleties unknown to man.

So Mr. Nix discovered. . . . Only with Fanny Close Mr. Nix had no trouble at all. She became at the end of the first week a "jewel," and a jewel to the end of her time she remained.

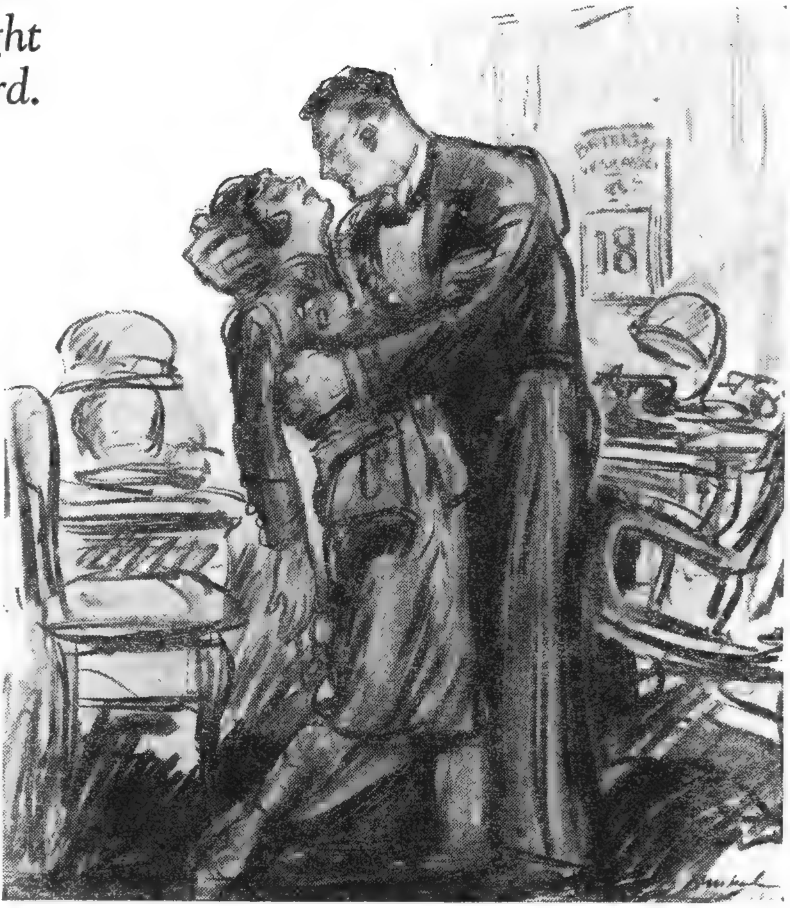
I don't wish, in these days of stern and unrelenting realism, to draw Dickensian pictures of youth and purity, but the plain truth is that Fanny Close was as good a girl as ever was made. She was good for two reasons, one because she was plain, the other because



"Happiness!" said Aggie; "that's what you call it? Selfishness! Cruel selfishness, that's what some would name it."

IT'S an ill War that blows no man good. To Fanny it brought freedom—and Albert Edward.

Drawings by
August Henkel



she had a tiresome sister. The first of these reasons made her humble, the other made her enjoy everything from which her sister was absent twice as much as anyone else would have enjoyed it.

She was twenty-five years of age; the mother had died of pleurisy when the children were babies, and the father, who was something very unimportant in a post office, had struggled for twenty years to keep them all alive, and then caught a cold and died. The only brother had married, and Aggie and Fanny had remained to keep house together. Aggie had always been the beauty of the family, but it had been a beauty without "charm," so that many young men had advanced with beating hearts, gazed with eager eyes, and then walked away, relieved that for some reason or another they had been saved from "putting the question." She had had proposals, of course, but they had never been good enough. At twenty-six she was a disappointed virgin.

Fanny had always been so ready to consider herself the plainer and stupider of the two that it had not been altogether Aggie's fault that she, Aggie, should take, so naturally, the first place. Many a relation had told Fanny that she was too "submissive" and didn't stand up for herself enough, but Fanny shook her head and said that she couldn't be other than she was. The true fact was that deep down in her heart she not only admired her sister, she also hated her. How astonished Aggie would have been had she known this—and how astonished, to be truly platitudinous for a moment, we should all be if we really knew what our nearest and dearest relatives thought of us!

Fanny hated Aggie, but had quite made up her mind that she would never be free of her. How could she be? She herself was far too plain for anyone to want to marry her, and Aggie was apparently settling down inevitably into a bitter old-maidenhood. Then came the war. Fanny was most unexpectedly liberated. Aggie did, of course, try to prevent her escape, but on this occasion Fanny was resolved. She would do what she could to help—the country needed every single woman. At first she washed plates in a canteen, then she ran a lift outside some insurance office, finally she fell into Mr. Nix's arms, and there she stayed for three happy years.

She knew from the very first that she would like it. She liked Mr. Nix, she liked the blue uniform provided for her, most of all she liked the "atmosphere" of Hortons, the colored repose of St. James', the hall of white and green, the broad staircase, the palms in the staircase windows, the grandfather's clock near Mr. Nix's office; she even liked her own little rabbit-hutch where were the little boxes for the letters, the cupboard for her own private possessions, the telephone, and a chair for her to sit upon. In a marvelously short time she was the mistress of the whole situation. Mr. Nix could not have believed that he would have missed the marvelous James so little. "Really," he said to Mrs. Nix, "a great discovery, a remarkable find."

"Well, I hope she won't disappoint you," said Mrs. Nix, who was an amiable pessimist. Fanny did not disappoint; she got better and better. Everyone liked her and she liked everyone.

Because she had as her standard Aggie's grudging and reluctant personality, she naturally found everyone delightful. She was very happy indeed because they all wanted her assistance in one way or another. "Men *are* helpless," was her happy comment after a year's experience at Hortons. She stamped letters for one, delivered telephone messages for another, found addresses for a third, carried bags for a fourth, acted as confidential adviser for a fifth. She was not pretty, of course, but she was much less plain in her uniform than she had been in her private dress. The blue, peaked cap suited her and managed somehow, in combination with her pince-nez, to give her quite a roguish complexion.

Nevertheless she was looked upon as a serious person—"quite like a man," she reflected with satisfaction. She did not wish to waste her time with flirtations, she wanted to do her job efficiently. It needed great self-control not to take too active an interest in the affairs of the ladies and gentlemen in her charge. She was, for instance, deeply sorry for poor old Mr. Jay, who was obviously poor and helpless and had no friends. He used to ask her whether "So-and-so" had called, to tell her that he was expecting Lady This and Lord That to ring up. Of course, they never did. No one ever came to see him. No one ever wrote him a letter. Fanny's heart ached for him.

THEN THERE WAS young Mr. Torby—the Hon. Clive Torby. Fanny thought him the most wonderful figure in London. He was in France and was wounded, went back and was wounded again, this time losing an arm. He had the D.S.O., and M. C., and was simply the most handsome young man in London—but Fanny feared that he was leading a very idle life. He was always happy, always good-tempered, always laughing, but Fanny shivered at the thought of the money that he spent. Lord Dronda, his father, used to come and see him and "remonstrate with him," so the Hon. Clive told Fanny after the interview. But what was the good? All the young ladies came just the same, and the flowers and the fruit and the wine——

"We can only love once, Fanny," the young man declared one day. "And I've been so near kicking the bucket so many times lately that I'm going to make the most of the sunshine."

How could you blame him? At any rate, Fanny couldn't.

There were many others into whose histories and personalities this is neither the time nor place to enter. Fanny felt as though she were living at the very heart of the great, bustling, eventful world. When she saw Edmund Robsart, the famous novelist, whose flat was No. 20, go up in the lift, when he said "Good evening" to her and smiled, he whose picture was quite often in the daily papers, whose books were on the railway bookstalls, whose name was even mentioned once in Fanny's hearing by T. E. Dunville at the Victoria Palace—well, there was something to be proud of. True, he was over fifty, and fat and a little pompous—what did that matter? Fanny had taken messages to him in his rooms and seen him once in a purple silk dressing-gown.

She did not consider herself overworked. She had to be on duty at eight-thirty every morning and she remained until six-thirty in the evening. She had every Saturday afternoon and every other Sunday. She did every kind of thing in between those hours. The whole warm, pulsing life of the twenty chambers seemed to radiate from her. She fancied herself sitting there in her little office, taking the messages from the flats and distributing them to the different valets and servants in the kitchen, watching everyone who came in and out, detecting suspicious people who wanted to see "So-and-so on very urgent business," attending to Mr. Nix when he had anything to say or wanted anything . . . and sometimes in the hot summer weather she would sit and look out upon the white and shining street, feeling the heat play in little gleaming waves upon the green staircase behind her, hearing the newsboys shout their war news, watching stout Mr. Newbury, of the picture-shop, as he stood in his doorway and speculated on the weather. How cool here and how hot out there!—and in the winter how warm the flats and how cold the dusky blue-green street!

She sometimes wondered whether it were not wicked of her to care for her life at Hortons so much when it all came to her from the horrible war, which did indeed seem to her the most dreadful thing that had ever happened.

She had not known many young men, but there had been Mr. Simmons and Mr. Frank Blake and his brother, Tom Blake—nice young men, and most amusing in the evening after supper or on an evening out at the Music Hall—all gone. . . . Tom Blake dead, Frank Blake without a leg, Mr. Simmons gassed. . . . Oh, she *hated* this war, she *hated* it—but she loved Hortons.

The fly in the ointment was the old familiar fly of family comment. The war had not had a good effect upon Aggie. She sat at home and grew more and more pessimistic. There never *was* such pessimism. Germany was to Aggie a triumphing, dominating force that nothing could stop. "What's the use of our fighting?" she would say when Fanny would arrive home to supper, exhausted but cheerful. "What's the *use?* That's what I want to know. Here we are at their mercy—they can step over any time they like and just take us."

Nothing made Fanny so angry as this. It was all she could do to control herself; nevertheless, control herself she did.

"What about our army?" she would say. "And the submarines? What about Kitchener?" and later, "What about Haig?"

"Haig!" sniffed Aggie. "Haig!" The air-raids finished Aggie. A bomb was dropped quite close to their upper-part in Bloomsbury. Aggie was ill for weeks—she recovered, but rose from her bed a soured, injured, vindictive woman. It was exactly as though the whole of the war, and especially the bomb-dropping part of it, had been arranged simply for the annoyance of Aggie Close. She always said that she hated the Germans, but to hear her talk you'd think that she hated the English a great deal more. Our incompetence, our cowardice, our selfishness, our wickedness in high places—such were her eternal topics. Fanny, sitting in her hutch at Hortons, saw the evening waiting for her—the horrible evening with their little stuffy, food-smelling, overcrowded room, with the glazed and grinning sideboard, the pink-and-white wool mats, the heavy lace curtains over the window, the hideous oleographs, the large, staring photographs. Unlike most of her kind, she knew that all this was ugly, and in the midst of the ugliness was Aggie, Aggie with her square, short, thick-set figure, her huge flat feet, her heavy, freckled hands. She would have escaped to a place of entertainment had there been anybody to take her—

just now there was nobody. She could not walk about the streets alone.

At first she had tried to interest Aggie in the exciting events of her day, in poor Mr. Jay, and magnificent Mr. Robsart, and funny, fussing Mrs. Demaris, and the Hon. Clive. But Aggie had a marvelous way of turning everything, however cheerful and bright it might seem, into sin and sorrow and decay. If Fanny was happy, it was: "How can you laugh when the world's in the state it's in?" If Fanny sighed, it was: "I should have thought it was one's duty to be as cheerful as possible just now. But some people think only of themselves."

If Fanny argued against some too outrageous piece of pessimism, it was: "Really, Fanny, it's such as you is losing us the war."

"Oh! I hate Aggie!—I hate Aggie!" Fanny would sometimes cry to herself in the heart of her hutch, but she could not summon to herself sufficient resolution to go off and live by herself; she had a terror of solitary evenings, all the terror of one who did not care for books, who was soaked in superstition and loved lights and noise.

During the first two years of the war she did not consider the end of the war. She never doubted for a single moment but that the Allies would win, and for the rest she had too much work to do to waste time in idle speculations. But in the third year that little phrase, "after the war," began to drive itself in upon her. Everyone said it. She perceived that people were bearing their trials and misfortunes and losses because "after the war" everything would be all right again—there would be plenty of food and money and rest "after the war."

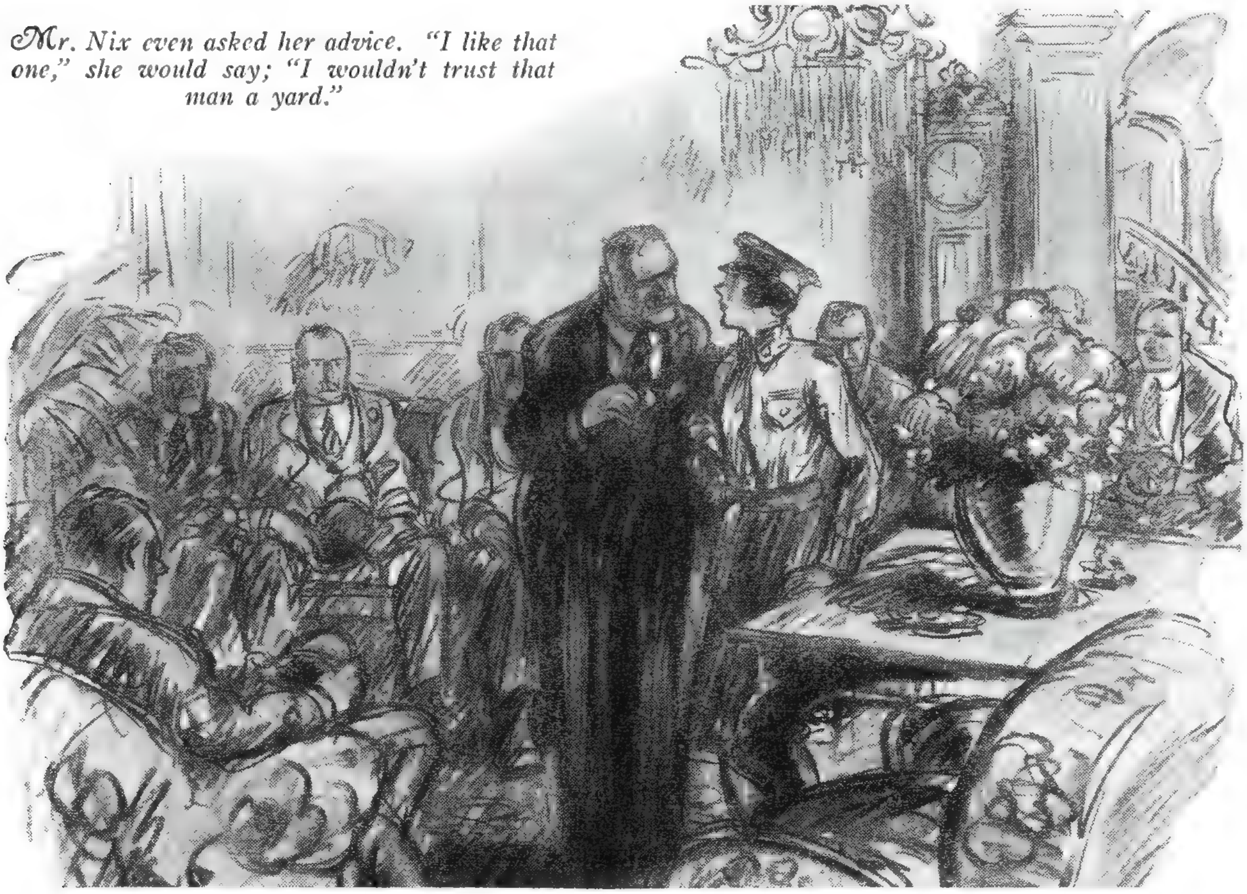
Her heart began to ache for all the troubles that she saw around her. Mr. Nix lost his boy in France and was a changed man. For a month or two it seemed as though he would lose all interest in Hortons. He was listless and indifferent and suffered slackness to go unpunished. Then he pulled himself together. Hortons was its old self again—and how Fanny admired him for that!

Then came the Armistice, and the world changed for Fanny. It changed because, in a sudden devastating, horrible flash of revelation, she realized that the women would all have to go! The men would come back. . . . And she?

That night when she perceived this gave her one of her worst hours. She had allowed herself—and she saw now how foolish she had been to do so—to look upon the work at Hortons as the permanent occupation of her life.

And how could she have done otherwise? It suited her so exactly; she loved it, and everybody encouraged her to believe that she did it well. Had not Mr. Nix himself told her that he could not have believed that he could miss the magnificent James so little, and that no man could have filled the blank as she had done? Moreover, in the third year of the war James had been killed, and it would take a new man a long time to learn all the ins-and-outs of the business as she had learned them. So she had encouraged herself to dream, and the dream and the business had become one—she could not tear them apart. Well, now

Mr. Nix even asked her advice. "I like that one," she would say; "I wouldn't trust that man a yard."



she must tear them apart. Mr. Nix was dismissing all the women.

With teeth set she faced her future. No use to think of getting another job—everywhere the men were returning. For such work as she could do there would be a hundred men waiting for every vacancy. No, she would have to live always with Aggie. They would have enough to live on—just enough. Their brother allowed them something, and an aunt had left them a little legacy. Just enough with a perpetual sparing and scraping—no more of the little luxuries that Fanny's pay from Hortons had allowed them. Certainly not enough for either of them to live alone. Tied forever together, that's what they would be—chained! and Aggie growing ever more and more bitter.

Nevertheless she faced it. She went back to Hortons with a smile and a laugh. Her gentlemen and ladies did not know that she was looking upon them with eyes of farewell. Miss Lois Drake, for instance, that daring and adventurous type of the modern girl about whose future Fanny was always speculating with trembling excitement, she did not notice anything at all. But then she thought of very little save herself. "However she *can* do the things she does!" was Fanny's awed comment—and now, alas, she would never see the climax to her daring—never, never, never!

She said nothing to Aggie of her troubles and Aggie said nothing to her. The days passed. Then just before Christmas came the marvelous news.

By this time all the girl valets had been dismissed and men had taken their places. They would congregate in the hall of a morning, coming on approval, and Fanny would speculate about them. Mr. Nix even asked her advice. "I like that one," she would say; "I wouldn't trust that man a yard," she would decide. Then one day Albert Edward came. There was no doubt about him at all. He was almost as good as the late lamented James. Handsome, although short—but Fanny liked the "stocky" kind, and with *such* a laugh! Fanny delighted in his jet black hair cut tight about his head, his smiling black eyes, his round, rosy cheeks. She admired him quite in the abstract. He was far too grand for any personal feeling. . . . At once, when he had been in the place two days, she allotted him to Mrs. Mellish's maid, Annette, *such* a handsome girl, so bold and clever! They were made for one another.

ALBERT EDWARD was valet on the second floor; he shared that floor with Bacon. Fanny did not like Bacon, the one mistake she thought that Mr. Nix had made.

Well, just before Christmas the wonderful hour arrived.

"Fanny," said Mr. Nix one evening. "Do you realize that you're the only woman left around here in a man's job?"

"Yes," said Fanny, her heart beating horribly.

"Well," said Mr. Nix with a smile, "you're going to continue to be the only woman unless you've any objection."

"Oh, Mr. Nix," said Fanny, "I'm sure I've always tried——"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Nix, "that's why I want you to stay—forever if you like—or at any rate as long as I'm here."

"Oh, Mr. Nix," said Fanny again. Tears were in her eyes; the familiar green staircase, the palm and the grandfather's clock began to swim dizzily before her eyes.

It was Aggie, of course, who killed her happiness almost as soon as it was born.

"And what about the demobilized men?" Aggie had asked in her cold, acid smile. "I should have thought that if there were any jobs going a patriotic girl like you would have been the first to stand aside."

FANNY'S HEART seemed to leap into the air and then fall—stone dead at her feet. Men! Demobilized men! She had not thought of that. But for the moment the only thing she could see was Aggie's spite—her old, eternal spite. . . . She felt the tears rising. In a moment they would break out.

"You would like to spoil it if you could!" she cried. "Yes, you would. It's what you've always done—spoilt everything. Yes, you have—since we were children. Any little bit of happiness. . . ."

"Happiness!" interrupted Aggie; "that's what you call it? Selfishness! cruel selfishness, that's what some would name it."

"You don't care," cried Fanny, her words now choked with sobs. "You don't care as long as I'm hurt and wounded—that's all you mind! . . . always . . . tried to hurt me . . . always!" The tears had conquered her. She rushed from the room.

She escaped—but she was haunted. It was not because Aggie had said it that she minded—no, she did not care for Aggie—it was because there was truth in what Aggie had said. Fanny was precisely the girl to feel such a charge, as Aggie well knew. All her life her conscience had been her trouble, acute, vivid, lifting its voice when there was no need, never satisfied with the prizes and splendors thrown in. In ordinary times Fanny surrendered at once to its hideous demands—this time she fought.

Aggie herself helped in the fight. Having succeeded in making Fanny miserable, it was by no means her intention that the silly child should really surrender the job. That did not at all suit her own idle selfishness. So she mocked at her for staying where she was, but made it plain that having given her word, she must stick to it. "You've made your bed and must lie on it," was her phrase.

Fanny said nothing. The light had gone from her eyes, the color from her cheeks. She was fighting the sternest battle of her life. Everywhere she saw, or fancied she saw, demobilized men. Every man in the street with a little shining disc fastened to his coat was in her eyes a demobilized man, starving and hungry because she was so wicked. And yet why should she give it up? She had proved her worth—shown that she was *better* than a man in that particular business. Would Mr. Nix have kept her had she not been better? Kind though he was, he was not a philanthropist. . . . And to give it up, to be tied for life to Aggie, to be idle, to be unwanted, to see no more of Hortons, to see no more—of Albert Edward. Yes, the secret was out. She loved Albert Edward. Not with any thought of herself—dear me, no. . . . She knew that she was far too plain, too dull. She need only compare herself for an instant with Mrs. Mellish's Annette, and she could see where she stood. No, romance was not for her. But she liked his company. He was so kind to her. He would stand, again and again, in her little hutch and chatter, laughing and making a great many silly jokes.

She amused him, and he admired her capacity for business. "You *are* a one!" was his way of putting it. "You'd be something like, running a restaurant—business side, you know."

How proud she was when he said these things! After all, everybody had something. Annette, for all her bows and ribbons, was probably extremely poor at business.

However, she included Albert Edward in the general life of Hortons and refused to look any closer. So day and night the struggle continued. She could not sleep, she could not eat, everyone told her that she was looking ill and needed a holiday. She was most truly a haunted woman, and her ghosts were on every side of her, pressing in upon her, reproaching her with starving, dark-rimmed eyes. She struggled, she fought, she clung with bleeding hands to the stones and rafters and walls of Hortons.

Conscience had her way—Fanny was beaten. The decision was taken one night after a horrible dream—a dream in which she had been pursued by a menacing, sinister procession of men, some without arms and legs, who floated about her, beating her in the face with their soft, boneless hands. . . .

She awoke screaming. Next morning she went to Mr. Nix.

"I'm afraid I must give you my notice, Mr. Nix," she said.

Of course he laughed at her when she offered her reason. But her decision was made and she was firm.

"You've been terribly good to me, Mr. Nix," she said, "but I must go."

She was firm. It was all that she could do not to cry. He submitted, saying that he would leave her a day or so to reconsider it.

She went into her hutch and stared in front of her, in stony wretchedness. That was the worst day of her life.

She felt like a dead woman. Worst of all was the temptation to run back to Mr. Nix and tell him that it was not true, that she *had* reconsidered it, that she would not leave. . . .

All day she saw Aggie in her green stuff dress, her eyes close to the paper, the room so close, so close. . . .

In the afternoon, about five, she felt that she could bear it no longer.

She would get the hall-boy to take her place and would go home.

Albert Edward came in for a chat. She told him what she had done.

"Well," he said, "that's fine."

She stared at him.

"I want you to marry me," he said; "I've been wanting it a long time. I like you. You're just the companion for me, sense of humor and all that. And a business head. I'm past the sentimental stuff. What I want is a pal. What do you say to the little restaurant?"

The grandfather's clock rose up and struck Fanny in the face. She could have endured that had not the green and white staircase done the same. So strange was the world that she was compelled to put her hand on Albert Edward's arm.

Behind the swimming, dazzling splendor of her happiness was the knowledge that she had secured a job from which no man in the world would have the right to oust her.

◆

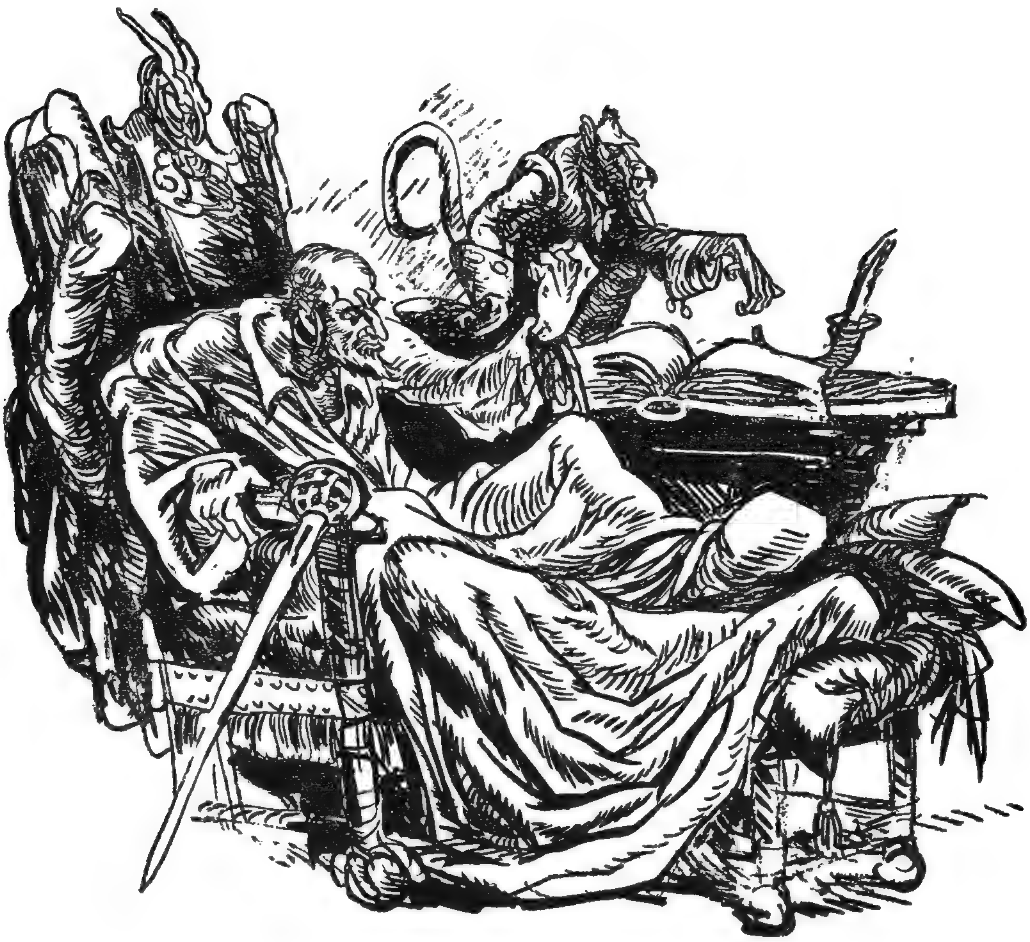
What Thomas Said in a Pub

By JAMES STEPHENS

I saw God! Do you doubt it?
Do you dare to doubt it?
I saw the Almighty Man! His hand
Was resting on a mountain! And
He looked upon the World, and all about it:
I saw Him plainer than you see me now
—You mustn't doubt it!

He was not satisfied!
His look was all dissatisfied!
His beard swung on a wind, far out of sight
Behind the world's curve! And there was light
Most fearful from His forehead! And He sighed—
"That star went always wrong, and from the start
I was dissatisfied!"

He lifted up His hand!
I say He heaved a dreadful hand
Over the spinning earth! Then I said, "Stay,
You must not strike it, God! I'm in the way!
And I will never move from where I stand!"
He said, "Dear child, I feared that you were dead,"
. . . And stayed His hand!

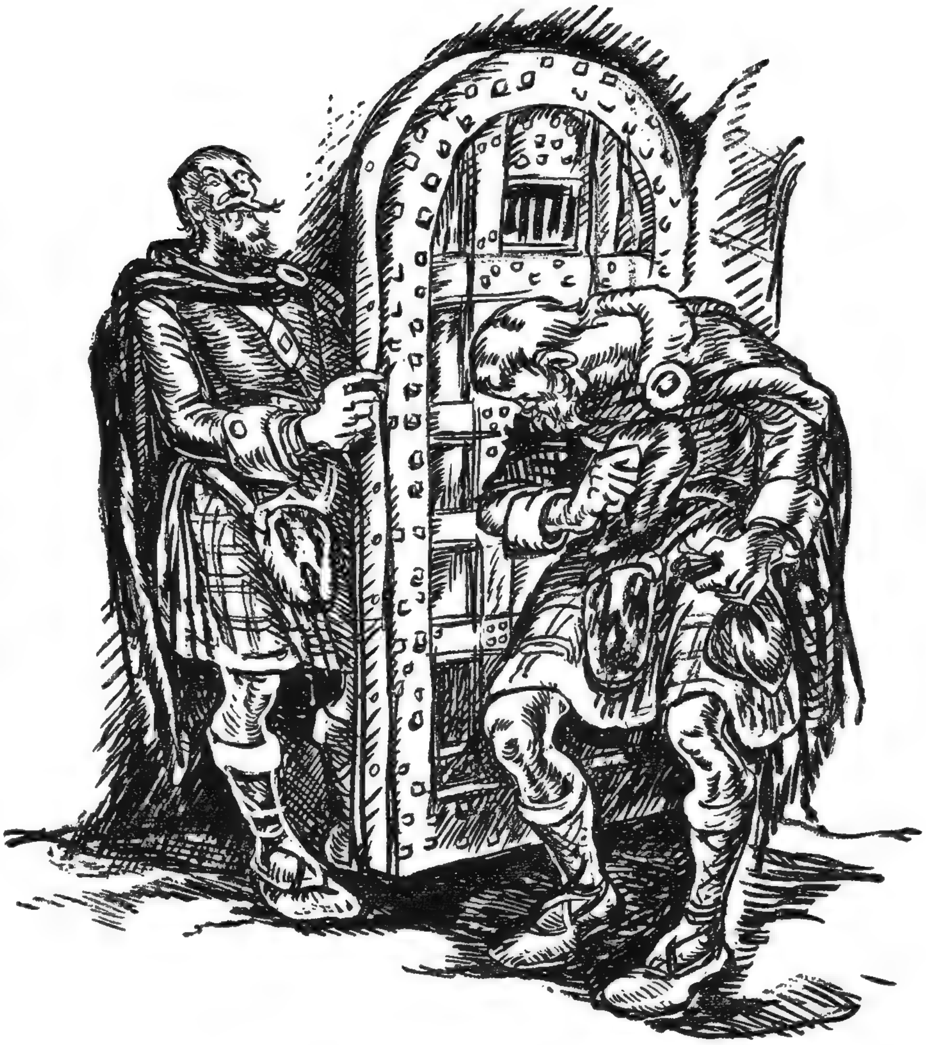


Sir Robert's face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. "Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle? . . . Zounds! if you are——"

Wandering Willie's Tale of How Piper Steenie

YE MAUN HAVE HEARD of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi' Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favor as the laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lonon Court wi' the king's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampauging like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy (and of lunacy, for what I ken), to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand; and his name is kend as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave could hide the pir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And, troth, when they fand them, they didna make muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roe-buck. It was just, "Will ye tak' the test?" If not—"Make ready—present—fire!" and there lay the recusant.

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan; that he was proof against steel and that bullets happed aff his buff-coat like hailstanes from a hearth; that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra-gauns; and muckle to the safe purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, "Deil scowp wi' Redgauntlet!" He wasna a bad master to his ain folk, though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackeys and troopers that rade out wi' him to the persecutions, *MEN said Sir Robert Redgauntlet was in league with the Devil—and the Devil was active in the days of the Protestant persecutions in Scotland. So when Sir Robert died without giving Steenie a receipt for his rent-money, Steenie was left to deal with the Devil.*



Drawings by
James Daugherty

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Outwitted *the* Devil

as the Whigs caa'd those killing-times, they wad hae drunken themsells blind to his health at ony time.

Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund—they ca' the place Primrose Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding-days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than onywhere else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-cheek three days since, and was glad I couldna see the pligt the place was in—but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson; a rambling, rattling chiel' he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous at "hoopers and girders," a' Cumberland couldna touch him at "Jockie Lattin," and he had the finest finger for the back-lint between Berwick and Carlisle.

Now Steenie was a kind of favorite with his master, and kend a' the folk about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCallum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude wurd wi' the laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to hae broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegether sae great as they feared and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unco crawing what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were owermony great folks dipped in the same doings to make a spick-and-span new warld. So parliament passed it a' ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the nonconformists, that used to come to stock his larder and cellar; for it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they behooved to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome body that naebody cared to anger him; for the oaths he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.

WEEL, MY GUDESIRE was nae manager—no that he was a very great misguider—but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair word and piping; but when Martinmas came there was a summons from the grund officer to com wi' the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behooved to flit. Sair wark he had to get the siller; but he was weel freended, and at last he got the haill scraped thegether—a thousand merks. The maist of it was from a neighbor they caa'd Laurie Lapraik—a sly tod. Laurie had wealth o' gear, could hunt wi' the hound and rin wi' the hare, and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor in this Revolution warld, but he liked an orra sough of this warld, and a tune on the pipes; and, bune a', he thought he had gude security for the siller.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the castle was that Sir Robert had fretted himsell into a fit of the gout because he did no appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegether for sake of the money, Dougal thought, but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour; and there sat the laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favored jackanape* that was a special pet of his. A cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played; ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the haill castle, chattering and rowling, and pinching and biting folk, specially before ill weather, or disturbance in the state. Sir Robert caa'd it Major Weir, after the warlock† that was burnt and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there wasc something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the major—a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, in a great chair, wi' his velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red-laced coat, and the laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jackanape girned too, like a sheep's head between a pair of tangs—an ill-faur'd, fearsome couple they were. The laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horseback, and sway after ony of the hill-folk he could get speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was just his auld custom—he wasna gine nor fear onything. The rental-book, wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of sculduddery sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore evidence against the goodman of Primrose Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look, as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows that men saw the visible mark of a horseshoe in his forehead, deep-tinted, as if it had been stamped there.

"Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?" said Sir Robert. "Zounds! if you are——"

My gudesire, with as gue a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The laird drew it to him hastily. "Is it all here, Steenie, man?"

"Your honor will find it right," said my gudesire.

"Here, Dougal," said the laird, "gie Steenie a tass of brandy, till I count the siller and write the receipt."

But they werena weel out of the room when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garr'd the castle rock. Back ran Dougal; in flew the liverymen; yell on yell gied the laird, ilk one mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hirdie-girdie—aebody to say "come in" or "gae out." Terribly the laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and "Hell, hell, hell, and its flames," was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folks say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head and said he had given him blood instead of Burgundy; and sure, aneugh, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jackanape they caa'd Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master. My gudesire's head was like to turn; he forgot baith siller and receipt, and downstairs he banged; but, as he ran, the shrieks came fainter and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the castle that the laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was that Dougal had seen the money-bag and heard the laird speak of writing the receipt. The young laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never 'greed weel. Sir John had been bred an advocate, and afterward sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union,

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*jackanape=ape.

†warlock=male witch, sorcerer.

THIS IS the first real short story that Scott ever wrote. It has been called "the wildest and most rueful of dreams," and the "finest short story in the language." Certainly as a tale of the weird, it stands very near the head of its class.

Scott once wrote to a friend: "My life, though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream, spent in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. I have worn a wishing-cap, the power of which has been to direct present griefs by a touch of the wand of inspiration, and gild over the future prospect by prospects more fair than can ever be realized. . . . The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention. When I get over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. . . . People are always crying out about method, and in some respects it is good but I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up the pen just at the hour appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures."

This tale, which forms part of Redgauntlet, *was not written until 1824, when Scott was already 53 years old. He had lived and written much; known Duchesses and thieves; been a not too successful barrister, an unsuccessful lover, and a happy husband; had lavished thousands of pounds on his elaborate home of Abbotsford, and became involved in the now too-famous business venture which was to fail disastrously a year later. From then until his death in 1832, he lived in a fever of work to pay off his debts.*

having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensation—if his father could have come out of his grave he would have brained him for it on his own hearthstane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough knight than the fair-spoken young ane —but mair of that anon.

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor granted, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied when he was living, and where he new lay in state, as they caa'd it, weeladay! The night before the funeral Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae longer; he came doun wi' his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took a tass of brandy to himself, and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsell, he wasna lang for this world; for that every night since Sir Robert's death his silver call had sounded from the state chamber just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said that, being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower (for naebody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse), he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, "though death breaks service," said MacCallum, "it shall never weak my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon."

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so doun the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure enough the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it; and up got the two auld serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance; for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend, in his ain shape, sitting on the laird's coffin? Ower he couped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himsell he cried on his neighbor, and getting nae answer raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gane anes and aye; but mony a time was it heard at the top of the house on the bartizan, and amang the auld chimneys and turrets where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair bogie wark.

But when a' was ower, and the laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the castle to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking-rapier by his side, instead of the auld broadsword that had a hundredweight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communings so often tauld ower that I almost think I was there mysell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion, mimicked, with a good deal of humor, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address and the hypocritical melancholy of the laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.)

"I wuss ye joy, sir, of the head seat and white loaf and the brid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to freends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the laird, sighing and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country no time to set his house in order—weel prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter; but he left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie. Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in."

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

Stephen—Please your honor, Sir John, I paid it to your father.

Sir John—Ye took a receipt, then, doubtless, Stephen, and can produce it?

Stephen—Indeed, I hadnae time, and it like your honor; for nae soon had I set doun the siller, and just as his honor, Sir Robert, that 's gaen, drew it till him to count it and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him.

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. "But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower-strictly to work with no poor man."

Stephen—Troth, Sir John, there was naebody in the room but Dougal MacCallum, the butler. But, as your honor kens, he has e'en followed his auld master.

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead, and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too; and the siller which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?"

Stephen—I dinna ken, your honor; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins, for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that ilka man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money.

Sir John—I have little doubt ye *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* that I want to have proof of.

Stephen—The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honor never got it, and his honor that was canna have ta'en it wi' him, maybe some of the family may hae seen it.

Sir John—We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable.

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had even seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What saw maur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room and then said to my gudesire: "Now, Steenie, ye see ye have fair play; and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than ony other body, I beg in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honor; "and so are all the folks in this house, I hope. But if there be a knave among us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, mair sternly: "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding. Where do you suppose this money to be? I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw everything look so muckle against him that he grew nearly desperate. However, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular ane, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that selfsame fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow; "speak out, sir! I *will* know your thoughts; do you suppose that I have this money?"

Love in the Winds

By RICHARD HOVEY

When I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray,
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.

Ho, love, I laugh aloud and for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather—
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen.

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof."

"Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story," said Sir John; "I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer!"

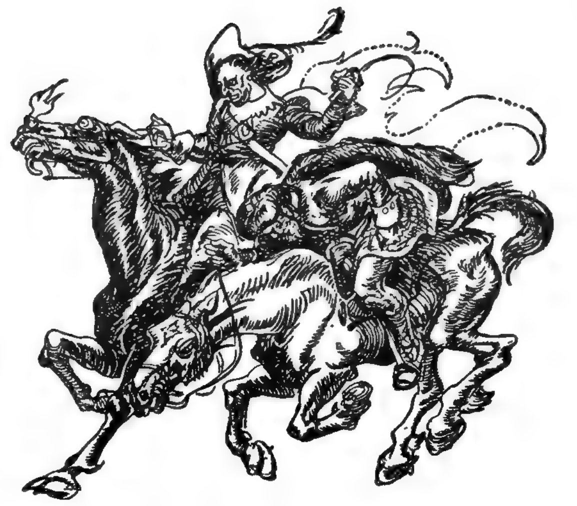
"In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity—"in hell! with your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle."

Down the stairs he ran (for the parlor was nae place for him after such a word) and he heard the laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the bailie and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor (him they caa'd Laurie Lapraik), to try if he could make onything out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the worst word in his wame—thief, beggar, and dyvour were the saftest terms; and to the hoot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the auld story of dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and, while he and Laurie were at deil speed the liars, he was wanchancie aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that garr'd folks' flesh grue that heard them—he wasna just himself, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a' fou of black firs, as they say. I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common a little lonely change-house, that was keepit then by an hostler wife—they suld hae caa'd her Tibbie Faw—and there puir Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the haill day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think o' 't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholely at twa draughts, and named a toast at each. The first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and may he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy; if he would but get him back the pock of silver, or tell him what came o' 't, for he saw the haill world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring and flee and stend, that my gudsire could hardly keep the saddle. Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said: "That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?" So saying, he touched the horse's neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. "But his spunk's soon out of him, I think," continued the stranger, "and that is like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things."



Ride as Steenie liked, the stranger was aye beside him at the selfsame pace.

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with: "Gude-e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was ane that dosna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the selfsame pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry, and, to say the truth, half feard.

"What is that you want with me, freend?" he said. "If ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger, "I am one that, though I have been sair miscaa'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my freends."

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger; "but I think I can help you."

"If you could lend the money, sir, and take a lang day—Iken nae other help on earth," said my gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now I can tell you that your auld laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses and the wailing of your family, and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humorsome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress; and he said he had enough courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.

The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer courtyard, through the muckle faulding yetts, and aneath the auld portcullis; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and deray within as used to be at Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

"God!" said my gudesire, "if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!"

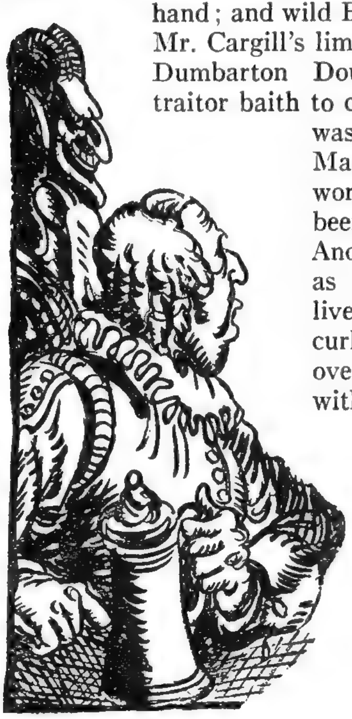
He knocked at the ha' door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum—just after his wont, too—came to open the door, and said: "Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you."

My gudesire was like a man in a dream—he looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say: "Ha! Dougal Driveower, are you living? I thought he had been dead."

"Never fash yourself wi' me," said Dougal, "but look to yoursell; and see ye tak' naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except the receipt that is your ain."

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kend to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlor; and there was as much singing of profane songs, and birling of red wine, and blasphemy and sculduddery as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blythest.

But Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers there were that sat around that table! My gudesire kend mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalyell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron's blude on his hand; and wild Bonshay, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung; Dumbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bludy Advocate MacKenyie, who, for his world wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and with his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest halooed and sang and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.



A set of ghastly revellers sat round that table.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattlebag; and the wicked guardsmen in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and mony a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the poor to powder when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper to come to the board-head where he was sitting, his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth; the very cushion for the jackanape was close to him; but the creature itsell was not there—it wasno its hour, it's likely; for he heard them say, as he came forward: "Is not the major come yet?" And another answered: "The jackanape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said: "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son?"

With much ado my father gat breath to say that Sir John would not settle without his honor's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie," said the appearance of Sir Robert—"play us up Weel Hoddled, Luckie."

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipe wi' him.

"MacCallum, ye limb of Beelzebub,'" said the fearfu' Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!"

MacCallum brought a pair of pipes might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himsell again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wing aneugh to fill the bag.

"Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," said the figure; "for we do little else here; and it's speaking between a fou man and a fasting." Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the king's messenger in hand while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle; and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat nor drink, nor make minstrelsy; but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; and he was so stout-hearted by this time that he charged Sir Robert for conscience's sake (he had no power to say the holy name), and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocketbook the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. "There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle."

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud: "Stop, though, thou sack-doudling son of a ——! I am not done with thee. Here we do nothing for nothing; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection."

My father's tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud: "I refer myself to God's pleasure, and not to yours."

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him; and he sank on the earth with such a sudden shock that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there he could not tell; but when he came to himself he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parochine, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestane around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand fairly written and signed by the auld laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the laird.

"Well, you dyvour bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me my rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honor Sir Robert's receipt for it."

"How, sirrah? Sir Robert's receipt! You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honor please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention; and at last at the date, which my gudesire had not observed—"From my appointed place," he read, "this twenty-fifth of November."

"What! That is yesterday! Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!"

"I got it from your honor's father; whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not," said Steenie.

"I will debate you for a warlock to the Privy Council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!"

"I intend to debate mysell to the Presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me."

Sir John paused, composed himsell, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told you.

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly: "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honor of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scaulding your fingers wi' a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it. But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle."

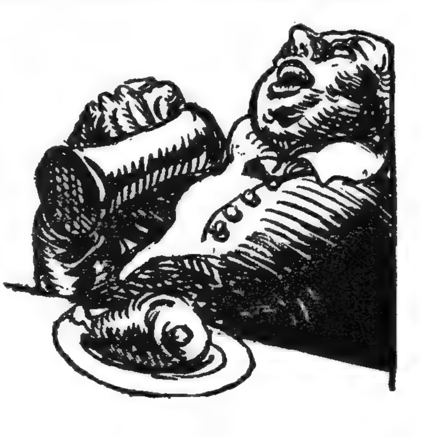
"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire; "he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them that a ruinous turret lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John; and he took—with what purpose Heaven kens—one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or two rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower—bang! gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire, that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aenugh, and mony orra thing besides, that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had riped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlor, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends.

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit as an



Their wild laughter made Steenie's very nails grow blue.

honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the haill dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taen ower-muckle brandy to be very certain about onything; and, Steenie, this receipt"—his hand shook while he held it out—"it's but a queer kind of document, and we will do best I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this time downward, at an easier rent."

"Mony thanks to your honor," said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind was; "doubtless I will be conformable to all your honor's commands; only I would willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of soumons of appointment whilk your honor's father——"

"Do not call the phantom my father!" said Sir John, interrupting him.

"Well then, the thing that was so like him," said my gudesire; "he spoke of my coming back to see him this time twelvemonth, and it's on my conscience."

"Aweel then," said Sir John, "if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish; he is a douce man, regards the honor of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me."

Wi' that, my father readily agreed that the receipt should be burned; and the laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though; but away it flew up the lum, wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said it was his real opinion that, though my gudesire had gane very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet as he had refused the devil's arles (for such was the offer of meat and drink), and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped that, if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day past, that he would so much as take the fiddle or drink usquebaugh or tippenny.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himsell; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to thread that it was nane o' the auld Enemy that Dougal and Hutcheon saw in the laird's room, but only that wanchancie creature the major, capering on the coffin; and that, as to the blawing on the laird's whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the laird himself, if not better. But Heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then my gudesire, wha was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his freends, for the credit of his name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.

Thomas Carlyle, Pleasant *and* Unpleasant

On Coleridge:	"Never did I see such an apparatus got ready for thinking and so little thought."
On Alfred Lord Tennyson:	"One of the finest-looking men in the world; a great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of swallow-brown complexion almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe."
On Dickens:	"A fine little fellow with clear, blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are."
On George Eliot's Style:	"It's all just boom, boom, empty as the rattle of a revolving Tartar prayer mill."
On De Quincey:	"One of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little child, blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something too, which said, '*Eccovi*—this child has been in hell.'"

Second of the Golden Book *series of true adventure*

Down *the* River of Doubt

By Theodore Roosevelt

THE account of this perilous descent of an unknown river is one of the masterpieces of exploration.

JUST AS HE had absented himself in Africa for a year, after retiring from the Presidency, so (in 1914) Roosevelt decided to make one more trip for hunting and exploration. As he could not go to the North Pole, he said, because that would be poaching on Peary's field, he selected South America. As before, he started with the distinct purpose of collecting animal and botanical specimens; this time for the American Museum of Natural History in New York, which provided two trained naturalists to accompany him. His son Kermit, toughened by the previous adventure, went also.

Having seen the civilized parts of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, he ascended the Paraguay River and then struck across the plateau which divides its watershed from that of the tributaries of the Amazon; for he proposed to make his way through an unexplored region in Central Brazil and reach the outposts of civilization on the Great River. Dr. Osborn had dissuaded him from going through a tract where the climate was known to be most pernicious. The Brazilian government had informed him that, by the route he had chosen, he would meet a large river—the Rio da Duvido, the River of Doubt—by which he could descend to the Amazon. Roosevelt's account of this exploration, given in The Brazilian Wilderness, *belongs among the masterpieces of explorers' records.*

I do not know whether later, when he found himself checked by recurrent illness, he regretted having chosen to encounter that ordeal in Brazil. He was a man who wasted no time over regrets. . . . Acting always from what he regarded as the best motives of the present, he faced with equal heart whatever result they brought. So when he found on his return home that some geographers and South American explorers laughed at his story of the River of Doubt, he laughed, too, at their incredulity, and presently the Brazilian Government, having established the truth of his exploration and named the river after him, Rio Teodoro, his laughter prevailed. He took real satisfaction in having placed on the map of Central Brazil a river six hundred miles long.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

ON FEBRUARY 27, 1914, shortly after mid-day, we started down the River of Doubt into the unknown. We were quite uncertain whether after a week we should find ourselves in the Gy-Paraná, or after six weeks in the Madeira, or after three months we knew not where. . . .

We had seven canoes, all of them dugouts. One was small, one was cranky, and two were old, waterlogged and leaky. The other three were good. The two old canoes were lashed together, and the cranky one was lashed to one of the others. Kermit with two paddlers went in the smallest of the canoes; Colonel Rondon and Lyra with three other paddlers in the next largest; and the doctor, Cherrie, and I in the largest with three paddlers. The remaining eight camaradas—there were sixteen in all—were equally divided between our two pairs of lashed canoes. Although our personal baggage was cut down to the limit necessary for health and efficiency, yet on such a trip as ours, where scientific work has to be done and where food for twenty-two men for an unknown period of time has to be carried, it is impossible not to take a good deal of stuff; and the seven dugouts were too heavily laden.

The paddlers were a strapping set. They were expert river-men and men of the forest, skilled veterans in wilderness work. They were lithe as panthers and brawny as bears. They swam like water-dogs. They were equally at home with pole and paddle, with axe and machete; and one was a good cook and the others were good men around camp. They looked like pirates in the pictures of Howard Pyle or Maxfield Parrish; one or two of them were pirates, and one worse than a pirate; but most of them were hardworking, willing, and cheerful. They were white,—or, rather, the olive of southern Europe—black, copper-colored, and of all intermediate shades. In my canoe Luiz the steersman, the headman, was a Matto Grosso negro; Julio the bowsman, was from Bahia and of pure Portuguese blood; and the third man, Antonio, was a Parecís Indian.

The actual surveying of the river was done by Colonel Rondon and Lyra, with Kermit as their assistant. Kermit went first in his little canoe with the sighting-rod, on which two disks, one red and one white, were placed a meter apart. He selected a place which commanded as long vistas as possible up-stream and down, and which therefore might be at the angle of a bend; landed; cut away the branches which obstructed the view; and set up the sighting-pole—incidentally encountering maribundi wasps and swarms of biting and stinging ants. Lyra, from his station up-stream, with his telemeter established the distance, while Colonel Rondon with the compass took the direction, and made the records. Then they moved on to the point Kermit had left, and Kermit established a new point within their sight. The first half-day's work was slow. The general course of the stream was a trifle east of north, but at short intervals it bent and curved literally toward every point of the compass. Kermit landed nearly a hundred times, and we made but nine and a third kilometers.

MY CANOE ran ahead of the surveying canoes. The height of the water made the going easy, for most of the snags and fallen trees were well beneath the surface. Now and then, however, the swift water hurried us toward ripples that marked ugly spikes of sunken timber, or toward uprooted trees that stretched almost across the stream. Then the muscles stood out on the backs and arms of the paddlers as stroke on stroke they urged us away from and past the obstacle. If the leaning or fallen trees were the thorny, slender-stemmed boritana palms, which love the wet, they were often, although plunged beneath the river, in full and vigorous growth, their stems curving upward, and their frond-crowned tops shaken by the rushing water. It was interesting work, for no civilized man, no white man, had ever gone down or up this river or seen the country through which we were passing. The lofty and matted forest rose like a green wall on either hand. The trees were stately and beautiful. The looped and twisted vines hung from them like great ropes. Masses of epiphytes grew both on the dead trees and the living; some had huge leaves like elephants' ears. Now and then fragrant scents were blown to us from flowers on the banks. There were not many birds, and for the most part the forest was silent; rarely we heard strange calls from the depths of the woods, or saw a cormorant or ibis.

At one camp the carregadores ants completely devoured the doctor's undershirt, and ate holes in his mosquito-net; and they also ate the strap of Lyra's gun-case. The little stingless bees, of many kinds, swarmed in such multitudes, and were so persevering, that we had to wear our head-nets when we wrote or skinned specimens. . . .

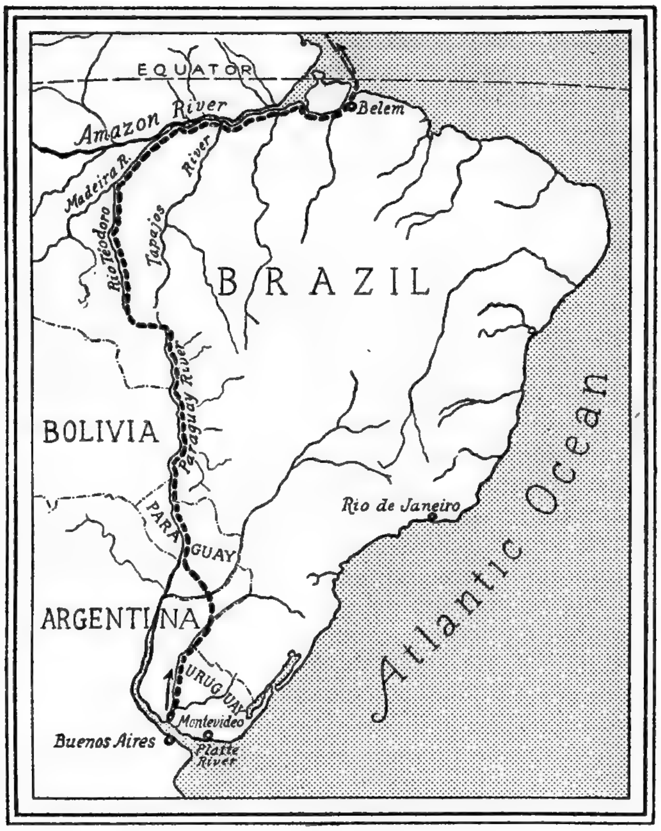
We soon found that the rapids were a serious obstacle. There were many curls, and one or two regular falls, perhaps six feet high. It would have been impossible to run them, and they stretched for nearly a mile. The carry, however, which led through woods and over rocks in a nearly straight line, was somewhat shorter. It was not an easy portage over which to carry heavy loads and drag heavy dugout canoes. . . .

Packing the loads across was simple. Dragging the heavy dugouts was labor. The biggest of the two waterlogged ones was the heaviest. Lyra and Kermit did the job. All the men were employed at it except the cook, and one man who was down with fever. A road was chopped through the forest and a couple of hundred stout six-foot poles, or small logs, were cut as rollers and placed about two yards apart. With block and tackle the seven dugouts were hoisted out of the river up the steep banks, and up the rise of ground until the level was reached. Then the men harnessed themselves two by two on the drag-rope, while one of their number pried behind with a lever, and the canoe, bumping and sliding, was twitched through the woods. . . .

Next morning we found that during the night we had met with a serious misfortune. We had halted at the foot of the rapids. The canoes were moored to trees on the bank, at the tail of the broken water. The two old canoes, although one of them was our biggest cargo-carrier, were water-logged and heavy, and one of them was leaking. In the night the river rose. The leaky canoe, which at best was too low in the water, must have gradually filled with the wash of the waves. It sank, dragging down the other; they began to roll, bursting their moorings; and in the morning they had disappeared. A canoe was launched to look for them; but, rolling over the bowlders on the rock bottom, they had at once been driven asunder, and the big fragments that were soon found, floating in eddies, or along the shore, showed that it was useless to look farther. We called these rapids Broken Canoe Rapids.

It was not pleasant to have to stop for some days; thanks to the rapids, we had made slow progress, and with our necessarily limited supply of food, and no knowledge whatever of what was ahead of us, it was important to make good time. But there was no alternative. We had to build either one big canoe or two small ones. It was raining heavily as the men started to explore in different directions for good canoe trees. Three—which ultimately proved not very good for the purpose—were found close to camp; splendid-looking trees, one of them five feet in diameter, three feet from the ground. The axemen immediately attacked this one under the superintendence of Colonel Rondon. Lyra and Kermit started in opposite directions to hunt. Lyra killed a jacu for us, and Kermit killed two monkeys for the men. Toward nightfall it cleared. The moon was nearly full, and the foaming river gleamed like silver. . . .

The following morning, the 15th of March, we started in good season. For six kilometers we drifted



The Route of the Roosevelt Expedition

and paddled down the swift river without incident. At times we saw lofty brazil nut trees rising above the rest of the forest on the banks; and back from the river these trees grow to enormous proportions, towering like giants. There were great rubber-trees also, their leaves always in sets of threes. Then the ground on either hand rose into bowlder-strewn, forest-clad hills and the roar of broken water announced that once more our course was checked by dangerous rapids. Round a bend we came on them; a wide descent of white water, with an island in the middle, at the upper edge. Here grave misfortune befell us, and graver misfortune was narrowly escaped.

Kermit, as usual, was leading in his canoe. It was the smallest and least seaworthy of all. He had in it little except a week's supply of our boxed provisions and a few tools; fortunately none of the food for the camaradas. His dog Trigueiro was with him. Besides himself, the crew consisted of two men: Joao, the helmsman, or pilot, as he is called in Brazil, and Simplicio, the bowsman. Both were negroes and exceptionally good men in every way. Kermit halted his canoe on the left bank, above the rapids, and waited for the colonel's canoe. Then the colonel and Lyra walked down the bank to see what was ahead. Kermit took his canoe across to the island to see whether the descent could be better accomplished on the other side. Having made his investigation, he ordered the men to return to the bank he had left, and the dugout was headed up-stream accordingly. Before they had gone a dozen yards, the paddlers digging their paddles with all their strength into the swift current, one of the most treacherous, shifting whirlpools came down-stream, whirled them around, and swept them so close to the rapids that no human power could avoid going over them. As they were drifting into them broadside on, Kermit yelled to the steersman to turn her head, so as to take them in the only way that offered any chance whatever of safety. The water came aboard, wave after wave, as they raced down. They reached the bottom with the canoe upright, but so full as barely to float, and the paddlers urged her to the shore. They had nearly reached the bank when another whirlpool or whirling eddy tore them away and hurried them back to midstream, where the dugout filled and turned over. Joao, seizing the rope, started to swim ashore; the rope was pulled from his hand, but he reached the bank. Poor Simplicio must have been pulled under at once, and his life beaten out on the bowlders beneath the racing torrent. He never rose again, nor did we ever recover his body. Kermit clutched his rifle, his favorite 405 Winchester with which he had done most of his hunting both in Africa and America, and climbed on the bottom of the upset boat. In a minute he was swept into the second series of rapids, and whirled away from the rolling boat, losing his rifle. The water beat his helmet down over his head and face and drove him beneath the surface; and when he rose at last he was almost drowned, his breath and strength almost spent. He was in swift but quiet water, and swam toward an overhanging branch. His jacket hindered him, but he knew he was too nearly gone to be able to get it off, and, thinking with the curious calm one feels when death is but a moment away, he realized that the utmost his failing strength could do was to reach the branch. He reached, and clutched it, and then almost lacked strength to haul himself out on the land. Good Trigueiro had faithfully swum alongside him through the rapids, and now himself scrambled ashore. It was a very narrow escape. Kermit was a great comfort and help to me on the trip; but the fear of some fatal accident befalling him was always a nightmare to me. He was to be married as soon as the trip was over; and it did not seem to me that I could bear to bring bad tidings to his betrothed and to his mother.

Simplicio was unmarried. Later we sent to his mother all the money that would have been his had he lived. The following morning we put on one side of the post erected to mark our camping-spot the following inscription, in Portuguese:

In These Rapids Died Poor Simplicio.

It was a very bad thing to lose the canoe, but it was even worse to lose the rope and pulleys. This meant that it would be physically impossible to hoist big canoes up even small hills or rocky hillocks, such as had been so frequent beside the many rapids we had encountered. It was not wise to spend the four days necessary to build new canoes where we were, in danger of attack from the Indians. Moreover, new rapids might be very near, in which case the new canoes would hamper us. Yet the four remaining canoes would not carry all the loads and all the men, no matter how we cut the loads down; and we intended to cut everything down at once. We had been gone eighteen days. We had used over a third of our food. We had gone only 125 kilometers, and it was probable that we had at least five times, perhaps six or seven times, this distance still to go. We had taken a fortnight to descend rapids amounting in the aggregate to less than seventy yards of fall; a very few yards of fall make a dangerous rapid when the river is swollen and swift and there are obstructions. We had only one aneroid to determine our altitude, and therefore could make merely a loose approximation to it, but we probably had between two and three times this descent in the aggregate of rapids ahead of us. So far the country had offered little in the way of food except palm-tops. We had lost four canoes and one man. We were in the country of wild Indians, who shot well with their bows. It behooved us to go warily, but also to make all speed possible, if we were to avoid serious trouble. Two of our men were down with fever. . . . Another man, Julio, a fellow of powerful frame, was utterly worthless, being an inborn, lazy shirk with the heart of a ferocious cur in the body of a bullock. The others were good men, some of them very good indeed. . . .

THE LAST THREE days of March we spent in getting to the foot of the rapids in this gorge. Lyra and Kermit, with four of the best watermen, handled the empty canoes. The work was not only difficult and laborious in the extreme, but hazardous; for the walls of the gorge were so sheer that at the worst places they had to cling to narrow shelves on the face of the rock, while letting the canoes down with ropes. Meanwhile Rondon surveyed and cut a trail for the burden-bearers and superintended the portage of the loads. The rocky sides of the gorge were too steep for laden men to attempt to traverse them. Accordingly the trail had to go over the top of the mountain, both the ascent and the descent of the rock-strewn forest-clad slopes being very steep. It was hard work to carry loads over such a trail. From the top of the mountain, through an opening in the trees on the edge of a cliff there was a beautiful view of the country ahead. All around and in front of us there were ranges of low mountains about the height of the lower ridges of the Alleghenies. Their sides were steep and they were covered with the matted growth of the tropical forest. Our next camping-place, at the foot of the gorge, was almost beneath us, and from thence the river ran in a straight line, flecked with white water, for about a kilometer. Then it disappeared behind and between mountain ridges, which we supposed meant further rapids. It was a view well worth seeing; but, beautiful although the country ahead of us was, its character was such as to promise further hardships, difficulty, and exhausting labor, and especially further delay; and delay was a serious matter to men whose food supply was beginning to run short, whose equipment was reduced to the minimum, who for a month, with the utmost toil, had made very slow progress, and who had no idea of either the distance or the difficulties of the route in front of them. . . .

Under such conditions whatever is evil in men's natures comes to the front. On this day a strange and terrible tragedy occurred. One of the camaradas, a man of pure European blood, was a man named Julio. He was a very powerful fellow and had been importunately eager to come on the expedition; and he had the reputation of being a good worker. But, like so many men of higher standing, he had had no idea of what such an expedition really meant, and under the strain of toil, hardship, and danger his nature showed its true depths of selfishness, cowardice, and ferocity. He shirked all work. He shammed sickness.

On this morning, at the outset of the portage, Pedrinho discovered Julio stealing some of the men's dried meat. Shortly afterward Paishon rebuked him for, as usual, lagging behind. By this time we had reached the place where the canoes were tied to the bank and then taken down one at a time. We were sitting down, waiting for the last loads to be brought along the trail. Pedrinho was still in the camp we had left. Paishon had just brought in a load, left it on the ground with his carbine beside it, and returned on the trail for another load. Julio came in, put down his load, picked up the carbine, and walked back on the trail muttering to himself but showing no excitement. We thought nothing of it, for he was always muttering; and occasionally one of the men saw a monkey or big bird and tried to shoot it, so it was never surprising to see a man with a carbine.

In a minute we heard a shot; and in a short time three or four of the men came up the trail to tell us that Paishon was dead, having been shot by Julio, who had fled into the woods.

Colonel Rondon and Lyra were ahead; I sent a messenger for them, directed Cherrie and Kermit to stay where they were and guard the canoes and provisions, and started down the trail with the doctor—an absolutely cool and plucky man, with a revolver but no rifle—and a couple of the camaradas. We soon passed the dead body of poor Paishon. He lay in a huddle, in a pool of his own blood, where he had fallen, shot through the heart. I feared that Julio had run amuck, and intended merely to take more lives before he died, and that he would begin with Pedrinho, who was alone and unarmed in the camp we had left. . . . However, he was not there, and the others soon joined us with the welcome news that they had found the carbine.

The murderer had stood to one side of the path and killed his victim, when a dozen paces off, with deliberate and malignant purpose. Then evidently his murderous hatred had at once given way to his innate cowardice; and, perhaps hearing some one coming along the path, he fled in panic terror into the wilderness. A tree had knocked the carbine from his hand. His footsteps showed that after going some rods he had started to return, doubtless for the carbine, but had fled again, probably because the body had then been discovered. It was questionable whether or not he would live to reach the Indian villages, which were probably his goal.

The men were growing constantly weaker under the endless strain of exhausting labor. Kermit was having an attack of fever, and Lyra and Cherrie had touches of dysentery, but all three continued to work. While in the water trying to help with an upset canoe I had by my own clumsiness bruised my leg against a boulder; and the resulting inflammation was somewhat bothersome. I now had a sharp attack of fever, but thanks to the excellent care of the doctor, was over it in about forty-eight hours; but Kermit's fever grew worse and he too was unable to work for a day or two. . . .

The next day we made another long portage round some rapids, and camped at night still in the hot, wet, sunless atmosphere of the gorge. The following day, April 6, we portaged past another set of rapids, which proved to be the last of the rapids of the chasm. . . .

* * * * * *

We were putting on the map an absolutely unknown river, running through between five and six degrees of latitude—of between seven and eight if, as should properly be done, the lower Ariupanan is included as part of it—of which no geographer, in any map published in Europe, or the United States or Brazil, had even admitted the possibility of existence; for the place actually occupied by it was filled, on the maps, by other—imaginary—streams, or by mountain ranges. . . .

We had passed the period when there was a chance of peril, or disaster, to the whole expedition. There might be risk ahead to individuals, and some difficulties and annoyances for all of us; but there was no longer the least likelihood of any disaster to the expedition as a whole. We now no longer had to face continual anxiety, the need of constant economy with food, the duty of labor with no end in sight, and bitter uncertainty as to the future.

It was time to get out. The wearing work, under very unhealthy conditions, was beginning to tell on every one. Half of the camaradas had been down with fever and were much weakened; only a few of them retained their original physical and moral strength. Cherrie and Kermit had recovered; but both Kermit and Lyra still had bad sores on their legs from the bruises received in the water work. I was in worse shape. The after effects of the fever still hung on; and the leg which had been hurt while working in the rapids with the sunken canoe had taken a turn for the bad and developed an abscess. . . . I could hardly hobble, and was pretty well laid up. But "there aren't no 'stop, conductor,' while a battery's changing ground." No man has any business to go on such a trip as ours unless he will refuse to jeopardize the welfare of his associates by any delay caused by a weakness or ailment of his. It is his duty to go forward, if necessary on all fours, until he drops. Fortunately, I was put to no such test. I remained in good shape until we had passed the last of the rapids of the chasms. When my serious trouble came we had only canoe-riding ahead of us. It is not ideal for a sick man to spend the hottest hours of the day stretched on the boxes in the bottom of a small open dugout, under the well-nigh intolerable heat of the torrid sun of the mid-tropics, varied by blinding, drenching downpours of rain; but I could not be sufficiently grateful for the chance. Kermit and Cherrie took care of me as if they had been trained nurses; and Colonel Rondon and Lyra were no less thoughtful.

The north was calling strongly to the three men of the north—Rocky Dell Farm to Cherrie, Sagamore Hill to me; and to Kermit the call was stronger still. After nightfall we could now see the Dipper well above the horizon—upside down, with the two pointers pointing to a north star below the world's rim; but the Dipper, with all its stars. In our home country spring had now come, the wonderful northern spring of long, glorious days, of brooding twilights, of cool delightful nights. Robin and bluebird, meadowlark and song sparrow, were singing in the mornings at home; the maple-buds were red; windflowers and bloodroot were blooming while the last patches of snow still lingered; the rapture of the hermit-thrush in Vermont, the serene golden melody of the wood-thrush on Long Island, would be heard before we were there to listen. Each man to his home, and to his true love! Each was longing for the homely things that were so dear to him, for the home people who were dearer still, and for the one who was dearest of all.

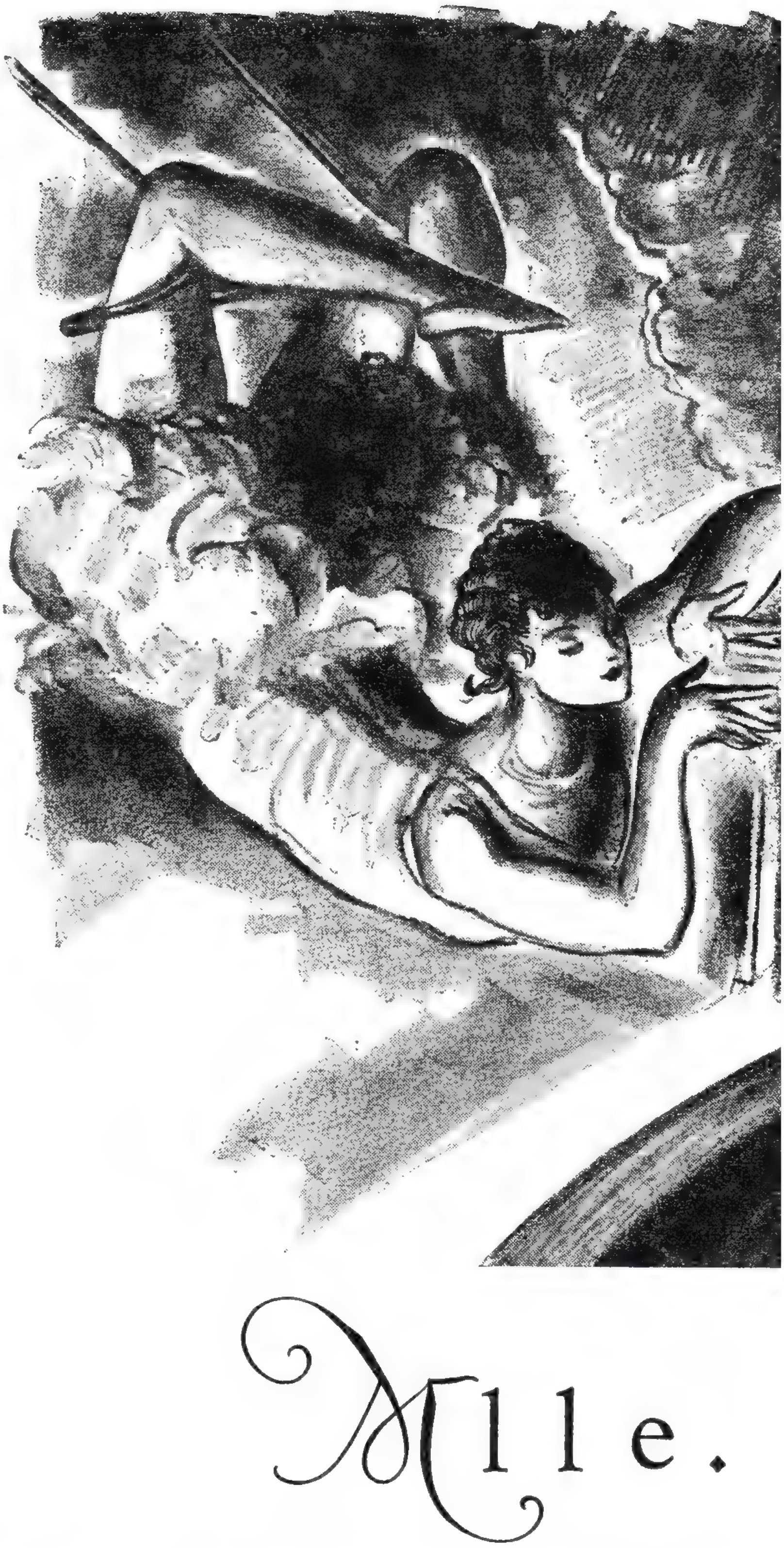
◆ ◆

A Son Pays Tribute to His Father

Sick as he was, he gave no one any trouble. He would walk slowly over the portages (where till the sickness came he had worked with the youngest), resting every little while, and when the fever was not too severe, we would, when we reached the farther end with the canoes, find him sitting propped against a tree, reading a volume of Gibbon, or perhaps the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. There was one particularly black night. The fever was high and father was out of his head. The scene is vivid before me. The black rushing river with the great trees towering high above along the bank; the sodden earth under foot; for a few moments the stars would be shining and then the sky would cloud over and the rain would fall in torrents, shutting out sky and trees and river. Father first began with poetry. Over and over again he repeated: " 'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure-dome decree,' " then he started talking at random, but gradually he centered down to the question of supplies, which was, of course, occupying every one's mind. Part of the time he knew that I was there, and he would then ask me if I thought Cherrie had had enough to eat to keep going. Then he would forget my presence and keep saying to himself: "I can't work now, so I don't need much food, but he and Cherrie have worked all day with the canoes, they must have part of mine."

Kermit Roosevelt.

VAN TWILLER lost his heart to an airy enchantress. But the flying trapeze has no more graceful feats than this story's surprizing end.

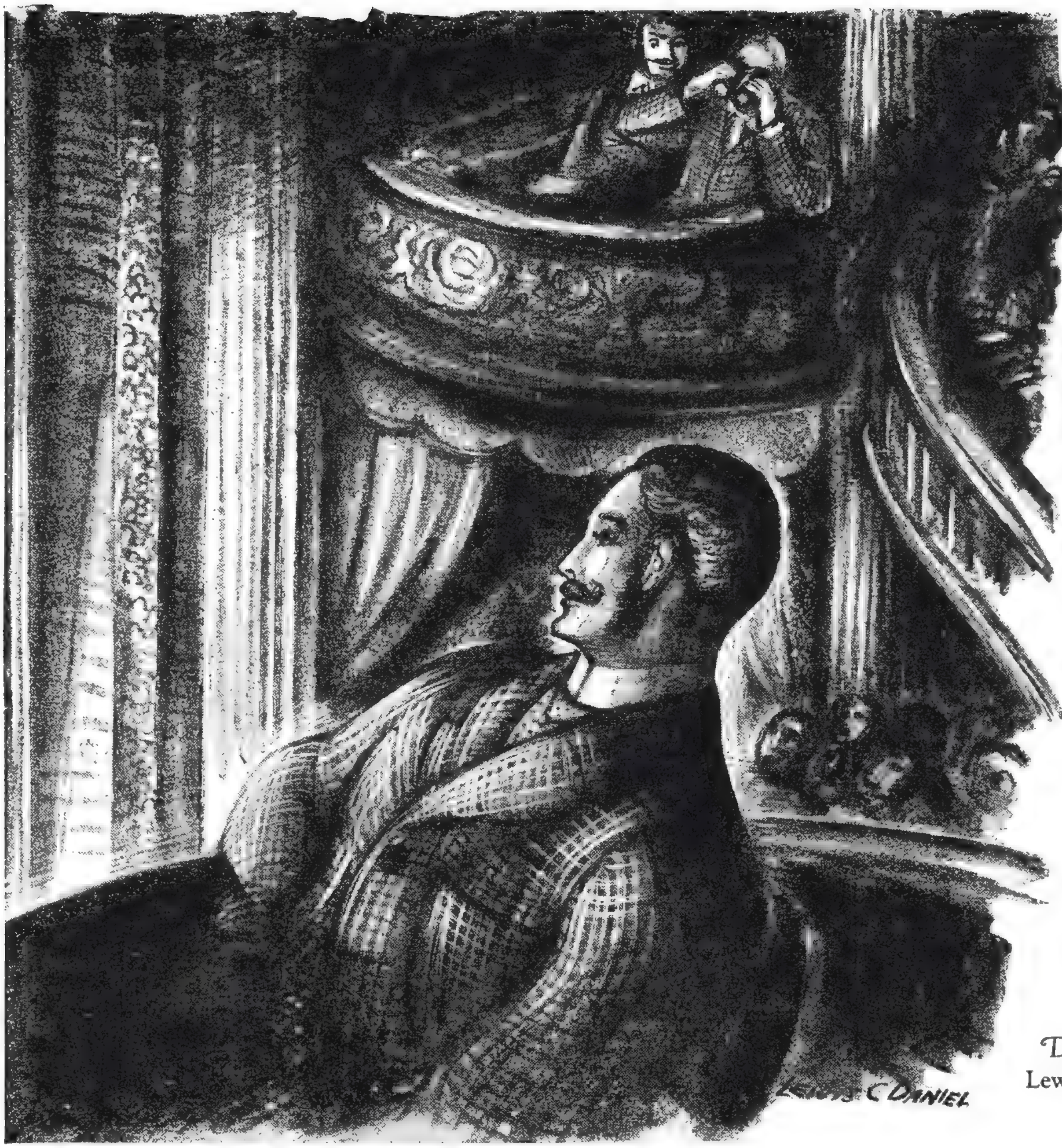


Mlle.

We are accustomed to speak with a certain light irony of the tendency which women have to gossip, as if the sin itself, if it is a sin, were of the gentler sex, and could by no chance, be a masculine peccadillo. So far as my observation goes, men are as much given to small talk as women, and it is undeniable that we have produced the highest type of gossiper extant. Where will you find, in or out of literature, such another droll, delightful, chatty busybody as Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of those fortunate gentlemen, Charles II. and James II. of England? He is the king of tattlers, as Shakespeare is the king of poets.

If it came to a matter of pure gossip, I would back Our Club against the Sorosis or any women's club in existence. Whenever you see in our drawing-room four or five young fellows lounging in easy chairs, cigar in hand, and now and then bringing their heads together over the small round Japanese table which is always the pivot of these social circles, you may be sure they are discussing Tom's engagement, or Dick's extravagance, or Harry's hopeless passion for the younger Miss Fleurdelys. It is here that old Tippleton gets execrated for that everlasting *bon mot* of his which was quite a success at dinner parties forty years ago; it is here the belle of the season passes under the scalpels of merciless young surgeons; it is here B's financial condition is handled in a way that would make B's hair stand on end; it is here, in short, that everything is canvassed—everything that happens in our set, I mean—much that never happens, and a great deal that could not possibly happen. It was at Our Club that I learned the particulars of the Van Twiller affair.

It was great entertainment to Our Club, the Van Twiller affair, though it was rather a joyless thing, I fancy, for Van Twiller. To understand the case fully it should be understood that Ralph Van Twiller is one of the proudest and most sensitive men living. He is a lineal descendant of Wouter Van Twiller, the famous old Dutch governor of New York—Nieuw Amsterdam, as it was then; his ancestors have always been burgomasters or admirals or generals, and his mother is the Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van



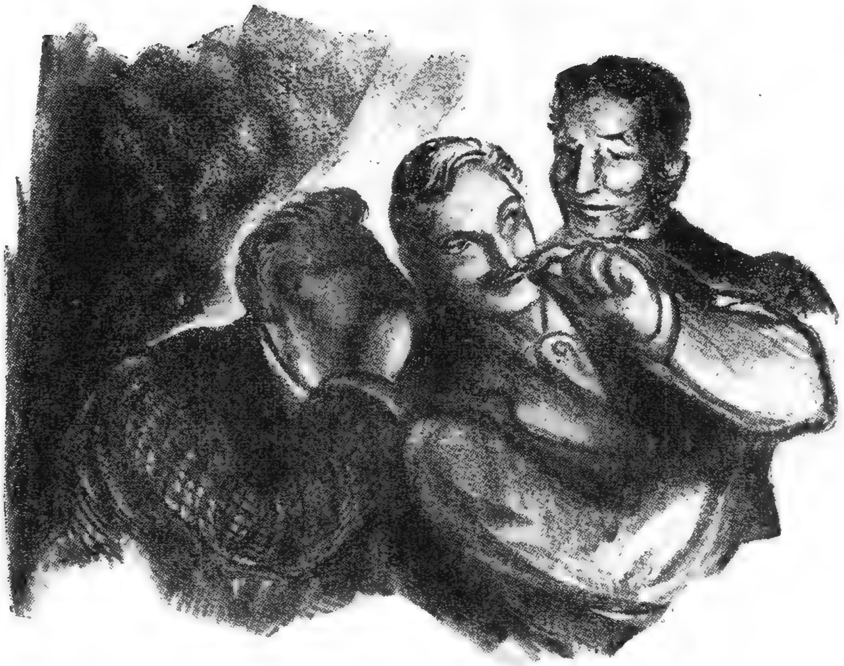
Drawings by
Lewis C. Daniel

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Olympe Zabriski

Twiller whose magnificent place will be pointed out to you on the bank of the Hudson, as you pass up the historic river towards Idlewild. Ralph is about twenty-five years old. Birth made him a gentleman, and the rise of real estate—some of it in the family since the old governor's time—made him a millionaire. It was a kindly fairy that stepped in and made him a good fellow also. Fortune, I take it, was in her most jocund mood when she heaped her gifts in this fashion on Van Twiller, who was, and will be again, when this cloud blows over, the flower of our famous club.

About a year ago there came a whisper—if the word "whisper" is not too harsh a term to apply to what seemed a mere breath floating gently through the atmosphere of the billiard-room—imparting the intelligence that Van Twiller was in some kind of trouble. Just as everybody suddenly takes to wearing square-toed boots, or to drawing his neck-scarf through a ring, so it became all at once the fashion, without any preconcerted agreement, for everybody to



“This time the whisper said, Van Twiller was in love.”

speak of Van Twiller as a man in some way under a cloud. But what the cloud was, and how he got under it, and why he did not get away from it, were points that lifted themselves into the realm of pure conjecture. There was no man in the club with strong enough wing to his imagination to soar to the supposition that Van Twiller was embarrassed in money matters. Was he in love? That appeared nearly as improbable; for if he had been in love all the world—that is, perhaps a hundred first families—would have known all about it instantly.

“He has the symptoms,” said Delaney, laughing. “I remember that time a year ago when Jack Flemming——”

“Ned!” cried Flemming, “I protest against any allusion to that business.”

This was one night when Van Twiller had wandered into the club, turned over the magazines absently in the reading-room, and wandered out again without speaking ten words. The most careless eye would have remarked the great change that had come over Van Twiller. Now and then he would play a game of billiards with Bret Harte or John Hay, or stop to chat a moment in the vestibule with Whitelaw Reid; but he was an altered man. When at the club he was usually to be found in the small smoking-room upstairs, seated on a fauteuil fast asleep, with the last number of *The Nation* in his hand. Once if you went to two or three places of an evening you were certain to meet Van Twiller at them all. You seldom met him in society now.

By and by came whisper number two, a whisper more emphatic than number one, but still untraceable to any tangible mouthpiece. This time the whisper said Van Twiller *was* in love. But with whom? The list of possible Mrs. Van Twillers was carefully examined by experienced hands, and a check placed against a fine old Knickerbocker name here and there, but nothing satisfactory arrived at. Then that same still small voice of rumor, but now with an easily detected staccato sharpness to it, said that Van Twiller was in love—with an actress! Van Twiller, whom it had taken all these years and all this waste of raw material in the way of ancestors to bring to perfection—Ralph Van Twiller, the net result and flower of his race, the descendant of Wouter, the son of Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller—in love with an actress! That was too ridiculous to be believed—and so everybody believed it.

Six or seven members of the club abruptly discovered in themselves an unsuspected latent passion for the histrionic art. In squads of two or three they stormed successively all the theaters in town—Booth's, Wallack's, Daly's Fifth Avenue (not burnt down then), and the Grand Opera House. Even the shabby home of the drama over in the Bowery, where the Germanic Thespis has not taken out his naturalization papers, underwent rigid exploration. But no clew was found to Van Twiller's mysterious attachment. The *opéra bouffe,* which promised the widest field for investigation, produced absolutely nothing, not even a crop of suspicions.

One night, after several weeks of this fruitless investigation, Delaney and I fancied we caught a glimpse of Van Twiller in the private box of an uptown theater, where some thrilling trapeze performance was going on which we did not care to sit through; but we concluded afterwards it was only somebody that looked like him. Delaney, by the way, was unusually active in this search. I dare say he never quite forgave Van Twiller for calling him Muslin Delaney. Ned is fond of ladies' society and that's a fact.

The Cimmerian darkness which surrounded Van Twiller's inamorata left us free to indulge in the wildest conjectures. Whether she was black-tressed Melpomene, with bowl and dagger, or Thalia, with the fair hair and the laughing face, was only to be guessed at. It was popularly conceded, however, that Van Twiller was on the point of forming a dreadful *mésalliance.*

Up to this period he had visited the club regularly. Suddenly he ceased to appear. He was not seen on Broadway, or in Central Park, or at the houses he generally frequented. His chambers—and mighty comfortable ones they were—on Thirty-fourth Street were deserted. He had dropped out of the world, shot like a bright particular star from his orbit in the heaven of best society.

"Where's Van Twiller?"

"Who's seen Van Twiller?"

"What has become of Van Twiller?"

Delaney picked up the *Evening Post*, and read, with a solemnity that betrayed young Firkins into exclaiming, "By Jove, now!"

"Married, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Friar Laurence, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Montague Capulet, Esq., Miss Adrienne Le Couvreur to Mr. Ralph Van Twiller, both of this city. No cards."

"It strikes me," said Frank Livingstone, who had been ruffling the leaves of a magazine at the other end of the table, "that you fellows are in a great fever about Van Twiller."

"So we are."

"Well, he has simply gone out of town."

"Where?"

"Up to the old homestead on the Hudson."

"It's an odd time of year for a fellow to go into the country."

"He has gone to visit his mother," said Livingstone.

"In February?"

"I didn't know, Delaney, there was any statute in force prohibiting a man from visiting his mother in February if he wants to."

Delaney made some light remark about the pleasure of communing with Nature with a cold in her head, and the topic was dropped.

Livingstone was hand in glove with Van Twiller, and if any man shared his confidence it was Livingstone. He was aware of the gossip and speculation that had been rife in the club, but he either was not at liberty or did not think it worth while to relieve our curiosity. In the course of a week or two it was reported that Van Twiller was going to Europe; and go he did. A dozen of us went down to the *Scotia* to see him off. It was refreshing to have something as positive as the fact that Van Twiller had sailed.

II

Shortly after Van Twiller's departure the whole thing came out. Whether Livingstone found the secret too heavy a burden, or whether it transpired through some indiscretion on the part of Mrs. Vanrensselaer Van Twiller, I cannot say; but one evening the entire story was in the possession of the club.

Van Twiller had actually been very deeply interested—not in an actress, for the legitimate drama was not her humble walk in life, but—in Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski, whose really perilous feats on the trapeze had astonished New York the year before, though they had failed to attract Delaney and me the night we wandered into the uptown theater on the trail of Van Twiller's mystery.

That a man like Van Twiller should be fascinated for an instant by a common circus-girl seems incredible; but it is always the incredible thing that happens. Besides, Mademoiselle Olympe was not a common circus-girl; she was a most daring and startling gymnast, with a beauty and a grace of movement that gave to her audacious performance almost an air of prudery. Watching her wondrous dexterity and pliant strength, both exercised without apparent effort, it seemed the most natural proceeding in the world that she should do those miraculous things. She had a way of melting from one graceful posture into another, like the dissolving figures thrown from a stereopticon. She was a lithe, radiant shape out of the Grecian mythology, now poised up there above the gas-lights, and now gleaming through the air like a slender gilt arrow.

I am describing Mademoiselle Olympe as she appeared to Van Twiller on the first occasion when he strolled into the theater where she was performing. To me she was a girl of eighteen or twenty years of age (maybe she was much older, for pearl-powder and distance keep these people perpetually young), slightly but exquisitely built, with sinews of silver wire; rather pretty, perhaps, after a manner, but showing plainly the effects of the exhaustive drafts she was making on her physical vitality. Now, Van Twiller was an enthusiast on the subject of calisthenics. "If I had a daughter," Van Twiller used to say, "I wouldn't send her to a boarding-school, or a nunnery; I'd send her to a gymnasium for the first five years. Our American women have no physique. They are lilies, pallid, pretty—and perishable. You marry an American woman, and what do you marry? A headache. Look at the English girls. They are at least roses, and last the season through."

Walking home from the theater that first night, it flitted through Van Twiller's mind that if he could give this girl's set of nerves and muscles to any one of the two hundred high-bred women he knew, he would marry her on the spot and worship her forever.

The following evening he went to see Mademoiselle Olympe again. "Olympe Zabriski," he thought, as he sauntered through the lobby, "what a queer name! Olympe is French, and Zabriski is Polish. It is her *nom de guerre*, of course; her real name is probably Sarah Jones. What kind of creature can she be in private life, I wonder? I wonder if she wears that costume all the time, and if she springs to her meals from a horizontal bar. Of course she rocks the baby to sleep on the trapeze." And Van Twiller went on making comical domestic tableaux of Mademoiselle Zabriski, like the clever, satirical dog he was, until the curtain rose.

This was on a Friday. There was a matinée the next day, and he attended that, though he had secured a seat for the usual evening entertainment. Then it became a habit of Van Twiller's to drop into the theater for half an hour or so every night, to assist at the interlude, in which she appeared. He cared only for her part of the program, and timed his visits accordingly. It was a surprise to himself when he reflected, one morning, that he had not missed a single performance of Mademoiselle Olympe for two weeks.

"This will never do," said Van Twiller. "Olympe"—he called her Olympe, as if she were an old acquaintance, and so she might have been considered by that time—"is a wonderful creature; but this will never do. Van, my boy, you must reform this altogether."

But half-past nine that night saw him in his accustomed orchestra chair, and so on for another week. A habit leads a man so gently in the beginning that he does not perceive he is led—with what silken

Thomas B. Aldrich

GRACEFUL, *witty, handsome and assured, with a wife as young and charming as himself, twin sons, and unmatchable friends (such as Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes), Thomas Bailey Aldrich led a life in Boston in 1870-1880 "as near Paradise as a mortal may expect to attain."*

In these idyllic conditions his powers expanded and matured, and the young sentimental poet from New York rapidly developed into the author of The Story of a Bad Boy, Marjorie Daw, Two Bites at a Cherry *and* Ponkapog Papers. *And when in 1881 he succeeded William Dean Howells as editor of the* Atlantic Monthly *that magazine became the touchstone of the country's literary taste. Humor, delicacy, and a rare precision of style mark both his poetry and prose, and the charming unexpectedness of* Mlle. Olympe Zabriski *is Aldrich at his best.*

threads and down what pleasant avenues it leads him! By and by the soft silk threads become iron chains, and the pleasant avenues Avernus!

Quite a new element had lately entered into Van Twiller's enjoyment of Mademoiselle Olympe's ingenious feats—a vaguely born apprehension that she might slip from that swinging bar, that one of the thin cords supporting it might snap and let her go headlong from the dizzy height. Now and then, for a terrible instant, he would imagine her lying a glittering, palpitating heap at the footlights, with no color in her lips! Sometimes it seemed as if the girl were tempting this kind of fate. It was a hard, bitter life, and nothing but poverty and sordid misery at home could have driven her to it. What if she should end it all some night by just unclasping that little hand? It looked so small and white from where Van Twiller sat!

This frightful idea fascinated while it chilled him, and helped to make it nearly impossible for him to keep away from the theater. In the beginning his attendance had not interfered with his social duties or pleasures; but now he came to find it distasteful after dinner to do anything but read, or walk the streets aimlessly, until it was time to go to the play. When that was over, he was in no mood to go anywhere but to his rooms. So he dropped away by insensible degrees from his habitual haunts, was missed, and began to be talked about at the club. Catching some intimation of this, he ventured no more in the orchestra stalls, but shrouded himself behind the draperies of the private box in which Delaney and I thought we saw him on one occasion.

Now, I find it very perplexing to explain what Van Twiller was wholly unable to explain to himself. He was not in love with Mademoiselle Olympe. He had no wish to speak to her, or to hear her speak. Nothing could have been easier, and nothing further from his desire, than to know her personally. A Van Twiller personally acquainted with a strolling female acrobat! Good heavens! That was something possible only with the discovery of perpetual motion. Taken from her theatrical setting, from her lofty perch, so to say, on the trapeze-bar, Olympe Zabriski would have shocked every aristocratic fiber in Van Twiller's body. He was simply fascinated by her marvelous grace and *élan,* and the magnetic recklessness of the girl. It was very young in him and very weak, and no member of the Sorosis, or all the Sorosisters together, could have been more severe on Van Twiller than he himself. To be weak, and to know it, is something of a punishment for a proud man. Van Twiller took his punishment, and went to the theater, regularly.

"When her engagement comes to an end," he meditated, "that will finish the business."

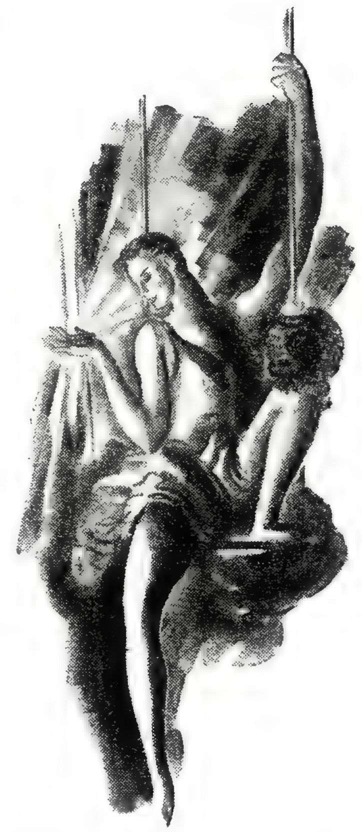
Mademoiselle Olympe's engagement finally did come to an end, and she departed. But her engagement had been highly beneficial to the treasury-chest of the uptown theater, and before Van Twiller could get over missing her she had returned from a short Western tour, and her immediate reappearance was underlined on the playbills.

On a dead-wall opposite the windows of Van Twiller's sleeping-room there appeared, as if by necromancy, an aggressive poster with *Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski* on it in letters at least a foot high. This thing stared him in the face when he woke up one morning. It gave him a sensation as if she had called on him overnight and left her card.

From time to time through the day he regarded that poster with a sardonic eye. He had pitilessly resolved not to repeat the folly of the previous month. To say that this moral victory cost him nothing would be to deprive it of merit. It cost him many internal struggles. It is a fine thing to see a man seizing his temptation by the throat, and wrestling with it, and trampling it under foot like St. Anthony. This was the spectacle Van Twiller was exhibiting to the angels.

The evening Mademoiselle Olympe was to make her reappearance, Van Twiller, having dined at the club and feeling more like himself than he had felt for weeks, returned to his chamber, and putting on dressing-gown and slippers, piled up the greater portion of his library about him, and fell to reading assiduously. There is nothing like a quiet evening at home with some slight intellectual occupation, after one's feathers have been stroked the wrong way.

When the lively French clock on the mantel-piece—a base of malachite surmounted by a flying bronze Mercury with its arms spread gracefully on the air, and not remotely suggestive of Mademoiselle Olympe in the act of executing her grand flight from the trapeze—when the clock, I repeat, struck nine, Van Twiller paid no attention to it. That was certainly a triumph. I am anxious to render Van Twiller all the justice I can at this point of the narrative, inasmuch as when the half-hour sounded musically, like a crystal ball dropping into a silver bowl, he rose from the chair automatically, thrust his feet into his walking shoes, threw his coat across his arm, and strode out of the room.



“You won't feel bad if i sell the bracelett.”

To be weak and scorn your weakness, and not be able to conquer it, is, as has been said, a hard thing, and I suspect it was not with unalloyed satisfaction that Van Twiller found himself taking his seat in the back part of the private box night after night during the second engagement of Mademoiselle Olympe. It was so easy not to stay away!

In this second edition of Van Twiller's fatuity, his case was even worse than before. He not only thought of Olympe quite a number of times between breakfast and dinner, he not only attended the interlude regularly, but he began, in spite of himself, to occupy his leisure hours at night by dreaming of her. This was too much of a good thing, and Van Twiller regarded it so. Besides, the dream was always the same—a harrowing dream, a dream singularly adapted to shattering the nerves of a man like Van Twiller. He would imagine himself seated at the theater (with all the members of Our Club in the parquette), watching Mademoiselle Olympe as usual, when suddenly that young lady would launch herself desperately from the trapeze, and come flying through the air like a firebrand hurled at his private box. Then the unfortunate man would wake up with cold drops standing on his forehead.

There is one redeeming feature in this infatuation of Van Twiller's which the sober moralist will love to look upon—the serene unconsciousness of the person who caused it. She went through her role with admirable aplomb, drew her salary, it may be assumed, punctually, and appears from first to last to have been ignorant that there was a miserable slave wearing her chains nightly in the left-hand proscenium-box.

That Van Twiller, haunting the theater with the persistency of an ex-actor, conducted himself so discreetly as not to draw the fire of Mademoiselle Olympe's blue eyes shows that Van Twiller, however deeply under a spell, was not in love. I say this, though I think if Van Twiller had not been Van Twiller, if he had been a man of no family and no position and no money, if New York had been Paris, and Thirty-fourth Street a street in the Latin Quarter—but it is useless to speculate on what might have happened. What did happen is sufficient.

It happened, then, in the second week of Queen Olympe's second unconscious reign, that an appalling Whisper floated up the Hudson, effected a landing at a point between Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Cold Spring, and sought out a stately mansion of Dutch architecture standing on the bank of the river. The Whisper straightway informed the lady dwelling in this mansion that all was not well with the last of the Van Twillers, that he was gradually estranging himself from his peers, and wasting his nights in a playhouse watching a misguided young woman turning unmaidenly somersaults on a piece of wood attached to two ropes.

Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller came down to town by the next train to look into this little matter. She found the flower of the family taking an early breakfast at 11 A. M., in his apartments on Thirty-fourth Street. With the least possible circumlocution she confronted him with what rumor had reported of his pursuits, and was pleased, but not too much pleased, when he gave her an exact account of his relations with Mademoiselle Zabriski, neither concealing nor qualifying anything. As a confession, it was unique, and might have been a great deal less entertaining. Two or three times in the course of the narrative the matron had some difficulty in preserving the gravity of her countenance. After meditating a few minutes she tapped Van Twiller softly on the arm with the tip of her parasol, and invited him to return with her the next day up the Hudson and make a brief visit at the home of his ancestors. He accepted the invitation with outward alacrity and inward disgust.

When this was settled, and the worthy lady had withdrawn, Van Twiller went directly to the establishment of Messrs. Ball, Black and Company and selected, with unerring taste, the finest diamond bracelet procurable. For his mother? Dear me, no! She had the family jewels.

I would not like to state the enormous sum Van Twiller paid for this bracelet. It was such a clasp of diamonds as would have hastened the pulsation of a patrician wrist. It was such a bracelet as Prince Camaralzaman might have sent to the Princess Badoura, and she might have been very glad to get.

IN THE FRAGRANT Levant morocco case, where these happy jewels lived when they were at home, Van Twiller thoughtfully placed his card, on the back of which he had written a line begging Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski to accept the accompanying trifle from one who had witnessed her graceful performances with interest and pleasure. This was not done inconsiderately. “Of course I must enclose my card, as I would to any lady,” Van Twiller had said to himself; “a Van Twiller can neither write an anonymous letter nor make an anonymous present.” Blood entails its duties as well as its privileges.

The casket despatched to its destination, Van Twiller felt easier in his mind. He was under obligations to the girl for many an agreeable hour that might otherwise have passed heavily. He had paid the debt, and he had paid it *en prince,* as became a Van Twiller. He spent the rest of the day in looking at some pictures at Goupil's, and at the club, and in making a few purchases for his trip up the Hudson. A consciousness that this trip up the Hudson was a disorderly retreat unworthy of a Van Twiller came over him unpleasantly at intervals.

When he returned to his rooms late at night, he found a note lying on the writing-table. He started as his eye caught the words "—— Theater" stamped in carmine letters on one corner of the envelope. Van Twiller broke the seal with trembling fingers.

Now, this note sometime afterwards fell into the hands of Livingstone, who showed it to Stuyvesant, who showed it to Flemming, who showed it to Delaney, who showed it to me, and I copied it as a literary curiosity. The note ran as follows:

MR. VAN TWILLER DEAR SIR—i am verry greatfull to you for that Bracelett. it come just in the nic of time for me. The Mademoiselle Zabriski dodg is about plaid out. My beard is getting to much for me. i shall have to grow a mustash and take to some other line of busyness, i dont no what now, but will let you no. You wont feel bad if i sell that Bracelett. i have seen Abrahams Moss and he says he will do the square thing. Pleas accep my thanks for youre Beautifull and Unexpected present.

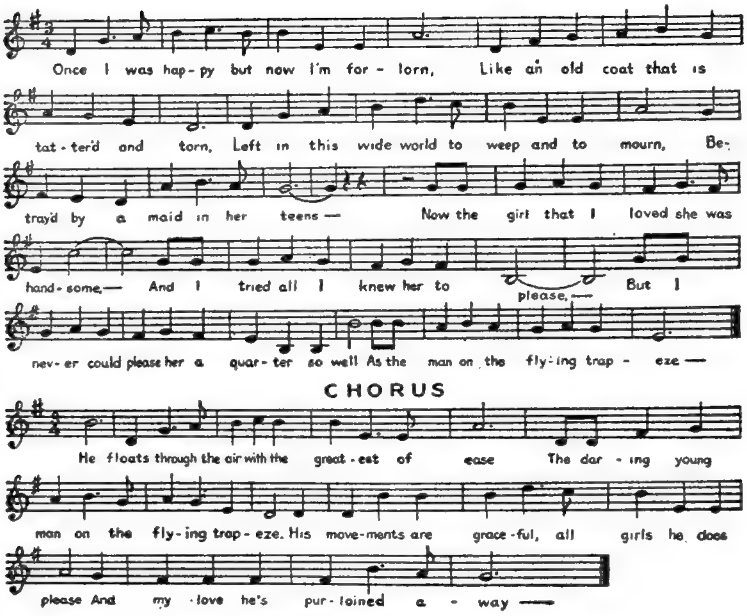
Youre respectfull servent,
CHARLES MONTMORENCI WALTERS.

The next day Van Twiller neither expressed nor felt any unwillingness to spend a few weeks with his mother at the old homestead. And then he went abroad.

◆

The Man on the Flying Trapeze

The greatest song of the "Singing Clowns" of the '60s, favorite entertainers when circus tents were small.


Once I was hap-py but now I'm for - lorn, Like an old coat that is
tat-ter'd and torn, Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn, Be-
tray'd by a maid in her teens — Now the girl that I loved she was
hand-some,— And I tried all I knew her to please,— But I
nev-er could please her a quar-ter so well As the man on the fly-ing trap - eze —
CHORUS
He floats through the air with the great-est of ease The dar - ing young
man on the fly-ing trap-eze. His move-ments are grace-ful, all girls he does
please And my love he's pur-loined a - way —

Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tatter'd and torn,
Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
Betray'd by a maid in her teens.

Now the girl that I lov'd she was handsome,
And I tried all I knew her to please,
But I never could please her a quarter so well
As the man on the flying trapeze.

Chorus:

He floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he's purloined away.

Her father and mother were both on my side
And very hard tried to make her my own bride.
Her father he sighed and her mother she cried
To see her throw herself away.

'Twas all no avail, she went there every night
To see him perform on the stage
Which caused her to meet him. How he ran me down
To tell it would take a whole page.

Chorus:

He floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he's purloined away.

One night I, as usual, went to her dear home,
Found there her mother and father alone.
I asked for my love, and soon 'twas made known
To my horror that she'd run away.

She packed up her boxes, eloped in the night,
With him with the greatest of ease.
From two stories up he had lowered her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze.

Chorus:

He floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he's purloined away.

Some months after that I went into a hall,
To my surprise I found there on a wall
A bill in red letters which did my heart gall
That she was appearing with him.

He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights
To help him to live at his ease.
He'd made her assume a masculine name
And now she goes on the trapeze.

Chorus:

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze;
She does all the work while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love.

J. J. Lankes

The 3 Questions

By LEO TOLSTOY

THERE WAS ONCE a king who had a bright idea. If he could find out exactly the right time to begin everything and exactly the right people to listen to and, most important of all, precisely what was the most important thing to do at any moment, he might always be sure of success.

Having had this happy thought, the king proclaimed that he would pay a colossal reward to any wise man who could tell him these three things. And wise men from all over the world came to advise him.

Some said that to know the right time for everything a schedule should be made up for years and followed exactly. Others said that idle pastimes should be avoided and only what was most necessary should be considered the right action for the right moment.

And so it went, not only for the first question but for the second and third questions as well—the answers were all as varied and different as could be. There was no way whatever of telling which answers were the right ones. But, still seeking the right answers, the king set out to consult a hermit who was widely renowned for his sagacity.

The hermit lived alone in a wood and received only common people, so the king had to disguise himself.

As the king approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the stranger—not knowing he was the king—he greeted him and went on with his digging. The king went to him and said:

"Wise hermit, I have come to you to ask three questions. First, how can I know how to do the right thing at the right time? Second, how can I tell who the people are whom I need most? And third, how is it possible to decide what is the most important thing of all at any time?"

The hermit listened gravely, then spat on his hands and went on with his digging.

"You are tired," said the king. "Let me take your spade and dig awhile for you."

"Many thanks," said the hermit.

When he had dug awhile, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit still gave no answer to any of them, but reached for the spade and said:

"Now you rest awhile and let me work a bit."

But the king did not give the hermit his spade. Instead, he continued to dig. One hour passed, then another, and the king finally stuck the spade and said:

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my three questions. If you cannot help me, I will depart."

Just then someone came running. He held his hands pressed against his stomach, and blood was flowing red between his fingers. The king and the hermit hastily loosened the wounded man's clothing. The king washed the wound as best he could and bandaged it with his handkerchief and one of the hermit's towels. When the man revived, he wanted something to quench his thirst. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him.

Meanwhile the sun had set and the air was cool. So the king, with the hermit's help, carried the man into the hut and put him on a cot. The king also lay down in the hut, and slept through the summer night.

When the king awoke he saw the bearded man looking at him.

"Forgive me!" cried the wounded man.

"Why?" asked the king. "I do not know you."

"But I know you," said the man. "I am that enemy of yours who swore revenge because you executed my brother and seized his property. I learned you had gone alone to the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your return. Your guard recognized and wounded me. I escaped, but I should have died had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you saved my life. Now, if I live, I shall be your most faithful slave. Forgive me!"

The king not only forgave him but promised to send medical aid. The king then sought the hermit to repeat his three questions.

"You are already answered!" said the hermit.

"How answered? What do you mean?"

"Like this," said the hermit. "If you had not taken pity on my poor strength yesterday and had not dug those holes for me, but had gone on your way, that man would have attacked you.

"Therefore, the most important time was when you were helping me to dig, and at that moment I was the most important man, and to help me was at that time the most important thing for you to be doing. Then, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not done so he might have died without making peace with you. So was he also at that time the most important man, and what you were doing for him was your most important business.

"Remember, then, that there is only one time that is important—it is now. It is the most important time because it is the only time when anyone can act. The most necessary person is he who is with you now, or at any time, because no one knows whether he will ever have dealings with anyone else. The most important business is to do this man who is with you good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

EVERY man is cock-sure of his own idea of the truth, but cannot know that his idea is right.

Natural Law

It is not enough for the knight of romance that you agree that his lady is a very nice girl—if you do not admit that she is the best that God ever made or will make, you must fight. There is in all men a demand for the superlative, so much so that the poor devil who has no other way of reaching it attains it by getting drunk. It seems to me that this demand is at the bottom of the philosopher's effort to prove that truth is absolute and of the jurist's search for criteria of universal validity which he collects under the head of natural law.

I used to say, when I was young, that truth was the majority vote of that nation that could lick all others. Certainly I think that the statement was correct in so far as it implied that our test of truth is a reference to either a present or an imagined future majority in favor of our view. If, as I have suggested elsewhere, the truth may be defined as the system of my (intellectual) limitations, what gives it objectivity is the fact that I find my fellow man to a greater or less extent (never wholly) subject to the same *Can't Helps.* If I think that I am sitting at a table I find that the other persons present agree with me; so if I say that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. If I am in a minority of one they send for a doctor or lock me up; and I am so far able to transcend the, to me, convincing testimony of my senses or my reason as to recognize that if I am alone probably something is wrong with my works.

Certitude is not the test of certainty. We have been cock-sure of many things that were not so. If I may quote myself again, property, friendship, and truth have a common root in time. One can not be wrenched from the rocky crevices into which one has grown for many years without feeling that one is attacked in one's life. What we most love and revere generally is determined by early associations. I love granite rocks and barberry bushes, no doubt because with them were my earliest joys that reach back through the past eternity of my life. But while one's experience thus makes certain preferences dogmatic for oneself, recognition of how they came to be so leaves one able to see that others, poor souls, may be equally dogmatic about something else. And this again means scepticism. Not that one's belief or love does not remain. Not that we would not fight and die for it if important—we all, whether we know it or not, are fighting to make the kind of a world that we

This Man Holmes

It has seldom happened that the son of an illustrious father has in his own right achieved distinction of the very first order. Today, among living Americans, no man is more worthy of honor and praise than Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was born in Boston on March 8, 1841, and is therefore in his ninetieth year. Nobody has suggested that he will ever be old enough to consider retirement from the Bench; for he is physically fit, and his mental alertness and power are undiminished.

His father, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a scholarly member of the medical profession, was one of those New England authors who laid the foundations of a permanent American literature, classical in quality but with the indigenous flavor of our new world. The younger Holmes has, long since, been given his well-earned rank by fame. Being himself, simply working at his congenial task, he grew into greatness as a man, as a jurist, and as a master of English prose.

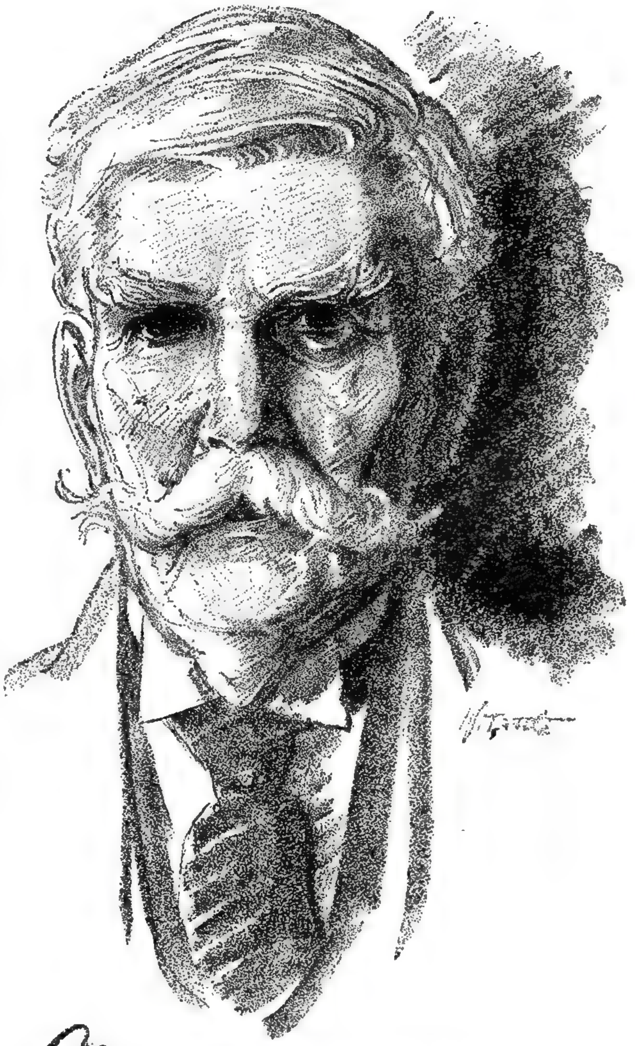
Justice Holmes graduated at Harvard in 1861, and at once joined a Massachusetts regiment to take his part in the Civil War. He retired from the army a veteran at the age of twenty-three, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and with experience of many battles and the scars of successive wounds. At twenty-five he was practicing law; and like his father he was soon adding literary laurels to those won in his chosen profession. Before he was thirty years old, he was teaching law at Harvard. In due time he was editing the *American Law Review,* and attracting wide attention by the original and fascinating manner in which he expounded Anglo-American legal principles and institutions. In 1882, at the age of forty-one, he became a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts,

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

HERE is brilliant thinking by a clear-minded contemporary on the ageless quest for Truth.

should like—but that we have learned to recognize that others will fight and die to make a different world, with equal sincerity or belief. Deep-seated preferences can not be argued about—you can not argue a man into liking a glass of beer—and therefore, when differences are sufficiently far reaching, we try to kill the other man rather than let him have his way. But that is perfectly consistent with admitting that, so far as appears, his grounds are just as good as ours.

The jurists who believe in natural law seem to me to be in that naïve state of mind that accepts what has been familiar and accepted by them and their neighbors as something that must be accepted by all men everywhere. No doubt it is true that, so far as we can see ahead, some arrangements and the rudiments of familiar institutions seem to be necessary elements in any society that may spring from our own and that would seem to us to be civilized—some form of permanent association between the sexes—some residue of property individually owned—some mode of binding oneself to specified future conduct—at the bottom of all, some protection for the person. But without speculating whether a group is imaginable in which all but the last of these might disappear and the last be subject to qualifications that most of us would abhor, the question remains as to the *Ought* of natural law.



Oliver Wendell Holmes

By ALBERT SHAW

and he had been the Chief Justice for several years when President Roosevelt in 1902 appointed him to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Bench at Washington.

Justice Holmes uses his mind contemporaneously; and he would have his successors look forward rather than back. For the untrammeled freedom of his thinking, for the courage and consistency with which he has tried to make law and justice serve mankind as living and progressive agencies, and for his remarkable skill as a master of lucid and delightful English prose, Justice Holmes has enjoyed a steadily growing fame. It has spread far beyond the membership of his own profession, and it has already met the endurance tests of half a century.

There is a superficial idea that Justice Holmes usually disagrees, supporting his minority attitude by filing for the court's record a dissenting opinion that scintillates with wit and audacity. In point of fact, Justice Holmes has in the great majority of cases agreed with his colleagues on the Supreme Bench; and he has contributed his full share to the writing of those opinions that have settled legal issues.

Nevertheless, it is quite true that the dissenting opinions of Justice Holmes have from time to time made significant additions to legal interpretation, and have also been notable from the standpoint of contemporary prose. So far as this is of interest, the reader naturally is impatient of comment. He would rather have the words of Justice Holmes himself, by way of exhibits in evidence, than anybody's criticism of them. These remarks, therefore, are merely prefatory to the presentation of a fine essay by Justice Holmes, and of certain typical extracts from opinions in which his own view of the application of law in particular cases is different from that of his associates.

It is true that beliefs and wishes have a transcendental basis in the sense that their foundation is arbitrary. You can not help entertaining and feeling them, and there is an end of it. As an arbitrary fact people wish to live, and we say with various degrees of certainty that they can do so only on certain conditions. To do it they must eat and drink. That necessity is absolute. It is a necessity of less degree but practically general that they should live in society. If they live in society, so far as we can see, there are further conditions. Reason working on experience does tell us, no doubt, that if our wish to live continues, we can do it only on those terms. But that seems to me the whole of the matter. I see no *a priori* duty to live with others and in that way, but simply a statement of what I must do if I wish to remain alive. If I do live with others they tell me that I must do and abstain from doing various things or they will put the screws on to me. I believe that they will, and being of the same mind as to their conduct I not only accept the rules but come in time to accept them with sympathy and emotional affirmation and begin to talk about duties and rights. But for legal purposes a right is only the hypostasis of a prophecy—the imagination of a substance supporting the fact that the public force will be brought to bear upon those who do things said to contravene it—just as we talk of the force of gravitation accounting for the conduct of bodies in space. One phrase adds no more than the other to what we know without it. No doubt behind these legal rights is the fighting will of the subject to maintain them, and the spread of his emotions to the general rules by which they are maintained; but that does not seem to me the same thing as the supposed *a priori* discernment of a duty or the assertion of a preexisting right. A dog will fight for his bone.

The most fundamental of the supposed preëxisting rights—the right to life—is sacrificed without a scruple not only in war, but whenever the interest of society, that is, of the predominant power in the community, is thought to demand it. Whether that interest is the interest of mankind in the long run no one can tell, and as, in any event, to those who do not think with Kant and Hegel it is only an interest, the sanctity disappears. I remember a very tender-hearted judge being of opinion that closing a hatch to stop a fire and the destruction of a cargo was justified even if it was known that doing so would stifle a man below. It is idle to illustrate further, because to those who agree with me I am uttering commonplaces and to those who disagree I am ignoring the necessary foundations of thought. The *a priori* men generally call the dissentients superficial. But I do agree with them in believing that one's attitude on these matters is closely connected with one's general attitude toward the universe. Proximately, as has been suggested, it is determined largely by early associations and temperament, coupled with the desire to have an absolute guide. Men to a great extent believe what they want to—although I see in that no basis for a philosophy that tells us what we should want to want.

¶ Justice Holmes says:

The logical method and form flatter that longing for certainty and repose which is in every human mind. But certainty generally is illusion, and repose is not the destiny of man. Behind the logical form lies a judgment as to the relative worth and importance of competing legislative grounds. . . . You can give *any* conclusion a logical form. To rest upon a formula is a slumber that, prolonged, means death.

The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theater and causing a panic.

With effervescing opinions, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the quickest way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air.

When men have realized that time has upset many fighting beliefs, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the test of truth is the power of truth to get itself accepted in the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment.

The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug. I have no belief in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin. Hence I am not much interested one way or the other in the nostrums now so strenuously urged.

A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged; it is the skin of a living thought and may vary greatly in color and content according to the circumstances and the time in which it is used.

Great cases like hard cases make bad law. For great cases are called great not by reason of their real importance in shaping the law of the future but because of some accident of immediate overwhelming interest which appeals to the feelings and distorts the judgment. These immediate interests exercise a kind of hydraulic pressure which makes what previously was clear seem doubtful, and before which well-settled principles of law will bend.

Now when we come to our attitude toward the universe I do not see any rational ground for demanding the superlative—for being dissatisfied unless we are assured that our truth is cosmic truth, if there is such a thing—that the ultimates of a little creature on this little earth are the last word of the unimaginable whole. If a man sees no reason for believing that significance, consciousness and ideals are more than marks of the finite, that does not justify what has been familiar in French sceptics; getting upon pedestal and professing to look with haughty scorn upon a world in ruins. The real conclusion is that the part can not swallow the whole—that our categories are not, or may not be, adequate to formulate what we cannot know. If we believe that we come out of the universe, not it out of us, we must admit that we do not know what we are talking about when we speak of brute matter. We do know that a certain complex of energies can wag its tail and another can make syllogisms. These are among the powers of the unknown, and if, as may be, it has still greater powers that we can not understand, as Fabre in his studies of instinct would have us believe, studies that gave Bergson one of the strongest strands for his philosophy and enabled Maeterlinck to make us fancy for a moment that we heard a clang from behind phenomena—if this be true, why should we not be content? Why should we employ the energy that is furnished to us by the cosmos to defy it and shake our fist at the sky? It seems to me silly. That the universe has in it more than we understand, that the private soldiers have not been told the plan of campaign, or even that there is one, rather than some vaster unthinkable to which every predicate is an impertinence, has no bearing upon our conduct. We still shall fight—all of us because we want to live, some, at least, because we want to realize our spontaneity and prove our powers, for the joy of it, and we may leave to the unknown the supposed final valuation of that which in any event has value to us. It is enough for us that the universe has produced us and has within it, as less than it, all that we believe and love. If we think of our existence not as that of a little god outside, but as that of a ganglion within, we have the infinite behind us. It gives us our only but our adequate significance. A grain of sand has the same, but what competent person supposes that he understands a grain of sand? That is as much beyond our grasp as man.

If our imagination is strong enough to accept the vision of ourselves as parts inseverable from the rest, and to extend our final interest beyond the boundary of our skins, it justifies the sacrifice even of our lives for ends outside of ourselves. The motive, to be sure, is the common wants and ideals that we find in man. Philosophy does not furnish motives, but it shows men that they are not fools for doing what they already want to do. It opens to the forlorn hopes on which we throw ourselves away, the vista of the farthest stretch of human thought, the chords of a harmony that breathes from the unknown.

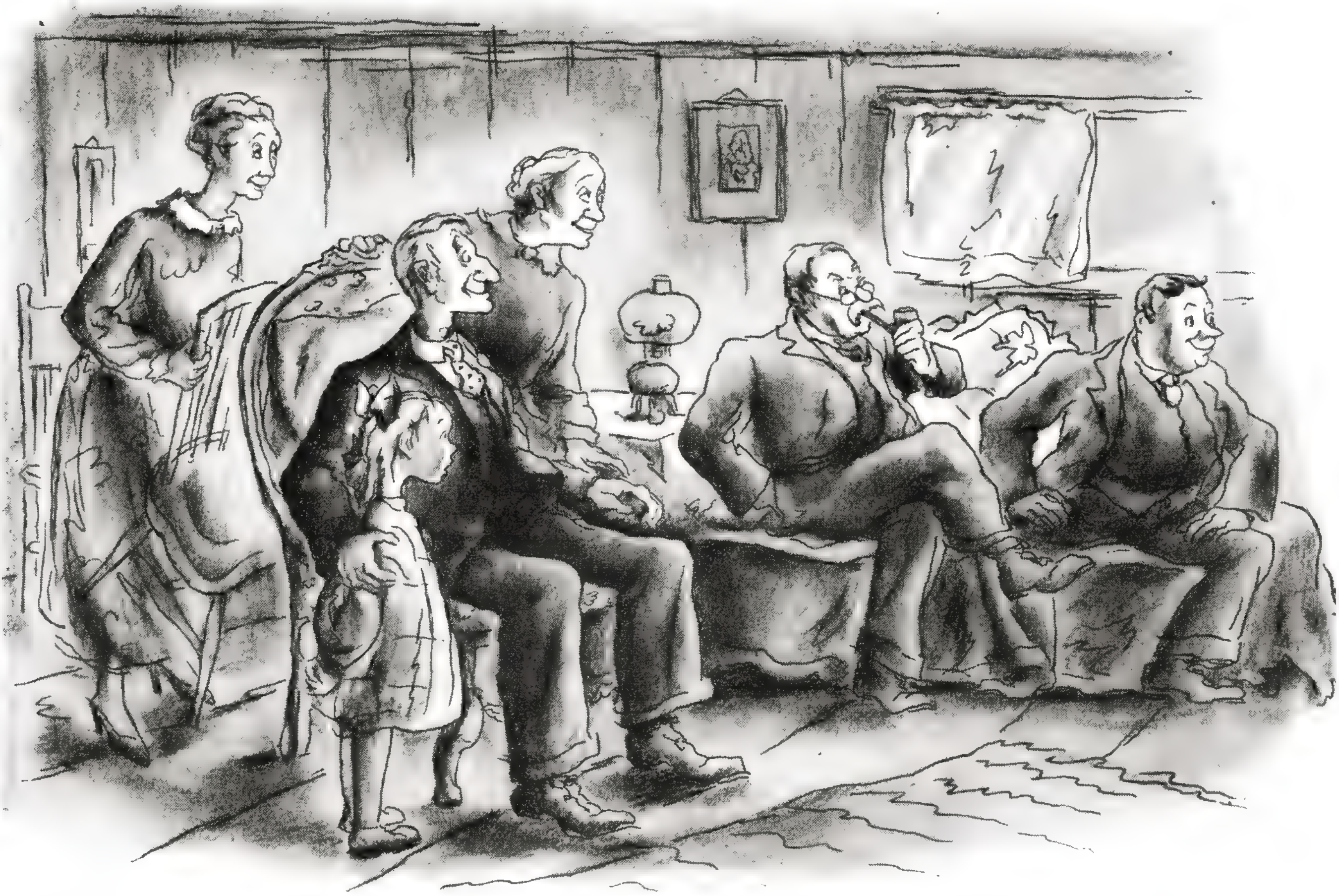
¶ Of man's purposes and pleasures

A MAN may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere; there as well as elsewhere his thought may find its unity in an infinite perspective; there as well as elsewhere he may wreck himself upon life, may drink the bitter cup of heroism, may wear his heart out after the unattainable. All that life offers any man from which to start his thinking or his striving is a fact. And if this universe is one universe, if it is so far thinkable that you can pass in reason from one part of it to another, it does not matter very much what that fact is. . . . Your business as thinkers is to make plainer the way from something to the whole of things; to show the rational connection between your fact and the frame of the universe.

WHEN IT IS SAID that we are too much occupied with the means of living to live, I answer that the chief worth of civilization is just that it makes the means of living more complex; that it calls for great and combined intellectual efforts, instead of simple, uncoördinated ones, in order that the crowd may be fed and clothed and housed and moved from place to place. Because more complex and intense intellectual efforts mean a fuller and richer life. They mean more life. Life is an end in itself, and the only question as to its being worth living is whether you have enough of it.

I BELIEVE that the world would be just as well off if it lived under laws that differed from ours in many ways, and I believe that the claim of our especial code to respect is simply that it exists, that it is the one to which we have become accustomed, and not that it represents an eternal principle.

I SOMEWHAT sympathize with the Cambridge mathematician's praise of his theorem, "The best of it all is that it can never by any possibility be made of the slightest use to anybody for anything." I think it one of the glories of man that he does not sow seed, and weave cloth, and produce all the other economic means simply to sustain and multiply other sowers and weavers that they in their turn may multiply, and so *ad infinitum,* but that on the contrary he devotes a certain part of his economic means to uneconomic ends—ends, too, which he finds in himself and not elsewhere. After the production of food and cloth has gone on a certain time, he stops producing and goes to the play, or he paints a picture, or asks unanswerable questions about the universe, and thus delightfully consumes a part of the world's food and clothing, while he idles away the only hours that fully account for themselves.



"You look as if you'd rather have me really dead."

The Late

It was Uncle Ned's funeral that had given him the idea—or rather, Sallie's report of it. He himself, of course, had not been able to go. If the very walk downtown was something to be undertaken only seldom and deliberately, how could he think of a day-long trip to Centerville, followed by the eating of strange meals and the sleeping in a strange bed? But he had thought of it. He had even approached Doctor Brunner on the subject; and the doctor, in that loud way of his, had shouted, "Yes, go on; go right on over; and they can bury you too while they're at it."

So Sallie had gone alone, leaving him for three days in the care of Anna from across the street. It was their first separation in all these years since the warning had first come from his heart. Returning to him, she seemed to come out of a remote past, and all the wealth of talk that she brought back with her was the gleanings of richer, fuller days.

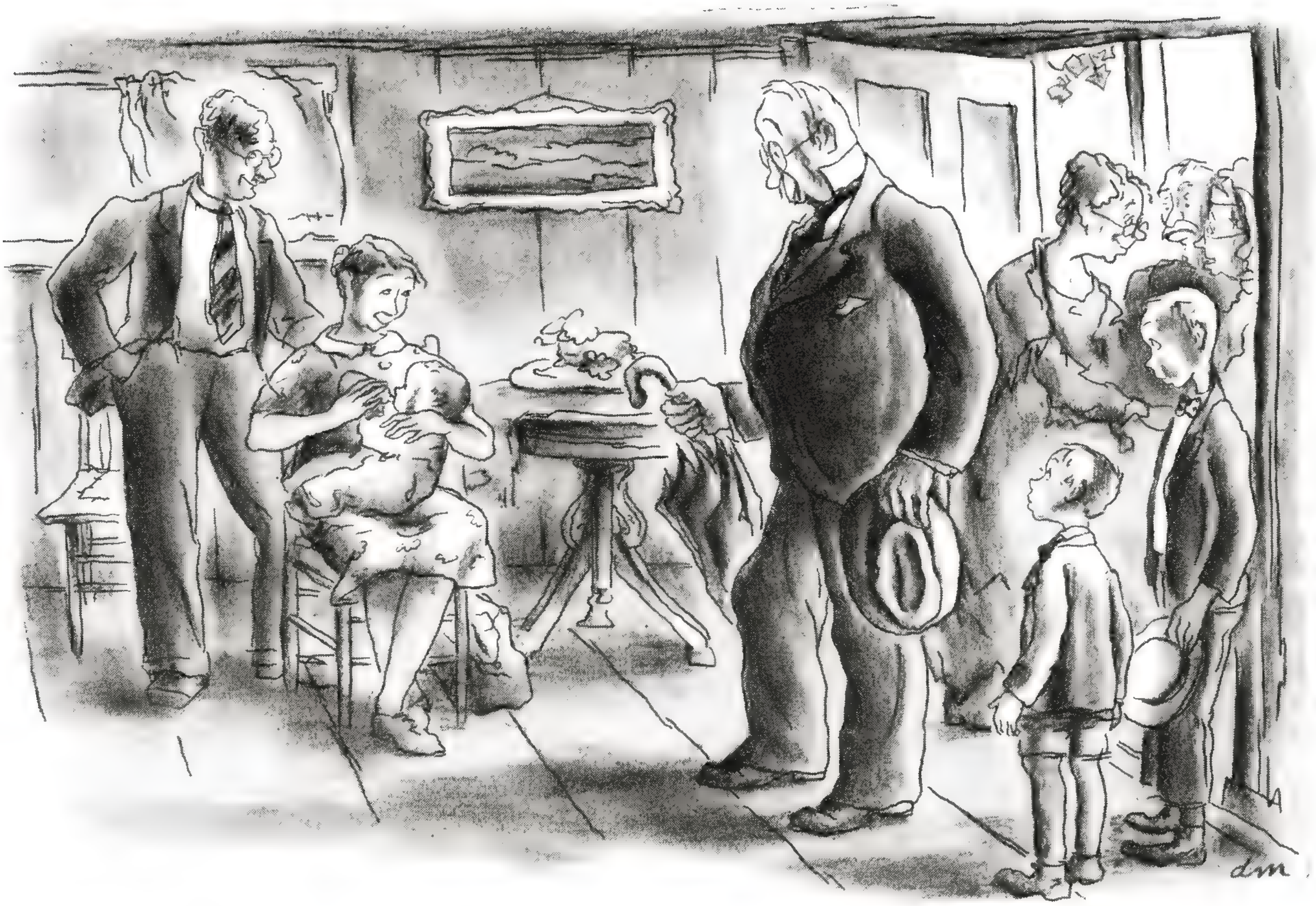
They had all been there at Uncle Ned's—all the people that inhabited Joseph West's world of memory. And Sallie, sitting across the table from him, with the lamp pushed back from between them, and its soft light caught in her white hair as she bent forward over her darning—Sallie brought them all back to him into his quiet room.

"We all kept saying," she reported, "what a shame it was that Uncle Ned couldn't *see* them all. Some of them hadn't been there for years, and I guess he'd *never* seen 'em all together that way."

"Yes, that's the way it goes," he agreed in a low voice; and when she looked up at him quickly, he hastened to ask something more about his Cousin Will.

Will, so Sallie reported, had talked much of the hunting trips that he and Joe once had together. "He says he's always planning to get up to see you, only Oakvale seems so far away. This *is* a kind of a stuck-away place," Sallie declared. "Land's, I never knew how far from everywhere it *was* till I had to keep changing cars, changing cars, all day!"

And so the talk went on, as one by one she summoned before him the figures of the past that still peopled his empty present. There was one name that



By ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

Joseph West

Illustrations by
Dorothy McKay

was not mentioned, yet it flew constantly back and forth between them. The avoidance of it in speech repeatedly brought little moments of constraint. Finally, breaking into one of these pauses that was heavy with unspoken words, Joseph asked slowly, "And John—how was he?"

Sallie reached across to lay her hand upon his that rested on the colored cloth. "Your brother's all right, Joe; but he looks so hard, hard." Their eyes held together a long minute before she withdrew her hand.

Then he asked, "Was his wife there?"

"No, she wasn't. . . . I guess you were right about her, Joe. Nobody had much to say about her, and of course I couldn't ask. But if any of 'em had been very friendly with her, I'd have heard *something* about her."

After a long pause, he said, "Poor John!"

She flared up at this. "Well, I can't say I sympathize with him very much. Not after the way he treated you."

"I don't blame him for that, Sallie. You know I wrote and told him I didn't blame him."

She had a brief but little sniff for this. "And lots of good it did!"

"No," he admitted; "but I didn't expect him to answer."

They hadn't talked of this for years. It was the one subject that resisted their intimacy. Sallie knew that it hurt him to talk of it, and she tried now to draw away. But all this dipping into the past had made the quarrel with his brother a very present fact to him, and tonight there was a relief in speaking of it.

"I guess I shouldn't have ever said anything to him about it. After all, it's a man's own business who he marries. But I thought I was doing what was right. John had always been such a sort of solitary creature. And of course, being away so much, he wouldn't know what people said about—about *her*."

"Of course you had to tell him," Sallie declared. "And if he'd had any sense, he'd have listened to you, instead of getting on that high horse of his. I guess he's sorry enough now."

"I wish I hadn't said anything about it," her husband repeated gently.

She turned the talk deftly to some other figure out of the past, and soon she had him laughing quietly again at her vigorous portrayals. The whole long evening was not enough for the mining of these rich new veins of narrative. On the next night Sallie went back to it, beginning with repetitions that he asked for and going on with countless new presentations of this reanimated past.

There was a nervous quality, she noticed, in Joseph's listening—not the deep receptiveness of last night. Sometimes he seemed not to pay a particle of attention when she answered his questions. She thought he was brooding again over the estrangement from his brother; and she tried to divert his mind with a fullness of lively detail.

At length he pulled his chair around to the table and leaned toward her. In his voice she caught the flutter of his nervous breathing. "Sallie, I wonder if it would be all right if we told 'em I was dead, so they'd come up here."

"Well, land's sakes, Joe——," she burst out. She couldn't say more until she had had a good look at him, and the bow of her spectacles catching a loop of hair above her ear, he had an opportunity of explaining further while she was fussing with the disentanglement.

"I've been thinking how much I'd like to see those folks. And I can't expect 'em to come up here any other way. It's too far off, like you said. But"—he gave a nervous little laugh—"I know it sounds funny; but do you think it'd be wrong, Sallie?"

She had her glasses in her hand now and held them out on the table before her as she looked solemnly across at him.

"I'll write and ask 'em all to come, Joe," she said at length. "I'll tell 'em you want to see 'em."

HE MADE AN impatient movement in his chair. "They wouldn't come that way, Sallie. Maybe one or two might. But most of 'em would just say they'd come some other time, and they'd put it off, and put it off, and not come at all. And I'd like to see 'em all, Sallie."

Still she continued to stare at him in silence while the implications of this amazing idea opened out before her.

"We'd have to tell 'em," her husband went on pleadingly, "that we—you wouldn't expect 'em to come when I was really gone. It wouldn't be fair, else."

She sat up suddenly in her chair as if her mind had just returned from great distances with a decision.

"No, Joe," she said. "We couldn't do anything like that. It don't sound—well, religious, quite."

But he went on with his pleading, half jestingly, half wistfully. When the tears began to gleam in her eyes, he urged, "Now, Sallie, you mustn't take it that way. Why, I think it would be lots of fun. I've been thinking about it all day. I don't see what's wrong about it, Sallie. I guess I'd be the first man that ever enjoyed his own funeral," he ended with a desperate attempt to bring her to an appreciation of the whimsicality of the idea.

But she kept shaking her head and murmuring, "It seems wrong, somehow, it seems kind of—wrong."

"They wouldn't mind, Sallie," he went on urging. "When they got here and found how it was, they wouldn't mind. I don't see how I can ever see 'em any other way. And I—my day might come any time."

At this she got up and came around the table to rest her hand on his head. He assured her hastily, "Doc Brunner says I might keep on going for years yet. But anyhow——"

"We'll think about it, Joe," she said, and sat on the arm of his chair, leaning against his shoulder and running her fingers through his hair.

She hoped that the fancy would have passed by morning, but when she woke, Joe was sitting up in bed beside her, waiting to ask, "When shall we have my funeral, Sallie?"

She made no further effort of opposition. It had been years since he had wanted anything as he wanted this. She hid away her little scruples and hesitations and met him in full acceptance of the plan. The practical problems of the preparation soon took from her the last lingering doubts.

For it wasn't going to be such a simple matter, the housing and entertaining of these people who were to be summoned to obsequies and held at a festival. All the unused rooms of the house had to be made ready for a brief but critical tenancy.

When Joseph remonstrated with her, time after time, "Why don't you just let things go, Sallie? Everything don't have to be just so"—she answered stoutly, "Everything *does* have to be just so. You think I want all those women going away to talk about what a poor housekeeper I am?"

But it bothered Joseph, her ceaseless activity. From his chair in the living-room he could see her passing up and down the stairway, laden with pitchers and basins and linen for the beds. After he had called to her several times, "Don't get too tired, Sallie," and had had only the briefest of answers, he would struggle free from the soft grip of the cushions and make his slow way upstairs. Standing at a bedroom door, he might see her through a haze of dust, her cheeks glowing under the white kerchief that bound her hair; and she would wave the broom at him and demand, "What's the matter now, Joe?"

And he would explain, "I don't like to see you having to do all these extra things, just on account of my notion."

"It's about *time* these rooms were getting a going-over," she would insist. "Now you go right back where you came from."

But it hurt him not to be helpful. He would go prowling about in the upstairs rooms, looking for some little tasks in which he might forestall her. As often as she caught him in these furtive activities, she would face him with her hands on her hips and declare, "Well, Joe, you stay put about as good as a terrier pup."

One day she came upon him just as he had been trying to move the heavy bureau in the south bedroom over a faded spot in the carpet. He was leaning against the wall in the corner, panting. When she got him back to his chair she said, "Can't you see, Joe, that it would be a lot easier for me if I didn't have to worry about your puttering around in this way?"

After that he tried to be quiet, but it was hard when he saw the lines of weariness beneath her eyes.

As the time drew nearer, he was assailed by those doubts which he had first of all conquered in her. And now it was her turn to reassure and comfort, as if the suggestion and the idea had originally been her own.

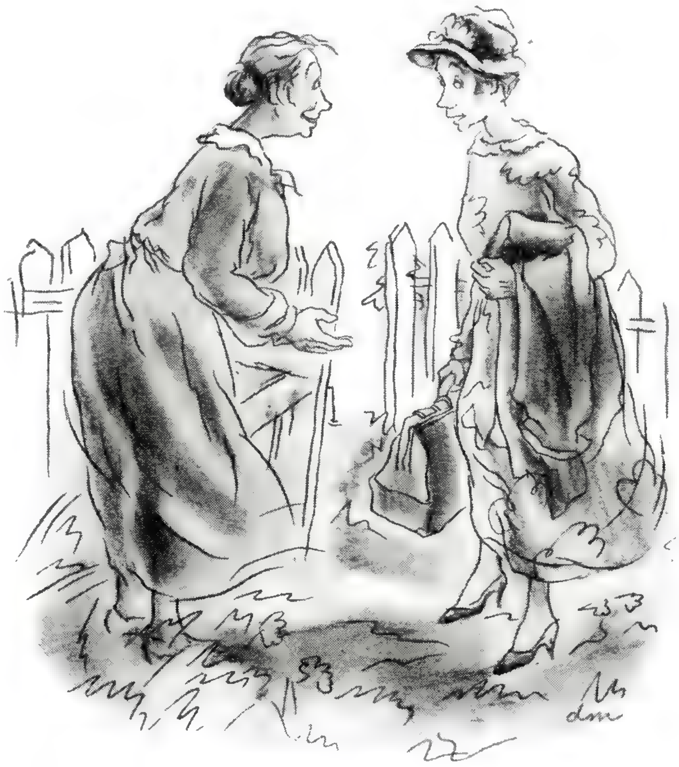
His gravest anxiety was as to how his brother would take it. "I'm afraid he'll think it was just a trick to win his sympathy," he said.

"Nonsense. He'll be so happy when he finds you're really here that he won't think about anything like that."

"He'll really come, don't you think, Sallie?" he begged.

"Of course he'll come." But she looked away as she said it.

Perhaps the full sense of what they were doing did not come to them until the day when they were to send out the letters and telegrams announcing the death of Joseph West. They sat staring dumbly at the heap of ready envelopes on the table.



"I'm Cora, John's wife."

"I don't know, Joe," she breathed at last. "It seems almost like flying in the face of Providence."

He was balancing the letter addressed to his brother across his finger-tips. "Maybe we'd better not," he answered slowly.

But she saw the lines of disappointment form about his mouth as he waited for her response. With a heavy sigh she gathered up the scattered stack of letters. "It'll be all right," she said. And then, to offset the hesitant tone, she set herself in determined motion. "A nice thing for me to be loafing like this with all those cookies to be cut out!" She bent over him with a kiss of reassurance; but in the kitchen she leaned for a few moments against the closed door, with shut eyes.

Responses to the messages that had gone out came suddenly, and from an unexpected quarter. She and Joe hadn't foreseen that the news, in a few hours, would spread all over town from the telegraph office. Shocked neighbors appeared at the door even before noon; and the explanation proved surprisingly difficult. In a few minutes of hurried talk it wasn't possible to convey the full meaning of the plan; and the bald statement that it was a "joke" was an assault upon the local sense of propriety. Joe had to make frequent appearances on the porch to assure visitors of his continued existence. It was in vain that Sallie tried to save him the strain of these encounters; he, on his part, was determined to relieve her of the burden of explanation. He was growing very nervous over it all; a mounting excitement took the place of his anxieties; he went back to the whimsical jesting mood of the first days.

"I never had any idea dying was such a nuisance," he complained after they had sent away two relieved but bewildered visitors.

The next morning brought him another aspect of discomfort. With the early mail came several responses to the summons, from those who would be unable to come. From these letters Sallie insisted upon reading him extracts, while he squirmed in his chair.

"Now that's enough, Sallie," he pleaded. "It don't seem fair. They wouldn't say all those things about me if they knew I was alive."

"That's the trouble with folks," she declared; "saving up all their kind remarks for tombstones!"

And Joseph West had to hear again and again what a devoted friend he had been, what a sterling man.

It was possible that some one might arrive this very afternoon, and Joseph's restlessness increased with the passing hours. All his wife's efforts to keep him still were unavailing; he moved ceaselessly from the living-room to the porch, down to the garden gate, back to the porch. She would have stayed beside him to enforce quiet if her work in the kitchen with Anna had allowed any but the scantiest opportunities of escape.

But no one came that afternoon. And they were all ready now: they had an evening which might have been restful but for the nervousness of apprehension that held them both. Even in the night, Sallie heard her husband moving restlessly beside her. Once or twice she woke to find him sitting up.

"Your heart bothering you, Joe?" she asked.

But he said no; he just couldn't sleep.

They were out in the garden early, cutting roses for the mantel-piece. Joseph sniffed the fragrant morning air happily.

"I guess nobody ever had a better day for a funeral," he declared.

But the approaching anxieties still hemmed about the approaching joys. "When they come," he said, "I hope some of the others get here before John. It'll be easier to make him understand that way. I wouldn't want him to think that it was just him I was fooling."

Again after breakfast they were out in the garden, with no purpose now, but only a dim desire to go a little way toward those who were coming. Long before it stopped at their corner, they saw the bus that met the main-line trains at the Junction. Sallie heard her husband breathing quickly beside her. His fingers were trembling on her arm.

"You go down to the gate, Sallie," he begged. "I'll wait here." And he sank back limply onto the stairs. "If it's John——," he whispered hoarsely as she moved away; but when she turned, he only waved a hand dubiously. She went on down the path toward the gate.

THE BUS HAD left one passenger. A slight little woman was hesitating before the gate. Sallie did not know her. Under a great rolled mass of hair that held her hat too high above her face, dark, deep-set eyes looked out hungrily. When Sallie opened the gate, she asked the stranger, "Were you looking for some one?"

The woman said, "I'm Cora. John's wife."

Sallie said, "Oh," and swung the gate wider.

"John—he was very busy—he couldn't——" And then she caught Sallie's hand between hers and held it for a moment.

They walked slowly up the path together, in silence. Once past the bend by the cherry-tree, they would see Joseph on the steps; but Sallie found it impossible to speak of this. He was standing when they came in sight of him. The woman, John's wife, halted for just the slightest instant, then went forward more quickly.

"You see," Sallie called to her, "we just wanted—Joseph wanted to see you all."

And then she saw her husband's hand fluttering at his breast and ran forward to put her arm about him.

The woman was facing him with her wan smile.

"Maybe you don't remember me," she said.

"Yes," he panted. "Yes. I thought I—— You're Cora."

"John——" she began.

"Yes, yes. I know."

"He—wanted to come."

"He *would* come? Then he *will* come some other time?"

"Yes; he'll come," she promised.

Sallie had her finger-tips on her husband's wrist. "You've got to rest now, Joe," she ordered. "Cora will excuse you for a little while. He gets just as excited over this as a youngster over a circus," she explained brightly to the little woman, who nodded slowly.

As she wrapped the rug over Joseph's thighs in the high-backed chair, he was murmuring, "Just to think of *her* coming! And John—he'd come if he could. I'll have to talk with her pretty soon, Sallie. Before the others come. There's so much——"

She broke into his nervous speech with an order for silence, and when he shut his eyes and let his head sink among the pillows she hurried out to John's wife.

She felt that some further explanation had to be made. "It must seem funny," she began. "We——"

"Oh, I know," the little woman put in. "I knew as soon as I saw him. I understand what it is to need people."

Sallie found that it was impossible to meet the ardent demands of her eyes. She felt as if she had injured this woman, and it would be easier to be accused than forgiven.

"I must tell you——" John's wife was saying, and pulling at her arm so that they were moving farther from the house. "John wouldn't come. I had the hardest time getting him to let me. . . . But he's got to come. I'm going to send for him. I saw how disappointed Joseph was. And while you were inside I was thinking: I'll send him a telegram. I won't tell him just how things are; I *couldn't* in a telegram. So I'll just say: 'I want you to come at once.' Something like that. And he ought to be here by tonight."

"It would make Joe very happy," Sallie said. Since she couldn't leave her husband, she pointed out the way down the street to the telegraph office.

Joseph was much calmer by the time of Cora's return. She came to him in the living-room.

"I've sent for John," she told him. "He'll be here tonight."

He held out a hand to her. Sallie, after admonishing her, "Don't let him wear himself out talking," left them alone together.

"It was good of *you* to come," he began. "I didn't expect——"

"Of course I'd come," she broke in. "I've been trying for a long time to get John to bring me up here. I wanted you to see how I'd changed since those days when I waited on your table. But John's been pretty bitter."

"Yes," he said. "I don't blame him. I made a great mistake."

"We never talk about your quarrel," she went on earnestly. "He never even told me what it was about. But of course I knew. It couldn't have been anything else, coming just then. And I've tried to let him see that I didn't blame you for anything you might have said. Any girl who works around a hotel, waiting on a lot of men, gets talked about. And I tried to make John see that if you'd been wrong, you ought to know it. But I couldn't do anything with him."

"I wrote once and told him I guessed I had been wrong."

"Did you? I never knew."

"And when he didn't pay any attention, I thought maybe after all I had been right; and then of course, I couldn't have kept on reminding him of *that*. . . . I've thought about it a lot. . . . More than anything else."

"But now it's going to be all right," she reminded him.

With a deep sigh he let himself back into the depths of the chair.

"He'll be here tonight," John's wife said again.

They heard loud talking in the garden. When laughter came with it, Cora said, "Sallie's told them." And then Fred Walsh and his sister were ushered in.

Fred's wide mouth let out its usual booming. "Well, you're a mighty spry-looking dead one!"

While he was still elaborating this idea, there was another chorus of voices from before the house, and another inroad of visitors. Dave Parker's little boy and girl hung back doubtfully at the threshold. The solemnity that had been urgently demanded of them failed to yield at once to this strange hilarity. Finally Joseph enticed little Margaret to his side. From the circle of his arm she looked about with mystified eyes that besought the explanation of all this queer behavior.

When the Judge came, there was a moment of tension. The Judge was one who did not lightly countenance infringements upon the literal truth. He took his place stiffly on a chair against the wall and scowled across at Joseph.

At last Joseph rallied him. "You look as if you'd rather have me really dead, Judge."

The Judge held up a hand in protest. "I have been thinking how shameful it is that we have had to be summoned in this manner to a friend."

Out of the chorus of approval rose Tommie Parker's piping voice, "What did he say, ma?"

And still they continued to come, these crowding figures out of Joseph West's past. At the picnic lunch on the porch there gathered about him at least twenty friends who for years had been only names. And it was understood that this meeting was no more than a prelude to the festival planned for the evening. "My brother John will be here then," Joseph told them happily and proudly.

Soon after lunch, Sallie insisted upon his going apart for a rest. He had begun to look very weary under the nervous stresses of the day. She felt a great deal of his weight on her arm as she walked upstairs with him. In their bedroom, as she loosened his shoes to save him from stooping, she said, "Well, did it turn out like you wanted, Joe?"

She felt his hand on her hair and when she looked up his eyes were full of tears.

"It's been the happiest day I ever had, Sallie—except our wedding day."

While she drew the shades to darken the room, his voice came over to her from the bed. "I don't know if I can sleep, Sallie. Thinking about John's coming—it makes me feel more like singing and shouting than sleeping."

"You just try to sleep a little," she urged as she bent over to kiss his pale face against the pillow. "You'll feel that much better when he comes."

He held her hands a moment and she leaned over to kiss him again.

He did sleep. After an hour she opened quietly the door of the darkened room and heard his slow breathing.

Several times through the afternoon, whenever she could get away a minute from the crowding tasks in the kitchen, she hurried upstairs to peep in the slightly opened door; and always he was lying there asleep, the dim light just showing his shut eyes.

At five o'clock she thought she had better call him. It would be best for him not to have to hurry too much in dressing for dinner. Out of the habit of quiet in the room with a sleeper, she tiptoed across the floor to raise the shades. The evening light flooded into the room. When she turned to the bed, she moved forward with a low cry. She caught at Joe's hand that lay across his breast. It was heavy and very cold. She moved dizzily toward the door, moaning. But when a burst of laughter came up to her from the hall below, she turned back to the bed, and knelt beside it. . . .

Some one knocked at the door. The hallway was dusky when she stepped out, shutting the door behind her. John's wife was standing there with a slip of paper in her hand.

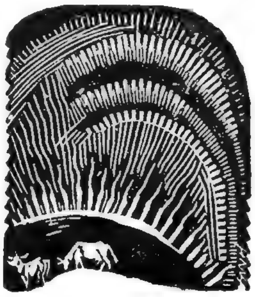
"Sallie," she said. "This just came. I feel terribly about it."

When she saw the tears on Sallie's cheeks, she said, "I know. I know. But I thought surely he'd come. And all he says is: 'Don't expect me.' " She put an arm about Sallie's waist and drew her close. "Sallie," she murmured, "how can we possibly tell him?"

Sallie West opened the door gently. She took John's wife by the hand and led her into the room

◆

The World Is Too Much With Us



Woodcut by Helen West Heller

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune.

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn

A Sunny Morning

CHARACTERS

Doña Laura.
Petra, *her maid.*
Don Gonzalo.
Juanito, *his servant.*

Time—*The present.*

Scene—*A retired corner in a park in Madrid. A bench at right. A sunny morning in autumn.* Doña Laura, *a handsome old lady of about 70, with white hair and of refined appearance, although elderly, her bright eyes and entire manner giving evidence that her mental faculties are unimpaired, enters accompanied by her maid* Petra, *upon whose arm she is leaning, and holding a parasol which she uses as a cane in her free hand.*

Eva Le Gallienne and Egon Brecher in the Civic Repertory Theatre production of "A Sunny Morning."

Doña Laura—I am so glad to be here. I feared my seat would be occupied. What a beautiful morning!

Petra—The sun is hot.

Doña Laura—Yes, you are only twenty. (*She sits down on the bench.*) Oh, I feel more tired today than usual. (*Noticing* Petra, *who seems impatient*) Go, if you wish to chat with your guard.

Petra—He is not mine, señora; he belongs to the park.

Doña Laura—He belongs more to you than he does to the park. Go find him, but remain within calling distance.

Petra—I see him over there waiting for me.

Doña Laura—Do not remain more than ten minutes.

Petra—Very well, señora. (*Walks toward R.*)

Doña Laura—Wait a moment.

Petra—What does the señora wish?

Doña Laura—Give me the bread crumbs.

Petra—I don't know what is the matter with me.

Doña Laura (*smiling*)—I do. Your head is where your heart is—with the guard.

Petra—Here, señora. (*She hands* Doña Laura *a small bag.*) (*Exit* Petra *by R.*)

Doña Laura—Adiós. (*Glances toward trees at R.*) Here they come! They know just when to expect me. (*She rises, walks toward R., and throws three handfuls of bread crumbs.*) These are for the spryest, these for the gluttons, and these for the little ones which are the most persistent. (*Laughs*) (*She returns to her seat and watches, with a pleased expression, the pigeons feeding.*) There, that big one is always first! I know him by his big head. Now one, now another, now two, now three—— That little fellow is the least timid. I believe he would eat from my hand. That one takes his piece and flies up to that branch alone. He is a philosopher. But where do they all come from? It seems as if the news had spread. Ha, ha, don't quarrel. There is enough for all. I'll bring more tomorrow. (*Enter* Don Gonzalo *and* Juanito *from L. C.* Don Gonzalo *is an old gentleman of 70, gouty and impatient. He leans upon* Juanito's *arm and drags his feet somewhat as he walks.*)

Don Gonzalo—Idling their time away! They should be saying mass.

Juanito—You can sit here, señor. There is only a lady. (Doña Laura *turns her head and listens.*)

Don Gonzalo—I won't, Juanito. I want a bench to myself.

Juanito—But there is none.

Don Gonzalo—That one over there is mine.

Juanito—There are three priests sitting there.

Don Gonzalo—Rout them out. Have they gone?

A Comedy of Romantic Madrid

by SERAFIN and JOAQUIN ALVAREZ QUINTERO

Translated from the Spanish by LUCRETIA XAVIER FLOYD

JUANITO—No, indeed. They are talking.

DON GONZALO—Just as if they were glued to the seat. No hope of their leaving. Come this way, Juanito. (*They walk toward the birds.*)

DOÑA LAURA (*indignantly*)—Look out!

DON GONZALO—Are you speaking to me, señora?

DOÑA LAURA—Yes, to you.

DON GONZALO—What do you wish?

DOÑA LAURA—You have scared away the birds who were feeding on my crumbs.

DON GONZALO—What do I care about the birds?

DOÑA LAURA—But I do.

DON GONZALO—This is a public park.

DOÑA LAURA—Then why do you complain that the priests have taken your bench?

DON GONZALO—Señora, we have not met. I cannot imagine why you take the liberty of addressing me. Come, Juanito. (*Both go out R.*)

DOÑA LAURA—What an ill-natured old man! Why must people get so fussy and cross when they reach a certain age? (*Looking toward R.*) I am glad. He lost that bench, too. Serves him right for scaring the birds. He is furious. Yes, yes; find a seat if you can. Poor man! He is wiping the perspiration from his face. Here he comes. A carriage would not raise more dust than his feet. (*Enter* DON GONZALO *and* JUANITO *by R. and walk toward L.*)

DON GONZALO—Have the priests gone yet, Juanito?

JUANITO—No, indeed, señor. They are still there.

DON GONZALO—The authorities should place more benches here for these sunny mornings. Well, I suppose I must resign myself and sit on the bench with the old lady. (*Muttering to himself, he sits at the extreme end of* DOÑA LAURA'S *bench and looks at her indignantly. Touches his hat as he greets her.*) Good morning.

DOÑA LAURA—What, you here again?

DON GONZALO—I repeat that we have not met.

DOÑA LAURA—I was responding to your salute.

DON GONZALO—Good morning should be answered by good morning, and that is all you should have said.

DOÑA LAURA—You should have asked permission to sit on this bench which is mine.

DON GONZALO—The benches here are public property.

DOÑA LAURA—Why, you said the one the priests have was yours.

DON GONZALO—Very well, very well. I have nothing more to say. (*Between his teeth*) Senile old lady! She ought to be at home knitting and counting her beads.

DOÑA LAURA—Don't grumble any more. I'm not going to leave just to please you.

DON GONZALO (*brushing the dust from his shoes with his handkerchief*)—if the ground were sprinkled a little it would be an improvement.

DOÑA LAURA—Do you use your handkerchief as a shoe brush?

DON GONZALO—Why not?

DOÑA LAURA—Do you use a shoe brush as a handkerchief?

DON GONZALO—What right have you to criticize my actions?

DOÑA LAURA—A neighbor's right.

DON GONZALO—Juanito, my book. I do not care to listen to nonsense.

DOÑA LAURA—You are very polite.

DON GONZALO—Pardon me, señora, but never interfere with what does not concern you.

DOÑA LAURA—I generally say what I think.

DON GONZALO—And more to the same effect. Give me the book, Juanito.

JUANITO—Here, señor. (JUANITO *takes a book from his pocket, hands it to* DON GONZALO, *then exit by R.*) (DON GONZALO, *casting indignant glances at* DOÑA LAURA, *puts on an enormous pair of glasses, takes from his pocket a reading-glass, adjusts both to suit him, and opens his book.*)

DOÑA LAURA—I thought you were taking out a telescope.

DON GONZALO—Was that you?

DOÑA LAURA—Your sight must be keen.

DON GONZALO—Keener than yours is.

DOÑA LAURA—Yes, evidently.

DON GONZALO—Ask the hares and partridges.

DOÑA LAURA—Ah! Do you hunt?

DON GONZALO—I did, and even now——

DOÑA LAURA—Oh, yes, of course!

DON GONZALO—Yes, señora. Every Sunday I take my gun and dog, you understand, and go to one of my estates near Aravaca and kill time.

DOÑA LAURA—Yes, kill time. That is all you kill.

DON GONZALO—Do you think so? I could show you a wild boar's head in my study——

DOÑA LAURA—Yes, and I could show you a tiger's skin in my boudoir. What does that prove?

DON GONZALO—Very well, señora, please allow me to read. Enough conversation.

DOÑA LAURA—Well, you subside then.

DON GONZALO—But first I shall take a pinch of snuff. (*Takes out snuff box*) Will you have some? (*Offers box to* DOÑA LAURA)

DOÑA LAURA—If it is good?

DON GONZALO—It is of the finest. You will like it.

DOÑA LAURA (*taking pinch of snuff*)—It clears my head.

DON GONZALO—And mine.

DOÑA LAURA—Do you sneeze?

DON GONZALO—Yes, señora, three times.

DOÑA LAURA—And so do I. What a coincidence! (*After taking the snuff, they await the sneezes, both* *anxiously, and sneeze alternately three times each.*)

Don Gonzalo—There, I feel better.

Doña Laura—So do I. (*Aside*) The snuff has made peace between us.

Don Gonzalo—You will excuse me if I read aloud?

Doña Laura—Read as loud as you please; you will not disturb me.

Don Gonzalo (*reading*)—"All love is sad, but sad as it is, it is the best thing that we know." That is from Campoamor.

Doña Laura—Ah!

Don Gonzalo (*reading*)—"The daughters of the mothers I once loved, kiss me now as they would a graven image." Those lines, I take it, are in a humorous vein.

Doña Laura (*laughing*)—I take them so, too.

Don Gonzalo—There are some beautiful poems in this book. Here. "Twenty years pass. He returns."

Doña Laura—You cannot imagine how it affects me to see you reading with all those glasses.

Don Gonzalo—Can you read without any?

Doña Laura—Certainly.

Don Gonzalo—At your age? You're jesting.

Doña Laura—Pass me the book, then. (*Takes book, reads aloud.*)

"Twenty years pass. He returns.
And each, beholding the other, exclaims——
Can it be that this is he?
Heavens, is it she?"

(Doña Laura *returns the book to* Don Gonzalo.)

Don Gonzalo—Indeed, I envy you your wonderful eyesight.

Doña Laura (*aside*)—I know every word by heart.

Don Gonzalo—I am very fond of good verses, very fond. I even composed some in my youth.

Doña Laura—Good ones?

Don Gonzalo—Of all kinds. I was a great friend of Espronceda, Zorrilla, Bécquer, and others. I first met Zorrilla in America.

Doña Laura—Why, have you been in America?

Don Gonzalo—Several times. The first time I went I was only six years old.

Doña Laura—You must have gone with Columbus in one of his caravels!

Don Gonzalo (*laughing*)—Not quite as bad as that. I am old, I admit, but I did not know Ferdinand and Isabella. (*They both laugh.*) I was also a great friend of Campoamor. I met him in Valencia. I am a native of that city.

Doña Laura—You are?

Don Gonzalo—I was brought up there and there I spent my early youth. Have you ever visited that city?

Doña Laura—Yes, señor. Not far from Valencia there was a villa that, if still there, should retain memories of me. I spent several seasons there. It was many, many years ago. It was near the sea, hidden away among lemon and orange trees. They called it—let me see, what did they call it—Maricela.

Don Gonzalo (*startled*)—Maricela?

Doña Laura—Maricela. Is the name familiar to you?

Don Gonzalo—Yes, very familiar. If my memory serves me right, for we forget as we grow old, there lived in that villa the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I assure you I have seen many. Let me see—what was her name? Laura—Laura—Laura Llorente.

Doña Laura (*startled*)—Laura Llorente?

Don Gonzalo—Yes. (*They look at each other intently.*)

Doña Laura (*recovering herself*)—Nothing. You reminded me of my best friend.

Don Gonzalo—How strange!

Doña Laura—It is strange. She was called "The Silver Maiden."

Don Gonzalo—Precisely, "The Silver Maiden." By that name she was known in that locality. I seem to see her as if she were before me now, at that window with the red roses. Do you remember that window?

Doña Laura—Yes, I remember. It was the window of her room.

Don Gonzalo—She spent many hours there. I mean in my day.

Doña Laura (*sighing*)—And in mine, too.

Don Gonzalo—She was ideal. Fair as a lily, jet black hair and black eyes, with an uncommonly sweet expression. She seemed to cast a radiance wherever she was. Her figure was beautiful, perfect. "What forms of sovereign beauty God models in human clay!" She was a dream.

Doña Laura (*aside*)—If you but knew that dream was now by your side, you would realize what dreams come to. (*Aloud.*) She was very unfortunate and had a sad love affair.

Don Gonzalo—Very sad. (*They look at each other.*)

Doña Laura—Did you hear of it?

Don Gonzalo—Yes.

Doña Laura—The ways of Providence are strange. (*Aside.*) Gonzalo!

Don Gonzalo—The gallant lover, in the same affair——

Doña Laura—Ah, the duel?

Don Gonzalo—Precisely, the duel. The gallant lover was—my cousin, of whom I was very fond.

Doña Laura—Oh, yes, a cousin? My friend told me in one of her letters the story of that affair, which was truly romantic. He, your cousin, passed by on horseback every morning down the rose path under her window, and tossed up to her balcony a bouquet of flowers which she caught.

Don Gonzalo—And later in the afternoon, the gallant horseman would return by the same path, and catch the bouquet of flowers she would toss him. Am I right?

Doña Laura—Yes. They wanted to marry her to a merchant whom she would not have.

Don Gonzalo—And one night, when my cousin waited under her window to hear her sing, this other person presented himself unexpectedly.

Doña Laura—And insulted your cousin.

Don Gonzalo—There was a quarrel.

Doña Laura—And later a duel.

Don Gonzalo—Yes, at sunrise, on the beach, and the merchant was badly wounded. My cousin had to conceal himself for a few days and later to fly.

Doña Laura—You seem to know the story well.

Don Gonzalo—And so do you.

Doña Laura—I have explained that a friend, repeated it to me.

Don Gonzalo—As my cousin did to me. (*Aside.*) This is Laura!

Doña Laura (*aside*)—Why tell him? He does not suspect.

Don Gonzalo (*aside*)—She is entirely innocent.

Doña Laura—And was it you, by any chance, who advised your cousin to forget Laura?

Don Gonzalo—Why, my cousin never forgot her!

Doña Laura—How do you account, then, for his conduct?

Don Gonzalo—I will tell you. The young man took refuge in my house, fearful of the consequences of a duel with a person highly regarded in that locality. From my home he went to Seville, then came to Madrid. He wrote Laura many letters, some of them in verse. But undoubtedly, they were intercepted by her parents, for she never answered at all. Gonzalo then, in despair, believing his love lost to him forever, joined the army, went to Africa, and there, in a trench, met a glorious death, grasping the flag of Spain and whispering the name of his beloved Laura—

Doña Laura (*aside*)—What an atrocious lie!

Don Gonzalo (*aside*)—I could not have killed myself more gloriously.

Doña Laura—You must have been prostrated by the calamity.

Don Gonzalo—Yes, indeed, señora. As if he were my brother. I presume, though, on the contrary, that Laura in a short time was chasing butterflies in her garden, indifferent to regret.

Doña Laura—No, señor, no!

Don Gonzalo—It is woman's way.

Doña Laura—Even if it were woman's way, "The Silver Maiden" was not of that disposition. My friend awaited news for days, months, a year, and no letter came. One afternoon, just at sunset, as the first stars were appearing, she was seen to leave the house, and with quickening steps, wend her way toward the beach, the beach where her beloved had risked his life. She wrote his name on the sand, then sat down upon a rock, her gaze fixed upon the horizon. The waves murmured their eternal threnody and slowly crept up to the rock where the maiden sat. The tide rose with a boom and swept her out to sea.

Don Gonzalo—Good heavens!

Doña Laura—The fishermen of that shore who often tell the story affirm that it was a long time before the waves washed away that name written on the sand. (*Aside*) You will not get ahead of me in decorating my own funeral.

Don Gonzalo (*aside*)—She lies worse than I do.

Doña Laura—Poor Laura!

Don Gonzalo—Poor Gonzalo!

Doña Laura (*aside*)—I will not tell him that I married two years later.

Don Gonzalo (*aside*)—In three months I ran off to Paris with a ballet dancer.

Doña Laura—Fate is curious. Here are you and I, complete strangers, met by chance, discussing the romance of old friends of long ago! We have been conversing as if we were old friends.

Don Gonzalo—Yes, it is curious, considering the ill-natured prelude to our conversation.

Doña Laura—You scared away the birds.

Don Gonzalo—I was unreasonable, perhaps.

Doña Laura—Yes, that was evident. (*Sweetly*) Are you coming again tomorrow?

Don Gonzalo—Most certainly, if it is a sunny morning. And not only will I not scare away the birds, but I will bring a few crumbs.

Doña Laura—Thank you very much. Birds are grateful and repay attention. I wonder where my maid is? Petra! (*Signals for her maid.*)

Don Gonzalo (*aside, looking at* Laura, *whose back is turned*)—No, no, I will not reveal myself. I am grotesque now. Better that she recall the gallant horseman who passed daily beneath her window tossing flowers.

Doña Laura—Here she comes.

Don Gonzalo—That Juanito! He plays havoc with the nursemaids. (*Looks R. and signals with his hand.*)

Doña Laura (*aside, looking at* Gonzalo, *whose back is turned*)—No, I am too sadly changed. It is better he should remember me as the black-eyed girl tossing flowers as he passed among the roses in the garden. (Juanito *enters by R.,* Petra *by L. She has a bunch of violets in her hand.*)

Doña Laura—Well, Petra! At last!

Don Gonzalo—Juanito, you are late.

Petra (*to* Doña Laura)—The guard gave me these violets for you, señora.

Doña Laura—How very nice! Thank him for me. They are fragrant. (*As she takes the violets from her maid a few loose ones fall to the ground.*)

Don Gonzalo—My dear lady, this has been a great honor and a great pleasure.

Doña Laura—It has also been a pleasure to me.

Don Gonzalo—Good-by until tomorrow.

Doña Laura—Until tomorrow.

Don Gonzalo—If it is sunny.

Doña Laura—A sunny morning. Will you go to your bench?

Don Gonzalo—No, I will come to this—if you do not object?

Doña Laura—This bench is at your disposal.

Don Gonzalo—And I will surely bring the crumbs.

Doña Laura—Tomorrow, then?

Don Gonzalo—Tomorrow!

(Laura *walks away on her maid's arm toward R.* Gonzalo, *before leaving with* Juanito, *trembling and with a great effort, stoops to pick up the violets* Laura *dropped. Just then,* Laura *turns her head and sees him pick up the flowers.*)

Juanito—What are you doing, señor?

Don Gonzalo—Juanito, wait——

Doña Laura (*aside*)—Yes, it is he!

Don Gonzalo (*aside*)—It is she, and no mistake.

(Doña Laura *and* Don Gonzalo *wave farewell.*)

Doña Laura—"Can it be that this is he?"

Don Gonzalo—"Heavens, is it she?"

(*They smile once more as if she were again at the window and he below in the rose garden, and then disappear upon the arms of their servants.*)

Curtain

The Lust of Conquest

By RAFAEL SABATINI

CESARE BORGIA is relentlessly conquering the independent cities of Italy. Having subdued Assisi, he is ready to attack the walls of proud Solignola. Panthasilea, true fifteenth-century daughter of the Count of Solignola, determines to save her father's castle by matching her guile with that of the Borgia Prince. She sets out to ensnare him with her charms and to have him borne captive to the dark dungeon of Solignola. Incognito, she takes up headquarters at the home of Messer Gianluca della Pieve within the very walls of the city where her unscrupulous enemy is encamped.

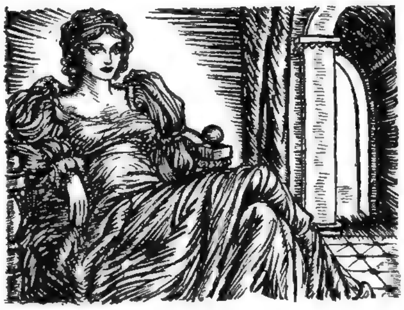
As she is passing the marketplace in a mule litter, she encounters the man she has sworn to destroy—and realizes for the first time that he is young and handsome. Cesare, taken with her beauty, and made watchful by her confusion, sends a messenger to follow the litter and to summon her escort, Gianluca della Pieve, before him. Convinced by Cesare's wile that the plot is discovered, Gianluca discloses the identity of the Lady Panthasilea, and is imprisoned.

Panthasilea arranges to meet the Prince, as if by chance, pretending to have fallen off her mule in the path of Cesare. She feels she has engaged his interest and tells him she is Eufemia Bracci of Spoleto.

When a message from her to the Count of Solignola is intercepted by Cesare, he decides it is now time to learn more of the plot and summons Gianluca to his presence.

CONCLUSION

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell



THE ASSISIAN gentleman had been confined in no dungeon. He was comfortably lodged in one of the chambers of the palace; his bed and board were such as befitted a gentleman of his station; and his jailers used him with all deference. Therefore it is no matter for marvel that he slept soundly on the night in question.

From that sleep he was rudely roused to find four men-at-arms in his chamber, looking grim and fantastic in the light of the single smoky torch that was held aloft by one of them.

"You are to come with us," said the man whose heavy hand still rested upon Gianluca's shoulder.

Della Pieve sat up in alarm, blinking, but wide-awake, his heart beating tumultuously.

"What is it?" he demanded in a quavering voice. "Whither must I go?"

"With us, sir," was all the answer he received—the man who answered him obeying to the letter the orders he had been given.

The poor gentleman looked fearfully from one to another of those bearded faces, gloomy and mysterious in the shadows of their steel morions. Then, resigning himself, he flung back the covers and stepped from the bed.

A soldier cast a mantle over his shoulders, and said: "Come."

"But my clothes? Am I not to dress?"

"There is not the need, sir. Come."

Frozen now with fear, assured that his last hour had struck, Gianluca permitted them to conduct him barefoot as he was along chill passages, down a dark staircase, and into the very hall where yesterday he had been given audience by the Duke.

Into this was he now ushered, and so into a scene that Cesare had carefully prepared with the object of torturing the man's soul—a merciful object, after all, since thus he hoped to avoid the maiming of his body.

Ranged against the wall, midway up the chamber, stood a table draped in black. At this sat the black figure of the questioner, gowned and cowled like a monk. He was flanked by a clerk on either hand, and before each of these were paper, ink-horns, and quills. On the table stood two candle-branches, each bearing a half-dozen candles. There was no other light in that great vaulted chamber, so that the greater portion of it remained mysteriously in shadow.

On the hearth at the room's far end stood an iron tripod supporting a brazier in which the charcoal was glowing brightly. Thrust into the heart of this fire Gianluca observed with a shudder some wooden-handled implements to be heating.

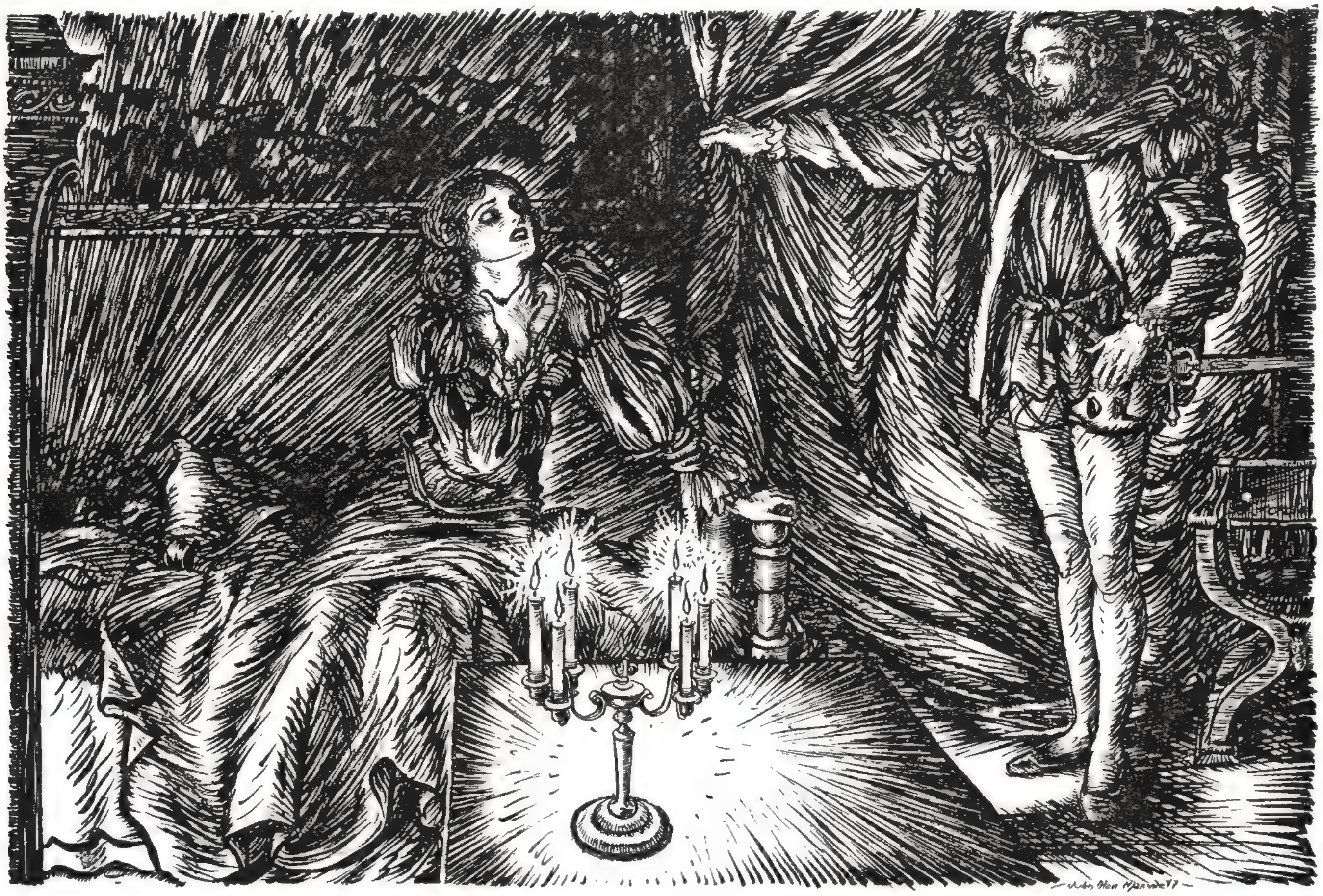
Across the chamber, facing the questioner's table, gray ropes, like the filaments of some gigantic cobweb, dangled from pulleys that were scarcely visible in the upper gloom of the groined ceiling—the torture of the hoist. By these ropes stood two men in leathern vests, their muscular, hairy arms bared to the shoulder. A third man, similarly dressed, stood in the foreground making knots in a length of whipcord.

In mid-chamber—the one spot of color in all that hideous grayness—stood Cesare Borgia in his long scarlet gown, thumbs hooked into his silken girdle, a scarlet cap upon his head. His eyes were infinitely sad and wistful as they rested now upon Gianluca.

The young Assisian stood there and looked about him in dread fascination. He knew now to what purpose he had been awakened and dragged from his bed. He fought for air a moment; the beating of his heart was stifling him. He reeled, and was steadied by the leathern-clad arm of one of the soldiers.

No word had been spoken, and the silence entered into alliance with the chill breath of the place, with the gloom and with the horror of preparations indistinctly revealed, to make the scene appear to Gianluca as some terrific nightmare. Then at a sign from Cesare the executioner's assistants advanced, almost silent-footed, to receive the patient from the soldiers. These surrendered him and clattered out.

Gianluca was led forward to the table, and stood there between his two fearsome guards facing the black figure of the questioner.



"The lust of conquest—should I, who have brought a dozen states to heel, fail to reduce the Count Guido's daughter?"

From the depths of the cowl a cold voice spoke, and to Gianluca it seemed to ring and boom through the vaulted place.

"Messer Gianluca della Pieve," said the voice, "you are guilty of having conspired with Count Guido degli Speranzoni, Tyrant of Solignola, against the High and Mighty Lord Cesare Borgia, Duke of Valentinois and Romagna; and of having prepared here in Assisi a pitfall for this same High and Mighty Lord. Thereby you have deserved death. But worse than death have you deserved, when it is considered that His Highness is Gonfalonier of Holy Church, that the battles he fights are the battles of Holy See. Therefore have you sinned not only against the Duke's Magnificence, but against God and His Earthly Vicar, our Holy Father the Pope. Yet, since the Church has said, 'Nolo mortem peccatoris, sed ut magis convertatur et vivat,' His Highness in our Holy Father's name desires to spare you so that you make frank and full confession of your sin."

The booming voice ceased; yet echoes of it still reverberated through the tortured brain of Gianluca. He stood there, swaying feebly, considering his course. He hung his head.

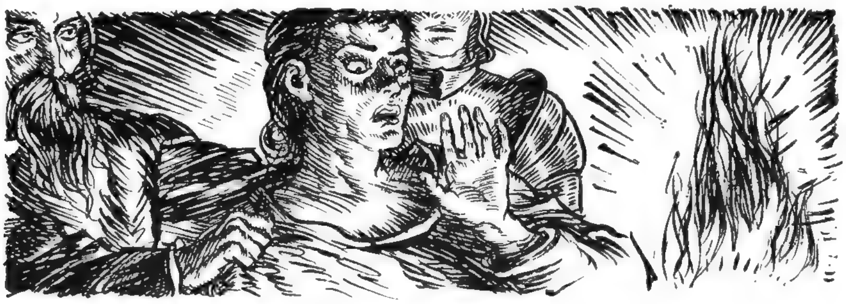
"Look behind you," the voice bade him, "and behold for yourself that we do not lack the means to unseal your lips should you prove obstinate."

But Gianluca did not look. He did not need to look. He shivered; but still said no word.

The questioner made a sign. One of the executioners whipped the cloak from Gianluca's shoulders, and left that poor gentleman standing in his shirt. He felt himself seized by strong—cruelly strong—hands. They turned him about, and dragged him across the room towards the hoist. Midway he hung back, throwing his entire weight upon their arms to check them.

"No, no!" he pleaded through ashen lips.

Suddenly the Duke spoke. "Wait!" he said, and, stepping forward, barred their way. He waved his hand, and the executioners fell back, leaving Gianluca alone with His Highness in mid-apartment.



He knew now to what purpose he had been dragged from his bed.

"Messer della Pieve," said Cesare gently, and he placed a hand upon the Assisian's shoulder, "consider what you do; consider what is before you. I do not think the questioner has made that clear enough. You have seen the hoist at work; you have perhaps seen it wrench a man's shoulders from their sockets." And his steely fingers tightened about the shoulder that he held, until it seemed to Gianluca that a thousand threads of fire were coursing down his arm. He gasped in pain, and the Duke's grip at once relaxed. Cesare smiled—a smile of tender and infinite pity.

"Consider by that how little you are fitted to endure the cord. Be assured that you will speak in the end. And what do you think would follow? Your release? Indeed, no. If once the cords of the hoist have grappled you, you become the property of the law; and when the law has made you speak, it will silence you forever. Consider that. From the agonies of a broken body your release lies through the hangman's hands. Consider that you are young—that life has much to offer you, and consider above all that your silence will profit no one, your speech betray no one that is not betrayed already—that your obstinacy will lead you to sacrifice yourself for no useful purpose."

Gianluca's eyes looked piteously at the Duke from out of his ashen face.

"If—if I could believe that!" he murmured.

"It is easy to convince you, and in convincing you of that I shall convince you also of my own disinterestedness in seeking to save you even now.

"Learn, then, that Madonna Panthasilea degli Speranzoni has already spread her net for me; that today she thrust herself upon my notice; that tonight she sent a letter to her father, the Count of Solignola, informing him of this good beginning, and that within a week she looks to accomplish her treacherous work and take me at last in her power.

"Knowing so much already, am I likely to fall a victim to this thing they plan? Can anything that you may add be of so much moment that you should suffer torture and death sooner than reveal it?"

Gianluca shivered. "What do you desire to know?" he asked. "What can I add? You seem already to know all—more even than do I. Or is it," he added in sudden apprehension, "that you seek my evidence to use it against this lady?"

"Already have I all the evidence I need, were such my aim. There is the letter which she wrote her father. That alone would doom her did I desire it. No, no. All that I seek to learn from you is the precise nature of this trap that has been prepared. You will see that in telling me you can no longer do any hurt to Count Guido or his daughter."

"Why—if that is all——"

"That is all," said Cesare. "A little thing. And there stands the horrible alternative awaiting you. Could I be more generous? Speak, and you may return to bed: I shall hold you a prisoner for caution's sake until Solignola falls. Then you may go your ways in perfect freedom. I pledge you my word for that. Be silent, and——" He waved a hand to the gray cords of the hoist, and shrugged.

That was the end of Della Pieve's silence. He saw clearly that no purpose could be served by persisting in it; that he would but sacrifice himself in vain—and this for a woman who had deemed his love presumptuous and had used him with so little mercy. So he told the Duke the little thing His Highness sought to know—that his abduction was the purpose of the conspiracy, the aim for which Madonna Panthasilea was in Assisi.

TOWARDS NOON upon the morrow a very dainty page in the Duke's livery came to Della Pieve's house bearing a scented letter in Cesare's own hand, wherein His Highness, like the humblest suitor, craved permission to come in person and receive news of Monna Eufemia Bracci.

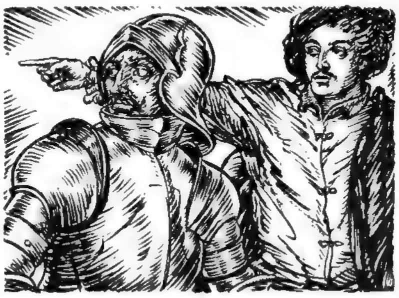
Panthasilea's eyes sparkled as she read. Her plans were speeding, marvelously. Fortune for once was arrayed against this Cesare Borgia whose proverbial luck had caused him to be dubbed "*Filius Fortunæ.*"

The permission His Highness sought she very readily accorded, and so it fell out that the Borgia came in person some few hours later. Leaving his splendid cavalcade to await him in the little square, he went alone into her house.

He came magnificently arrayed, as a suitor should. His doublet was of cloth of gold; milk-white one silken hose, sky-blue the other, and the girdle and carriages of his sword were ablaze with jewels worth many a principality.

He found her in a chamber whose window-doors opened upon the topmost of the garden's several terraces, and it was a room that was a worthy setting for so rare a gem. Eastern carpets were spread upon the mosaic floor, rich tapestries arrayed the walls; books and a lute stood upon an ebony table that was inlaid with ivory figures. By the fireplace two of her women were at work upon the embroidering of an altar-cloth, while Madonna herself reclined upon a low couch of Eastern pattern. A subtle fragrance hung upon the air—the bitter-sweet of lilac essences, a trace of which he had yesternight detected in the intercepted letter.

Upon his entrance she made as if to rise; but in that he checked her. With sweet concern he forbade the effort, and swiftly crossed the room to stay her by force if need be; whereupon she sank back, smiling.



She was all in white, coiffed in a golden net from which a sapphire, large as a bean, hung upon her brow.

One of her women hastened to approach a low chair of antique design, whose feet, carved in the form of the lion's paw, were of solid silver. He sat, and solicitously inquired how fared Madonna's ankle, to receive her assurance that by to-morrow it should be able to bear her weight again.

Their interview was brief, perforce, and flavored by hints from him of the deep regard he had conceived for her; it was confined to pretty play of courtly speeches, a game of fence at which Madonna Eufemia Bracci of Spoleto showed herself no novice.

And yet, tightly strung to her task though she was, she feasted her eyes upon the rare grace and beauty of his resplendent presence, nor repelled the dangerous rapture which his haunting eyes and soft melodious voice aroused in her.

When at length he departed, he left her very thoughtful.

On the morrow he returned, and again upon the following day; and ever did the cavalcade await him in the square below. The game began to interest him beyond all his expectations. This thrusting of his head into the lion's maw afforded him sensations such as he had never yet experienced; this hunting the hunters, this befooling the befoolers, was no new thing to him, but never had he engaged upon it under circumstances more entertaining.

On the occasion of his third visit he found her alone, her women having been dismissed before his entrance. Wondering what fresh move in the game might this portend, he dropped upon one knee to thank her for the signal favor of it, and bore her fragrant hand to his devout lips. But her face was very grave, and for the first time she surprised him.

"My lord," she said, "you mistake me. I have dismissed my women because I had that to say to you which you must prefer that I say without witnesses. My lord, you must visit me no more."

For once in his life he was so astonished that he permitted his countenance to reflect his feelings. Yet she mistook for chagrin the sudden change she saw there.

"I must visit you no more, Madonna!" he cried, and his accents confirmed her impression. "How have I offended? Tell me, that on my knees, here at your feet, I may atone for whatever wrong I have done."

Gently she shook her head, gazing down upon him with a tender sadness. "How should you have offended, my lord? Rise, I implore you."

"Not until I know my sin." And his eyes were the eyes of the humblest suppliant at a shrine.

"You have not sinned, my lord. It is——" She bit her lip; a gentle color warmed her cheek. "It is that I—I must think of my good name. Oh, have patience with me, Highness! You will make me the talk of this scandal-mongering town if daily your escort is seen awaiting you below while you come to visit me."

At last he understood the fiendish subtlety at work within that lovely head. "And is that all?" he cried. "Is there no other reason—none?"

"What other reason should there be?" she murmured, eyes averted.

"Why then, it is soon remedied. In future I will come alone."

She pondered a moment, and gently shook her head. "Best not, my lord. Indeed, that were worse. You would be seen to enter. And coming thus—oh! what would folks not say?"

He sprang up, and boldly put an arm about her. She suffered it, but he felt the shudder that ran through her. "Does it matter—what they say?" quoth he.

"Not—not to you, my lord. But me—consider me. What is a maid's fair name once it is blown upon by scandal?"

"There—there is a back way—by your garden. Thus none would see me. Give me the key, Eufemia."

Under lowered lids he watched her face, saw what he looked for and released her. Inwardly he smiled. He was the very prince of amorous boobies, of love-lorn fools—the most obliging numskull that ever dashed into a trap prepared for him. So she was thinking, not a doubt, in a mental glow at the subtleties of her poor strategy.

She stood trembling before him. "My lord, I—I—dare not."

So much fencing began to nauseate him; the daring of it amounted to folly and moved him to some contempt. He grew cold upon the instant.

"So be it, then," said he. "I will not come again."

He reduced her now to terror. He saw the quick alarm that leaped to her dark eyes. He admired her swift recovery of a situation that was slipping from her grasp.

"My lord, you are angry with me." She hid her face on his shoulder. "You shall have the key," she murmured.

He departed with it, persuaded that she was the most callous, heartless traitress that had ever drawn the breath of life. He might have thought differently had he seen her as she sat there after his departure, weeping bitterly and reviling herself most cruelly. And yet that night she wrote to her father to tell him that all was speeding excellently, and that the end was near.

And Solignola, lulled more and more by these messages and the desultory manner in which the siege was being conducted, kept but indifferent watch. They heard at times the blows of picks under the southern wall of the citadel, and they knew that Corella's men were at work there. But they no longer sallied to disperse them, deeming it but an idle waste of life now that another and more effective method of checkmate was all but in their grasp.

The following afternoon was well advanced when Cesare Borgia tapped upon the window-doors of the room in which it was Panthasilea's custom to receive him. He found her alone, and there was some confusion in her manner of receiving him now that he came in secret, as a lover avowed. But he was that day the very incarnation of discretion.

How Many Did You Remember?

Below are listed the favorites of your youth from which excerpts are reprinted, beginning on page 63.

1. With Clive in India—G. A. Henty.
2. The Last of the Mohicans —James Fenimore Cooper.
3. The Swiss Family Robinson —Jean Adolph Wyss.
4. 5. Uncle Remus —Joel Chandler Harris.
6. 7. Little Men—Louisa May Alcott.
8. Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the Lowly —Harriet Beecher Stowe.
9. Stalky & Co.—Rudyard Kipling.
10. 11. The American Girl's Handy Book —Lina and Adelia B. Beard.
12. Old Cap Collier & Co.; or "Piping" the Stewart Vault Mystery —Ironclad.
13. 14. Little Lord Fauntleroy —Frances Hodgson Burnett.
15. Elsie Dinsmore's Girlhood —Martha Finley.
16. Oliver Twist—Charles Dickens.
17. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer —Mark Twain.
18. Sink or Swim; or Pluck Always Succeeds —Horatio Alger, Jr.

They talked of many things that afternoon, and presently their talk drifted by the way of the verse of Aquilano to the writings of Sperulo, who had followed Cesare's banner as a soldier, the Duke fell into reminiscences. He spoke of himself for once, and of his task in Italy and his high aims; and as he talked her erstwhile wonder at the difference betwixt what she found in him and what she had looked for arose again. He was, she had been told, a man compounded of craft and ambition; harsh, unscrupulous, terrible to foe and friend alike; a man devoid of heart, and therefore pitiless. She found him so gentle, courtly, and joyous, and of so rare a sweetness of thought and speech that she was forced to ask herself, might not envy of his great achievements and his strength be the true source of the hatred in which he was held by those upon whom he warred?

A tall-necked Venetian flagon of sweet Puglia wine stood that afternoon upon the table, having been left there by her woman; and, moved by an impulse she could scarce explain, she poured a cup for him when towards dusk he rose to take his leave. He came to stand beside her by the table while she brimmed the goblet, and when she would have filled another for herself, he covered the vessel with his hands.

It was as if some of the passion latent in him, at which, as if despite him, his ardent glance had hinted none too seldom, leaped of a sudden forth.

"Nay, nay," said he, his great eyes full upon her, their glance seeming to envelop her, and hold her as in a spell. "One cup for us twain, I do beseech you, lady, unworthy though I be. Pledge me, and leave on the wine the fragrance of your lips ere I pledge you in my turn. And if I reel not hence ecstatically, divinely drunk, why, then, I am a clod of earth."

She demurred a little, but his will made sport with hers as does the breeze in autumn with the leaf; and he watched her the while for all the hot passion that seemed to film his eyes. For he was acquainted with drugged wines, and such pretty artifices, and had no fancy for unnecessary risks in this game he was playing.

But this wine was innocent. She drank, and handed him the cup. He bent his knee to receive it, and drained it, kneeling, his eyes upon her face.

Thereafter he took his leave of her, and she stood at the window looking after his departing figure as it descended the garden and was merged at last into the thickening gloom. Then she shivered, a sob broke from her quivering lips, and she sank limp into a chair, again as yesterday to fall aweeping for no reason in the world that was apparent.

And again that night she wrote to the Count, her father, that all was going better than she could have dared to hope, and that within three days she looked to place in the hands of those who waited that which should enable them to purchase the emancipation of Solignola.

He came again upon the morrow, and upon the morrow of that again; and now Count Guido's daughter entered upon a season of sore experiences. In Cesare's absence she ripened her plans for his ultimate capture; in his presence she was all numb, fascinated by him, filled with horror and self-loathing at her task, the very creature of his will.

At last was reached that fateful evening that had been settled for the Judas deed. He came at nightfall, as she had begged him—urging her request as an added precaution against scandal—and he found her awaiting him in the gloom, no other light in the chamber save that of the logs that blazed upon the hearth. He took her hand and bore it to his lips. It was ice-cold and trembled in the clasp of his as trembled all her body now. He scanned her face and saw that it was drawn, for all that its pallor was dissembled by the ruddy firelight. He saw that she could not bear his gaze, and so concluded—as already he had suspected—that the snare was to be sprung tonight.

"Eufemia!" he cried. "My Eufemia, how cold you are!"

She shivered at the endearment, at the soft caress of his voice, the pleading ardor of his eyes. "It—it is very chill," she faltered. "The wind is in the north."

He turned from her and crossed again to the windows, her glance following him. He drew the heavy curtains close, and shut out what little daylight yet lingered in the sky.

"So," he said, "it will be more snug within."

He was dressed from head to foot in the warm red-brown of leaves in autumn; and as he stood there against the dark background of the curtains, the red light of the logs, playing over the smooth velvet of his doublet and the shimmering silk of his hose, turned him into a man of flame; and of shifting liquid fire seemed the girdle of gold scales that clasped his waist.

Tall, majestic and magnificently lithe and graceful, he seemed to her now the very embodiment of perfect manhood. More than man he seemed in the fantastic, ardent panoply he borrowed from the firelight.

He moved, and fire glowed and shot, quivered, vanished, and gleamed again along his scaly girdle. He took her hands and drew her down beside him on the Eastern settle, out of the firelight's direct range, yet so that her face remained illumined.

She submitted despite herself. All her instincts cried out against this dangerous propinquity, thus in the flame-lit gloom.

"I—I will call for lights," she faltered, but made no attempt to rise or to disengage the hand he held.

"Let be," he answered gently. "There is light enough, and I have not long to stay."

"Ah?" she breathed the question and felt her heart-beats quickening.

"But a moment; and I am more grieved since it is my last evening here with you."

He noted the guilty start, the sudden spasm of fear that rippled across her face, the quivering, half-stifled voice in which she asked: "But why?"

"I am the slave of harsh necessity," he explained. "Work awaits me. Tomorrow at dawn we deliver the final assault which is to carry Solignola."

Here was news for her. It seemed that not an hour too soon had she resolved to act.

"You—are certain that it will be final?" she questioned, intrigued by his assurance, eager to know more.

He smiled with confidence. "You shall judge," said he. "There is a weakness in the walls to the south under the hill, spied out from the commencement by Corella. Since then we have spent the time in mining at that spot; and there has been during these last days an odd lack of vigilance on the part of Count Guido's followers. Solignola seems as a town lulled by some false hope. This has served us well. Our preparations are complete. At dawn we fire the mine and enter through the breach."

"So that I shall see you no more," said she, feeling that something she must say. And then, whether urged by make-believe or by sheer femininity, she continued: "Will you ever think again, I wonder, when you pass on to further conquests, of poor Eufemia Bracci and her loneliness in Spoleto?"

He leaned towards her, his head thrust forward; and his eyes, glowing in the half-light, looked deeply into hers, so deeply that she grew afraid, thinking he must see the truth in the very soul of her. Then he rose, and moved away a step or two until he stood in the full glow of the fire, one velvet-shod foot on the andiron. Outside the window he had heard the gravel crunch. Some one was moving here. Her men, no doubt.

He stood a while like a man deep in thought, and she watched him with something in her face that he would have found baffling had he seen it. Her right hand was playing fretfully about her throat and heaving bosom, betraying by its piteous movements the stifling feeling that oppressed her.

Suddenly he turned to her. "Shall I come back to you, my Eufemia?" he asked in a hushed but very ardent voice. "Would you have it so?" And he flung out his arms to her.

Her glance upraised met his own, and her senses reeled under those imperious eyes instinct with a passion that seemed to enwrap her as in a mesh of fire. Suddenly she began to weep.

"My lord, my dear lord!" she sobbed.

She rose slowly, and stood there swaying, a poor, broken thing whelmed by a sudden longing for the shelter of those outstretched arms, yet horribly afraid, with a mysterious fear, and filled, too, with self-loathing for the treachery she had plotted. Once it had seemed to her that she did a noble and glorious thing. Now of a sudden, in the very hour of accomplishment, she saw it vile beyond all vileness.

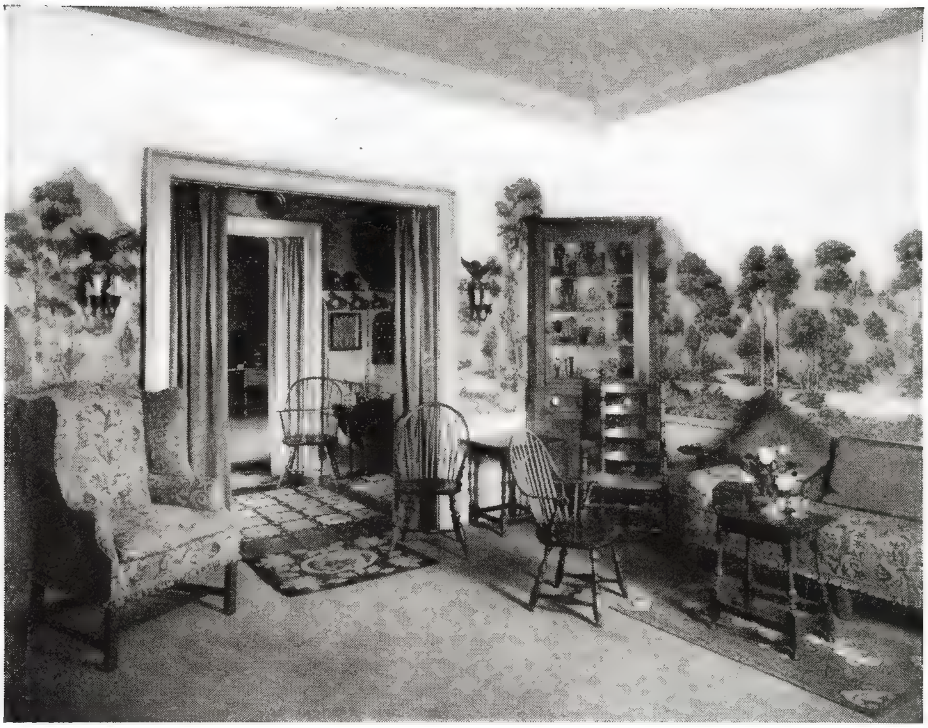
"Eufemia, come!" he bade her.

"Ah, no, no," she cried, and hid her burning face in her trembling hands.

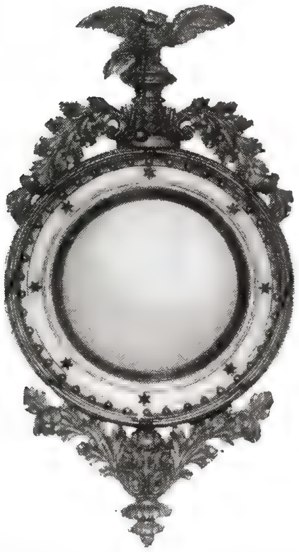
He advanced, and touched her. "Eufemia!" The appeal in his voice was a seduction irresistible.

"Say—say that you love me," she pleaded piteously, urged to demand it by her last remaining shred of self-respect—for in all their communion hitherto not one word of love had he included

(*Continued on page* 129)



White woodwork and green and white scenic wallpaper form a harmonious background for the early American pine and maple furniture in the home of Mrs. Henry Slack in New York City. The little tables are Jacobean in origin and the chairs are Windsor.
Courtesy of Westport Antique Shop



A popular type of Colonial convex mirror, of carved and gilded wood. The stars represent various states, and together with the eagle express the patriotic sentiment of young America.
Courtesy of Florian Papp

ART IN EVERYDAY LIVING

Early American *and*

ALWAYS THERE have been Americans who have liked their old mahogany and maple and cherry furniture. Some liked it because it was old and their own, and a few realized its fitness and beauty. But in the last ten years or so the idea that probably the most desirable sort of furniture to have in one's home in this country is American has rapidly gained momentum, along with the desire to know more about its history and origin. Perhaps the opening of the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art struck the final and decisive note. Here American furniture was displayed in the settings for which it was made—representing architecture and living conditions all the way from New England to Virginia, in the formative periods which transformed the English colonies into a nation. It goes without saying that the work of Duncan Phyfe, William Savery, John Goddard and others, set a standard for American cabinetmakers, but long before their time the struggling colonists made and used furniture that proclaimed them conscious heirs to the civilization of Europe. For these dwellers in the wilderness had a historic inheritance of beauty, and in the midst of hardships and rigorous living they sought to apply it to the economic and social conditions of their new homes.

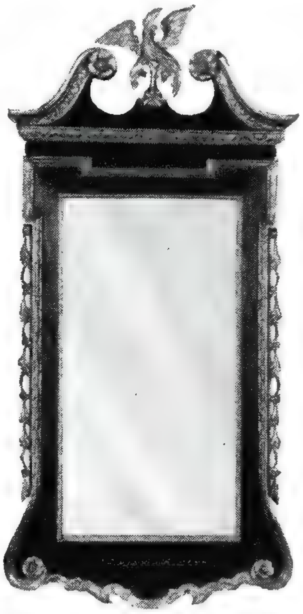
Although much of their architectural and decorative work showed surprising originality, most of it was faithful, in varying degree, to forms and types of the Old World. Passing through a transitional period, they quickly arrived at a new artistic expression, finally achieving a finished craftsmanship. The stern necessities faced by early America are reflected in the severe unadorned lines of the first furniture, which, however, expressed a simple directness of purpose that is not without beauty. In New England it expressed also a religious point of view, for to the Puritan mind comfort and luxury were component parts of sin, while discomfort and austerity were emblems of virtue, and emphasized disapproval of a life they had never tried. Hence they possibly derived a certain pleasure from the use of their hard board beds, narrow stiff-backed chairs and wooden settles. When the Pilgrims sailed from England, James I. was on the throne (1603-1624). James was Scotch, and his sense of economy promptly did away with the preceding Tudor love of display by checking ornament and discouraging lavish use of material. Cromwell followed shortly, with his ascetic creed and stern ideas—and it was this Jacobean-Cromwellian influence that the first colonists brought with them to America.

So it is that our earliest houses and furniture, rightly called "Early American," are pure Jacobean, and are not closely allied to the classic Georgian Period of the XVIII. Century, which is commonly looked upon as the only ancestor of our Colonial styles. The most revolutionary architectural event of the Jacobean era was the return from Italy of Inigo Jones and his subsequent creation of the classic English house which was later to be known as Georgian—although Jones had been dead more than fifty years before the first George came to the throne. Thus, periods overlapped and intermingled for years before the pure Georgian became our standard of artistic achievement.

In order to understand the beginnings of our country we must glance at what lies behind it. The colonization of America was brought about by unrest in

Plain red linen curtains cast a cheerful glow upon the old pine paneling and early American pine and maple furniture in the library of Mr. F. K. Gasten at Bellhaven, Conn. This interior demonstrates the ease with which early America lends its charm to modern arrangement.

Courtesy of Westport Antique Shop



Colonial Chippendale mirror of mahogany and embellished with carving of gilded wood

Courtesy of Florian Papp

Colonial Furniture

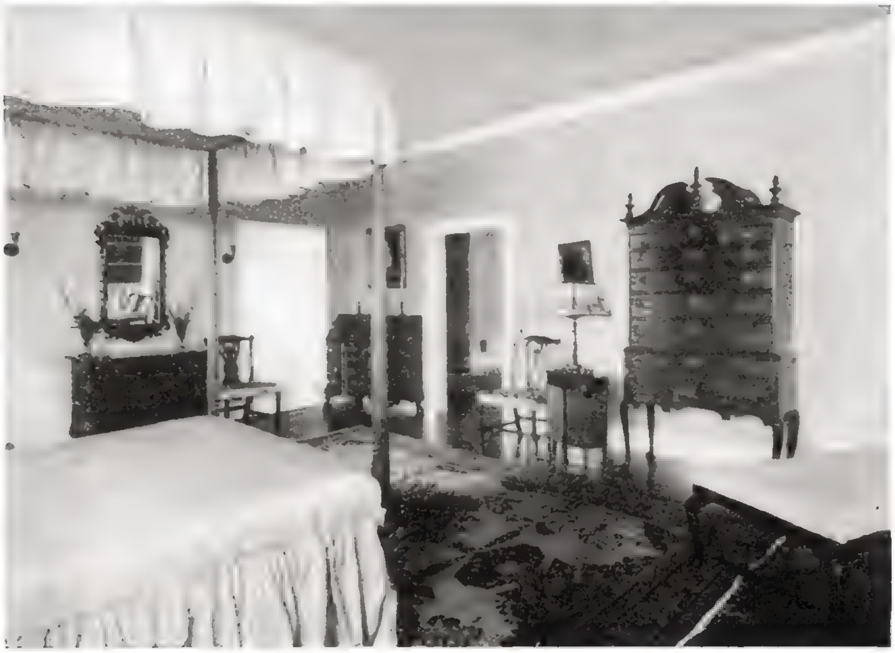
by LEONORA R. BAXTER

Europe—political and religious dissension, tottering thrones, and finally, new ideas engendered by the Renaissance, which swept Europe clean of musty thought, and laid the foundation for commercial, political and economic advancement. The old order was shaken, and in the midst of the chaos that followed adventurous souls sought America, where they found savages, primeval forests, privation, and often death. The Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on December 21st, 1620. They came to stay, and the determined courage of these English pioneers is the back-log and pride of this country. They were religionists from the humbler walks of life, fleeing from persecution, but ready enough, when they became established here, to inflict upon the populace the same persecution from which they had fled—commanding everybody to think their way, or not think at all. Their very first furniture, called Pilgrim furniture, was crude and scarce—something to sleep on, a trestle table, and the inevitable chest, made up the ensemble. The houses were built of logs hewn from the forests, and unplaned. Chairs were considered a luxury, and for a while were few and far between. There is not a clear record of any experienced carpenter having come over on the first trip of that overloaded boat, but we do know that John Alden was credited with being a joiner, and that a couple of years later the good ship "Charity" brought to Plymouth a shipbuilder who probably took a hand at cabinet work. It was the oak age in England, so the Pilgrims naturally sought oak out of which to fashion their sturdy household furnishings, but they soon turned to pine, so abundant in the surrounding forests. They built their compactly square houses of it, and made their furniture of that and other native woods.

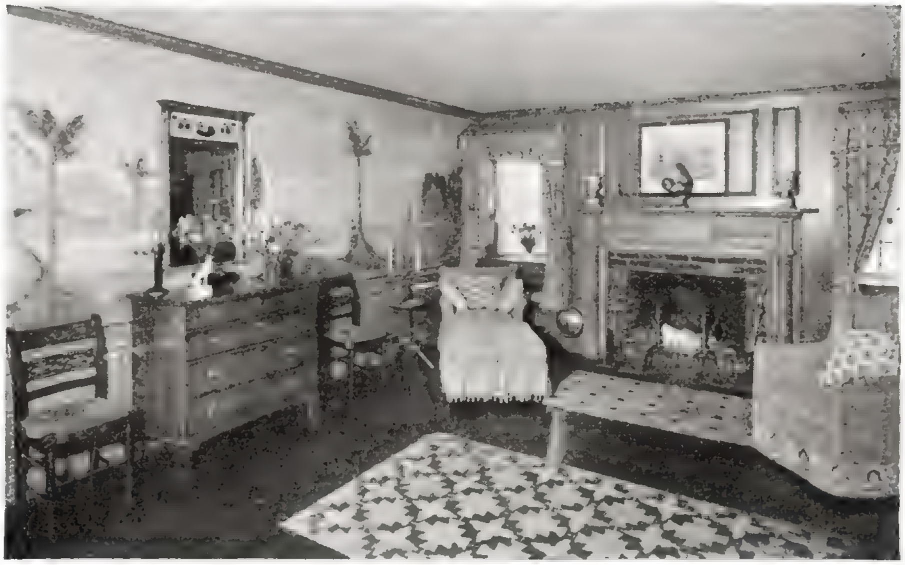
Despite humble beginnings, it is an amazing fact that fifteen years later, lacking tools and expert builders, there were numerous homes in New England in contemporary English style, often adorned with imported fabrics and furniture. Much of this is explained by the fact that after 1625 groups of friends and relatives were constantly arriving from England bringing the latest styles with them, and keeping alive in the hearts of the colonists the dearly loved, though renounced, mother country. As the Indians receded and religion mellowed, there was time and taste for luxurious living and surroundings. Furniture increased in quantity and variety, and elaboration of detail appeared. Cabinetmakers lost much of their austerity and began to use curves and soften hard lines and plain surfaces with carving and inlay.

Chests will always remain one of the most interesting phases of antique furniture, because they came first in importance and received the most attention from wood workers. Our early New England chests were often beautifully carved, the oak ones in Gothic design. The poorer man, who hadn't time for carving or money to order from cabinetmakers, used his ingenuity and painted his chest with quaint colors and patterns. These are especially interesting because they show the first attempt at painted decoration in this country. The usual evolution of the chest took place, and from it sprang highboys, lowboys, chests of drawers, desks, and so on. Then Connecticut excelled in chests, and it was that state also that concentrated on clock-making, developing it into one of the first thriving industries of this country.

When chairs became plentiful the wainscot was the symbol of wealth,



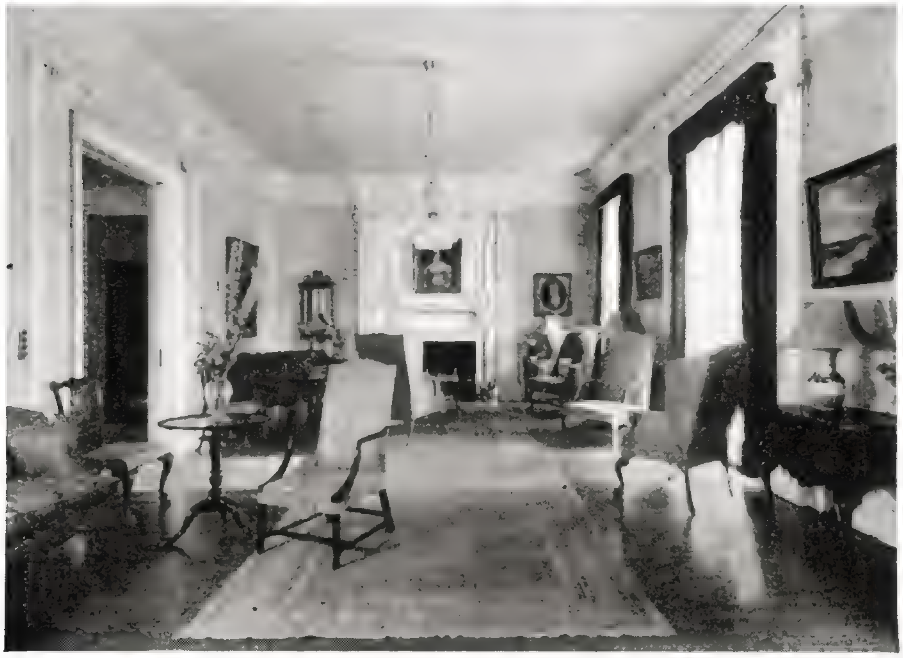
This Queen Anne and Chippendale bedroom is in the beautiful "Westomere" mansion at New London, Conn. The cabriole legs of the highboy and stool stamp them as Queen Anne, and equally as typical are the ball and claw feet and carved shell knees of the rare Chippendale bed.
Courtesy of Israel Sack



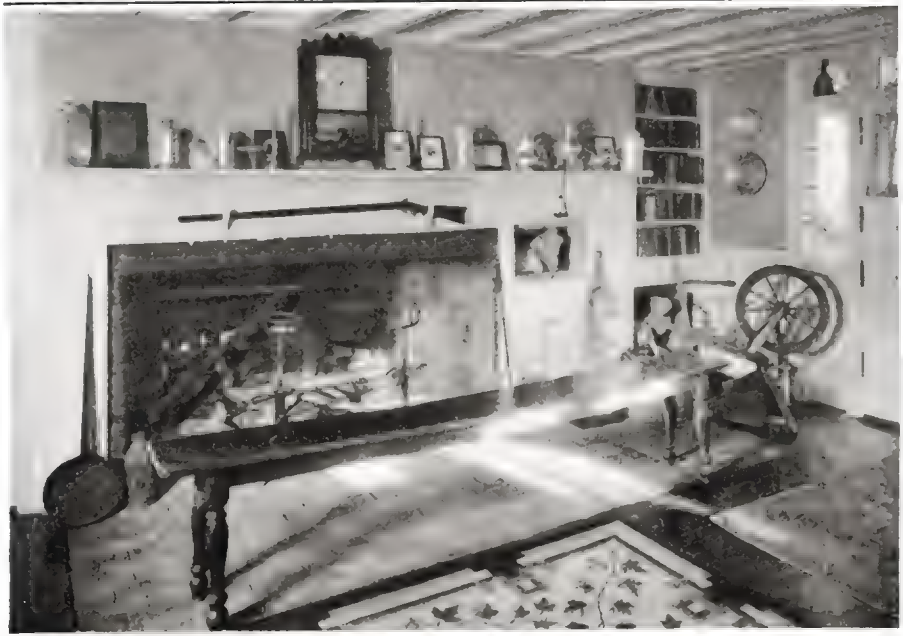
The charm of this lovely room in the home of Mr. H. H. Rogers at Southampton is greatly enhanced by the combined use of old pine paneling and scenic wallpaper of the period. The side chairs are painted, and at the time they were made rejoiced in the name of "fancy chairs."
Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.

followed closely by a smaller edition, the Cromwellian. The Carver chair was supposed to have been brought over on the Mayflower by Governor Carver. The Windsor chair, which in its childhood belonged to the taverns of England, reached its highest development in this country, in all the colonies, achieving many variations not thought of in the old country. Dr. Johnson called it "the throne of human felicity," and it is said that Jefferson sat in one when he signed the Declaration. The beds of this early period were four-post, folding, and trundle, made of various woods, and ran the gamut from crudity to later elaboration.

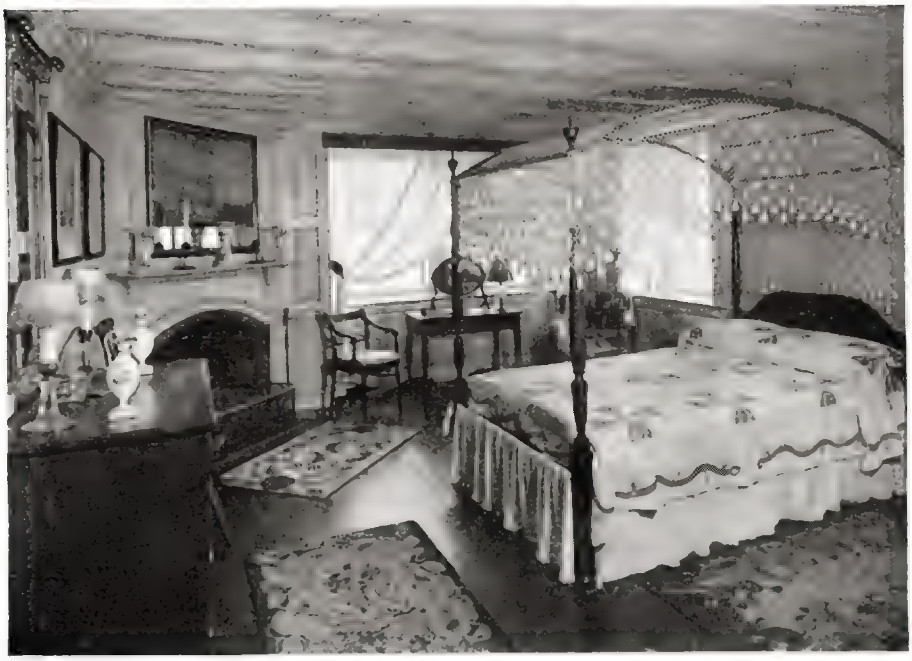
When James II forswore his succession his daughter Mary and her Dutch husband, William of Orange, in 1688, moved themselves and all their numerous belongings over to England. This proved to be a notable event in the history of house furnishings in both England and America, for this country kept pace, step by step, with the changes taking place across the water. The new Dutch styles spread like wildfire. Very soon the furniture in vogue and in general use was lighter in construction, finer in workmanship, and entirely different in outline and finish from any England had known before. The cabriole leg, smooth curves, polished walnut, marquetry, Chinese lacquer, etc., marked another era of domestic



The spirit of Chippendale prevails in this Colonial drawing-room at "Westomere" in New London, Conn. Note the "Martha Washington" armchair, a universal American interpretation of the great master.
Courtesy of Israel Sack



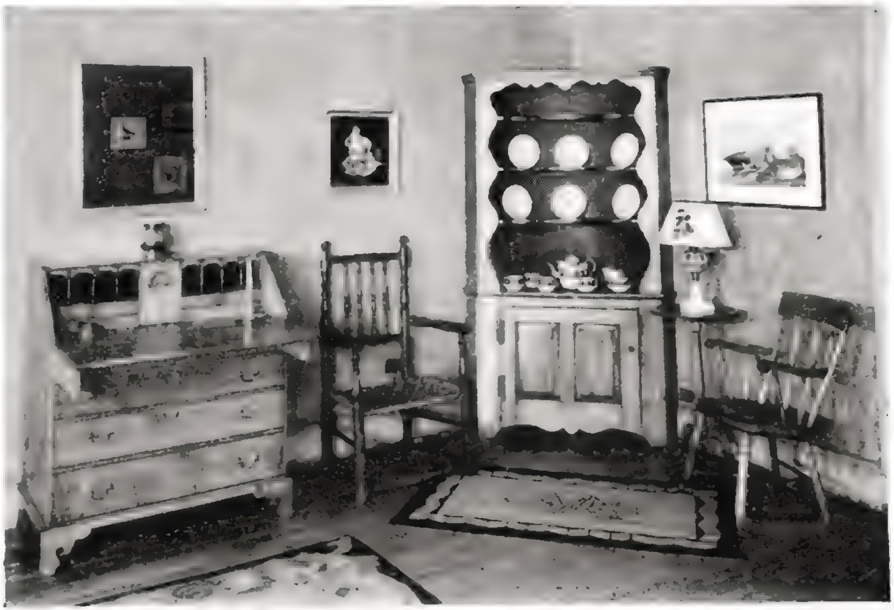
Typical of early America in New England is this room in the home of Mrs. Reeve Schley, Far Hills, N. J. The low ceiling and spacious fireplace do their part toward keeping out the cold, and the bench offers a cozy seat before the blazing logs.
Courtesy of Westport Antique Shop



The low beamed ceiling and wood-paneled walls of this bedroom in the home of Mr. H. H. Rogers at Southampton are painted a soft ocean blue. The delicate Sheraton bed with its fish-net canopy, the old ship prints, mirrors, and hooked rugs all do their bit toward making this colonial interior nearly perfect.
Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.

art, which persisted through the closing years of the XVII. Century and the reign of Queen Anne in the early XVIII. Century. In fact, this style is called "Queen Anne," and the term is used to cover the entire period of Dutch influence which really lasted until the Georgian era introduced the great English cabinetmakers of the XVIII. Century, and with them, mahogany, and the styles generally known to us as Colonial, in the North and South alike. Quantities of Georgian furniture were imported to New England, where local cabinetmakers, reproducing it, modified it to their conditions with true artistic appreciation and excellent craftsmanship.

The XVIII. Century, with its many innovations, reached its richest and fullest fruition in England, and was reflected in America in simpler form. In New England one of its chief exponents, architecturally, was Samuel McIntire, a carpenter. He never traveled, but depended on books for his inspiration, and the fact that Palladio's and Adam's books on architecture were found among his possessions explains much. He was born in Salem in 1757 and died there in 1811. In those days the master carpenters combined the present professions of architect, contractor, builder, decorator and artisan. They usually had no offices, but lived



An ensemble of New England and Pennsylvania pine and maple furniture of the simple cottage type. The little arrow-back rocker hails from Rhode Island. The Pennsylvania corner cupboard is pine, and the desk curly maple. The Brewster armchair belongs to Massachusetts.
Courtesy of Lord & Taylor

The rosettes, the shell-carving and block-front of this chest-on-chest are all characteristic of John Goddard's best work, and emphasize the simple dignity and elegance of his conceptions.
Courtesy of Israel Sack

with their tools, and in doing so exalted their trade. McIntire never got far away from Salem, and all of his work was done in or near that famous old seaport. He did not quite reach the rank of architect, and his fame rests on the beauty of household embellishments such as doorways, cornices, and interior woodwork that has no cause to blush in the presence of Adam himself. The Colonial and post-Revolutionary homes of our forefathers are of value to us not just because of their historical associations, but because they express a spirit of honest and inspired craftsmanship. Proof of this is that we are forever turning back to them in our efforts to develop an American style of architecture, for they possess that something which has withstood the searching test of time. We know much of Thomas Jefferson, La Trobe, Bulfinch and others who were really architects, but little indeed of the local carpenters who fashioned the harmonious proportions and exquisite details of our ancestor's homes, both North and South. They worked without acclaim, and few personal records are extant.

In strong contrast to the Puritans who landed at Plymouth, are the earliest settlers of Virginia, who came to Jamestown in 1604. Here we find a small band of less than a hundred gentlemen, with an equal number of servants, seeking conquest for their king and country, and adventure as well. They fared gaily forth to unknown dangers and met whatever came with a virile gallantry that left trails of romance in American history. Their object in colonizing differed radically from that of their New England brothers, but there was no difference in what they suffered and endured. From the first, Virginia was a refuge for Roy-

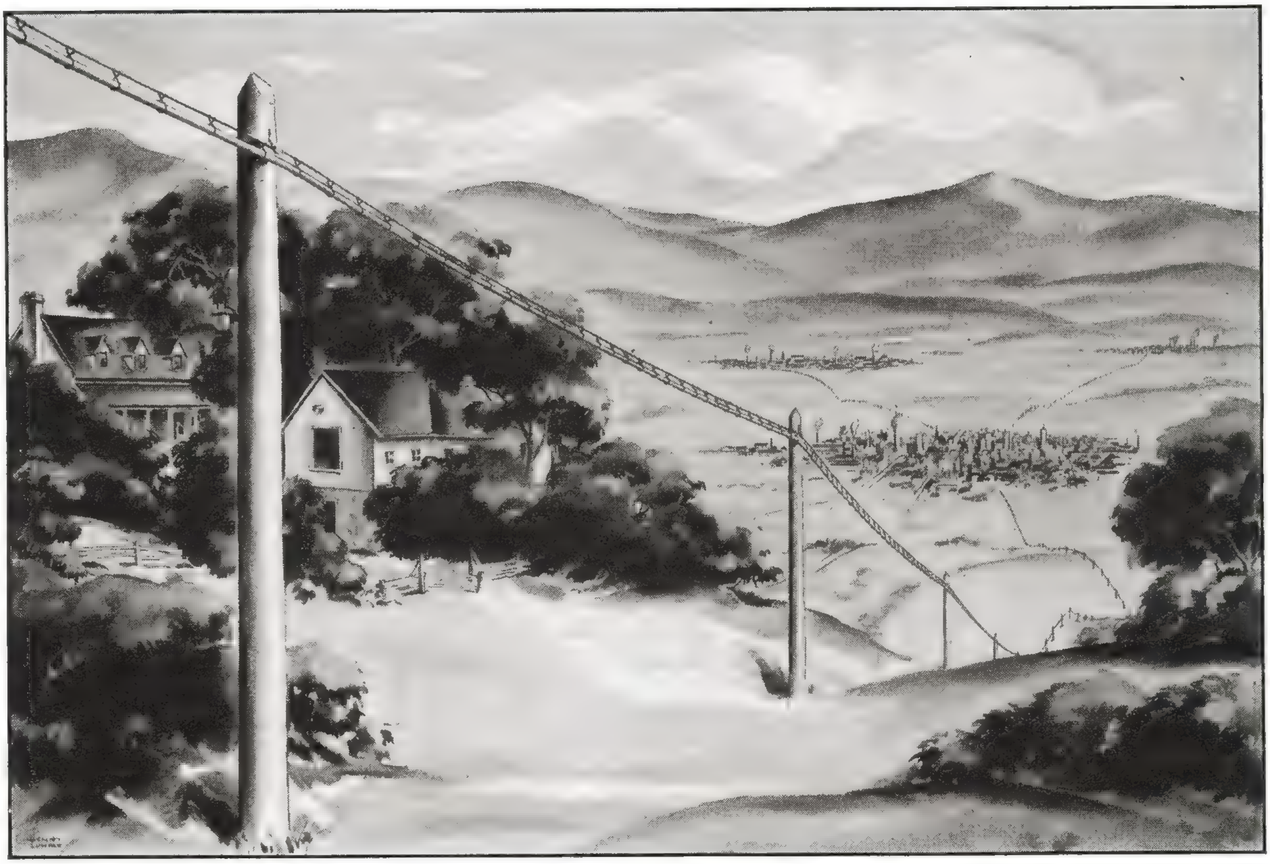
England placed the Royalist and Cavalier classes in disfavor they flocked to Virginia and the other Southern colonies in large numbers. Because Jacobean styles reached their finest expression at Court and in the homes of the great, it is natural that the best of it was brought to Virginia, where it predominated for years in houses and in furniture as well.

The first houses built along the Atlantic seaboard, from Plymouth to Jamestown, were of rough-hewn planks, shaped like boxes, and unpainted. A little later architectural form developed, and in Virginia it was Jacobean in feeling, the houses being built of brick and timber or all brick. There were very few frame houses in the Southern colonies, Louisiana excepted—and the reverse is true in New England. The Jacobean furniture of Virginia was oak and similar in range to that in England, consisting of chests, court cupboards, corner cabinets, a few chairs, many tables, including the gate-leg and trestle types, joined stools, and numerous settles and benches. The chairs were wainscot, and quite formal and dignified in appearance. The oak period lasted a comparatively short time, and with the introduction of walnut, furniture forms changed, closely following the styles in England, which were Queen Anne. In the South as in no other section (with the exception of Louisiana), English tradition was preserved, due not only to blood but to constant communication with the mother country. The opulent planter took his children to English schools and his cotton to English mills, bringing back upholstering fabrics, wallpaper and furniture.

When the Georgian style was introduced in England it was quickly taken up in this country and was especially adaptable in the South, for the size and structure of the Southern home rendered a perfect background for the furniture that had been designed for the Georgian mansions of England. The hospitable luxurious Southerner loved his home and had ample leisure and money to make of it a thing of beauty, counting only the best good enough for its adornment. The brick houses with their tall white columns wide porches and green blinds were spacious and imposing, set far back from the road in acres of trees. Large square rooms, lofty ceilings and wide halls running from front to back through the center of the house, prevailed everywhere in country and city alike. Windows were high and wide and often came to the floor while woodwork, cornices and ceilings were classic, designed after Adam, Jones and Wren. Walls, when not adorned with imported paper, scenic or otherwise were white or painted in pastel shades

Beautiful pieces of Sheraton, Heppelwhite and Chippendale lent their grace and sophistication. Many mirrors were used, and ran in style from Chippendale and Adam to the architectural kind set in the wall above mantels and doors Adam furniture was not made in this country, because Adam had never published a book on furniture, as he had on architecture, woodwork and mirrors. When the imported furniture was copied the pieces were exact replicas, or, as was often the case, they were drawn to scale and true in design, but greatly enlarged. This was notably so of sideboards, beds, secretaries and sofas. Secretaries were the drop-front type rather than slant-top built very tall, with the broken arch pediment, and without carving. The enlarged sideboards of the South are the most beautiful and imposing I have ever seen with their four or six tall legs, serpentine fronts and exquisite inlay and veneer They achieved massiveness without loss of line or beauty of proportion, and the same is true of the sofas and beds, which sometimes were capable of holding double the usual quota of people. Dining tables were in two or four sections, Sheraton in type, and when used all together would seat twenty-five or thirty. Other large and typical decorative features were the pier mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, placed between windows—and the pier tables with mirrored backs—to say nothing of the huge crystal chandelier and wallsconces, whose many candle shone softly upon gay and carefree scene

This little American Queen Anne lowboy is one of the many treasures at "Westomere," New London, Conn. The Chippendale mirror flaunts our American eagle



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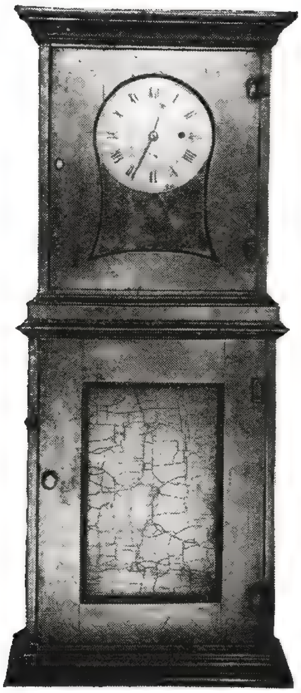

This quaint clock of early New England shows the simplicity of line and lack of ornamentation typical of pioneer craftsmanship. It was made by John Winkley.
Courtesy of Israel Sack

Early American pine and maple furniture looks delightfully inviting in the living-room of Mrs. Meredith Blagden near Tuxedo, New York. The wood-paneled walls are painted a pale hyacinth blue, colorful chintz is used for slip covers and curtains, and the rug is faded plum in tone. The big wing chair is bedecked with black hair-cloth embroidered in small bunches of flowers.
Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.

—scenes which came to a sudden end when the Puritan and the Cavalier met on the field of battle in the Civil War—struggling with the lack of understanding that had always existed between them in the old country. Much beautiful furniture of the South was destroyed during that conflict. It served as bonfires, lit to celebrate victories of the conquering army—and then, too, Southerners often burned their own homes, and even cities and towns rather than have them fall into the hands of the advancing enemy. But some perfect furniture survives, reminding the New South of its days of glory.

Louisiana was settled by the French in 1699, at Biloxi, which is now in Mississippi, and New Orleans became the capital of the colony in 1722. Not until 1803, did the Louisiana Purchase make it a part of the United States. So for about a hundred years, with the exception of the brief Spanish occupation, it was owned and dominated by the French, and during that time the household furnishings of New Orleans and surrounding country were both unusual and highly artistic. Most of this furniture is now widely scattered or destroyed, which is regrettable, as it would be of great interest to the connoisseur of French furniture in America. That so little is known of it is no doubt partially due to the desire for privacy in matters pertaining to home life, which is characteristic alike of both the Frenchman and the Southerner. It doesn't take the visitor to New Orleans long to realize that the furniture there is entirely different from anywhere in the South, or in this country. The colony had no interests in common with England or with the English colonies until a comparatively late date, and until that time all of her foreign influence came to her directly from France or Spain.

The rich carving and gracious curves of this Philadelphia lowboy are typical of the Savery - Chippendale school.
Courtesy of Israel Sack

A part of the period of French domination paralleled the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., contact with the mother country was constant, and furniture was imported in quantities. When copies were made they duplicated as closely as possible the imported pieces, as originality was neither desired nor encouraged. But despite that, a surprising amount of originality did creep into the work of Francois Siegnouret, and Mallard, his successor—the two outstanding cabinetmakers of Louisiana. They had no distinguished rivals in the South, for it is a notable fact that the expert and talented cabinetmakers who flocked to the Northern colonies never went South at all—probably due to slave labor and to the widespread habit of importing, to which the South clung tenaciously. Siegnouret was born in Bordeaux in 1768 and died in New Orleans in 1815. He was famous for the delicacy and beauty of line he managed to give to the most ponderous article of furniture, and be it said that New Orleans furniture was often huge, made in proportion with the enormous rooms and eighteen-foot ceilings.

His carving was cut into the body of the furniture, and he used beading as a finish for edges. Climate was a potent factor in the development of furniture in Louisiana, the dampness being responsible for the use of rosewood and other woods not requiring veneer, and for the ball-shaped brass feet so often found on chairs. Mention must be made of the all-important "armor," or French "armoire," called wardrobes elsewhere. They were found in every Louisiana home, and upon them cabinetmakers lavished their art. Four-post and tester beds persisted here long after they had been discarded in the North, and it is interesting to note that box springs were used in the South at the time that beds in the North were simply corded. Mallard's chief claim to distinction was that he broke away from the tester and four-post styles and fashioned an elaborate canopy affair, supported from the back and extending about two-thirds of the way over the bed, and lined and tufted in silk or satin in a highly unsanitary manner. Like all good cabinetmakers the world over he used his predecessors' designs to some extent and combined them with motifs of his own.

From its beginning, Pennsylvania was a prosperous colony. The Dutch East India Company held military jurisdiction there from 1604 to 1664, and no settlements were made except a small Swedish one at Chester. In 1681 Charles II. granted the region west of the Delaware to the Quaker, William Penn, and the following year Philadelphia was founded. Penn's gentleness in dealing with both Indians and settlers prevented the strife and Indian warfare which harassed and retarded the development of the other colonies. Racial inheritances and religious influences made this colony very different from the others, and it was most interestingly individually. Of the first furniture brought in by Penn and his followers

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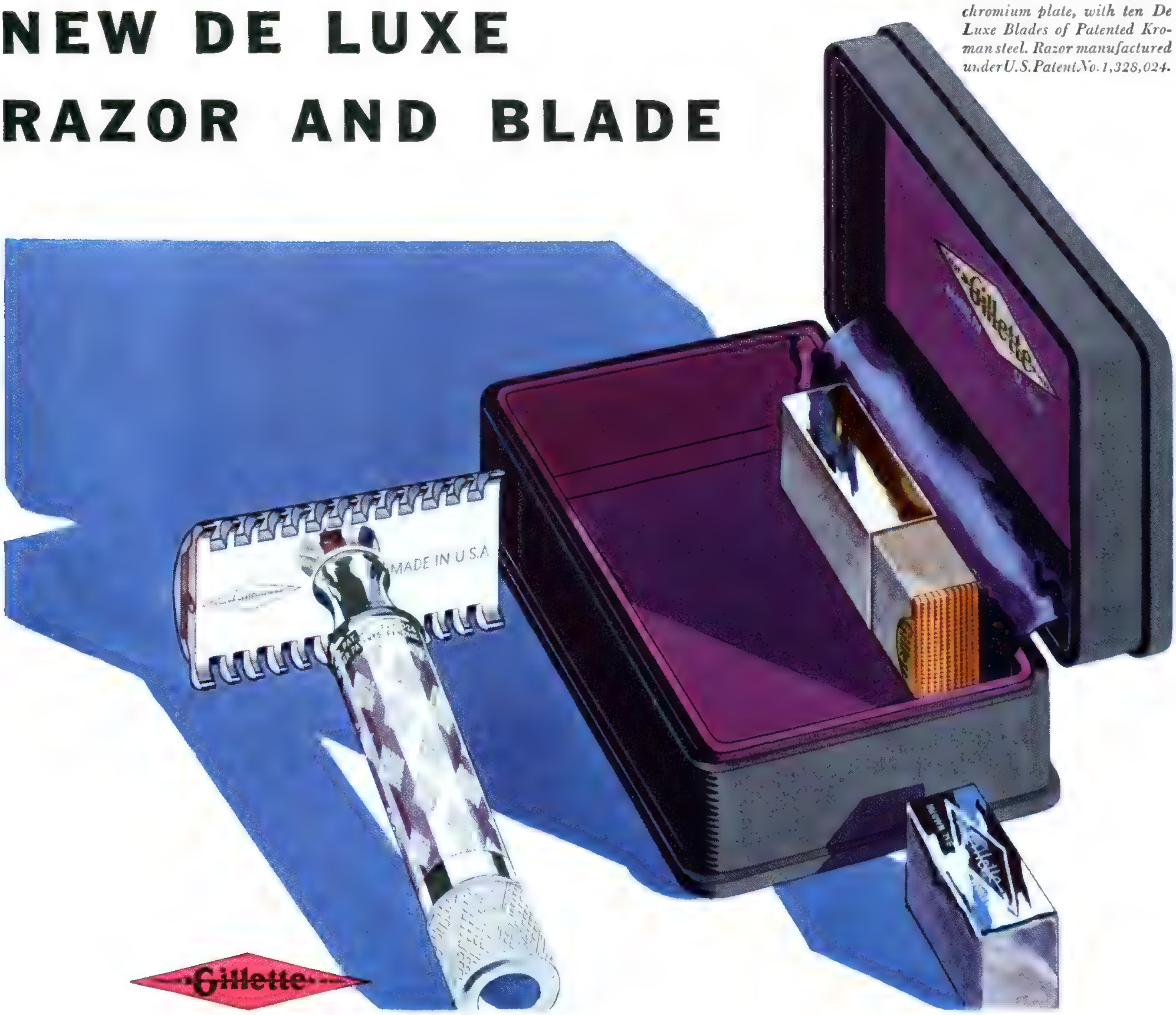
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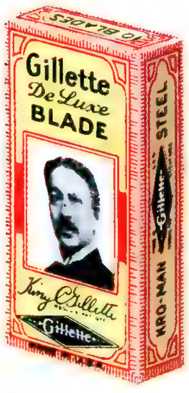
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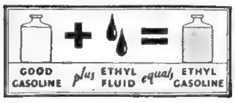
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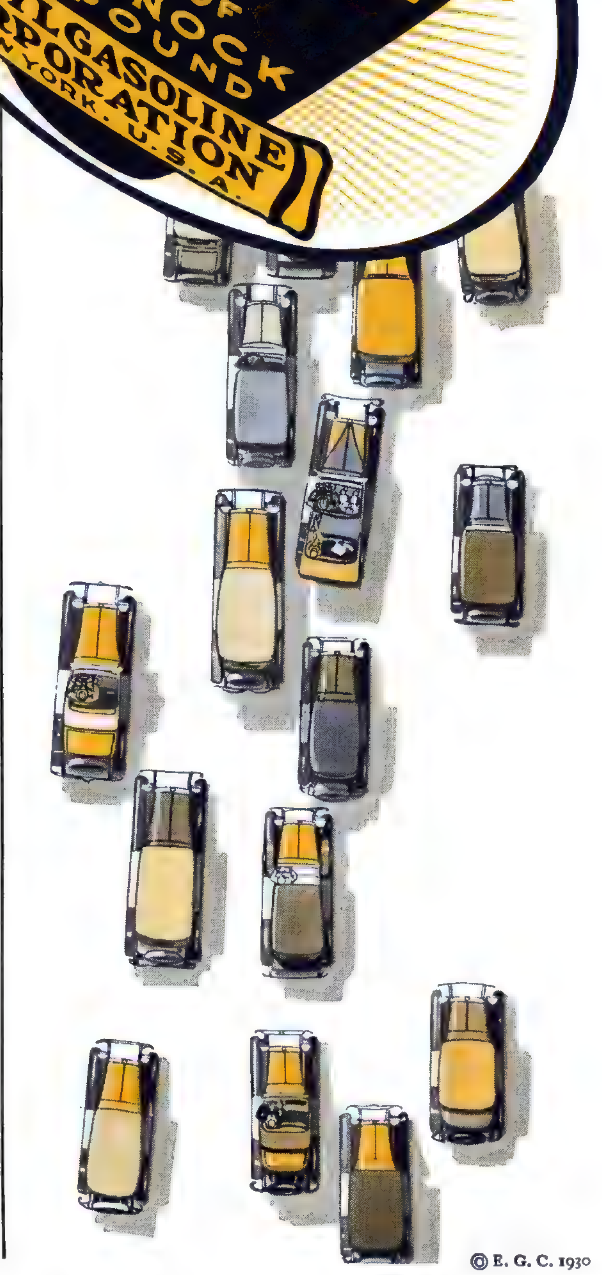

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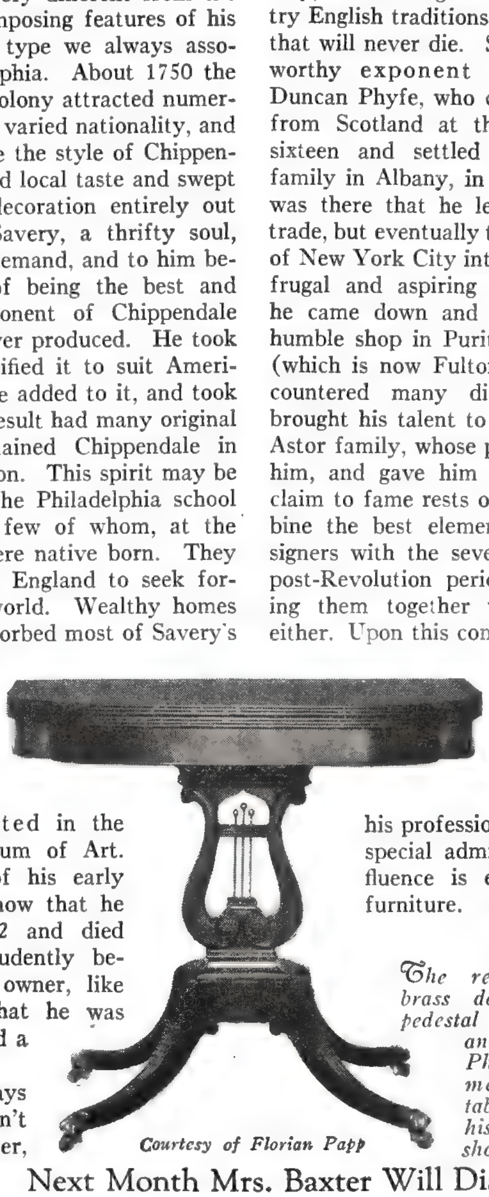
ETHYL GASOLINE

almost nothing is known except that it must have been a mixture of English and German derivation. What came after is best divided into farmhouse and city furniture.

And it is well to remember that the seaboard cities were in close touch with Europe, and copied their styles from the latest thing in importations, while the pioneers who pushed further inland depended for inspiration upon memories of their homeland. Their household effects naturally reflected the simplicity and crudeness of the lives they were forced to live. So while sophisticated furniture of great beauty was being made in Philadelphia the rural house-carpenter was making his rough articles, and here again we find painted decorations done in gay colors.

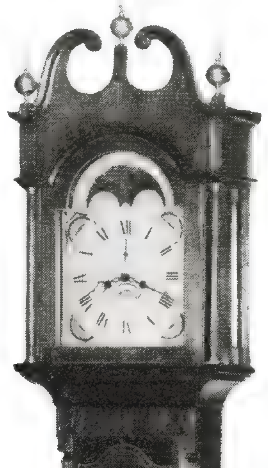
The cities of Pennsylvania possessed much wealth and boasted many beautiful homes. There seem to have been a number of good cabinetmakers, but William Savery stands out as a shining light. Savery's early furniture answered the call for simplicity that came from his own sect, the Quakers, and into it he injected elegance of refinement and beauty of line quite unadorned, very different from the rich carving and imposing features of his later work, which type we always associate with Philadelphia. About 1750 the prosperity of the colony attracted numerous new arrivals of varied nationality, and on their heels came the style of Chippendale, which obsessed local taste and swept Quaker ideas of decoration entirely out of the picture. Savery, a thrifty soul, followed the new demand, and to him belongs the honor of being the best and most faithful exponent of Chippendale this country has ever produced. He took the style and modified it to suit American conditions. He added to it, and took from it, until the result had many original features—but remained Chippendale in spirit and inspiration. This spirit may be said to represent the Philadelphia school of cabinetmakers, few of whom, at the time of Savery, were native born. They came mostly from England to seek fortune in the new world. Wealthy homes of Philadelphia absorbed most of Savery's output, although he received orders from New York and other near-by cities. Some of his finest pieces are exhibited in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Little is known of his early life, but we do know that he was born in 1722 and died 1787—that he prudently became a property owner, like many Quakers—that he was public-spirited—and a great artist.



Courtesy of Florian Papp

The reeded concave legs, brass dog's feet and lyre pedestal typify the originality and beauty of Duncan Phyfe's work. This mahogany console table was made during his best period, and shows Empire influence.

Back in the days when City Hall wasn't on the map, and later, when it was on the edge of town and the Battery was the promenade of fashion, New York was Dutch, and even now that tradition keeps its hold upon the retrospective sentiment of the great metropolis. The first extant view of New York, in 1642, shows a windmill and a skimpy group of very small houses, which doubtless sheltered Dutch fur traders. The Dutch didn't fail to write an honorable page into the history of this country, but finally the conquering English prevailed and New York became British along with the rest of the colonies until the Revolution. According to the purists, Chippendale was the last Colonial style, because his life ended just about the time that the American Republic began, but Sheraton and Hepplewhite are ranged generally as Colonial styles.



Hepplewhite clock of mahogany with delicate satinwood inlay. Made in New York City 1780.

Courtesy of Florian Papp

They followed us into the early years of the XIX. Century, establishing in this country English traditions of beauty that will never die. Sheraton's worthy exponent here was Duncan Phyfe, who came over from Scotland at the age of sixteen and settled with his family in Albany, in 1784. It was there that he learned his trade, but eventually the wealth of New York City intrigued his frugal and aspiring soul, and he came down and opened a humble shop in Puritan Street (which is now Fulton) in 1795. He encountered many difficulties until fate brought his talent to the attention of the Astor family, whose patronage established him, and gave him prestige. His chief claim to fame rests on his ability to combine the best elements of Georgian designers with the severe simplicity of the post-Revolution period of France, welding them together without sacrifice to either. Upon this combination he stamped his originality and excellence of workmanship—and it lifted him from the ranks to the highest of his profession. Sheraton was his special admiration, and that influence is easily traced in his furniture. His French Empire interpretations show a refinement and restraint which place them far ahead of much similar furniture made in Europe. There is no doubt that Phyfe ranks as an equal with the great Georgian cabinetmakers. He employed a hundred or more workmen and it is probable that very few pieces can lay claim to having been turned out by Phyfe himself, although his spirit and design controlled everything that went out of his shop. He could have grown rich had he been willing to sacrifice his ideal of beauty to popular demand, which at a certain time of his life was influenced by the worst of the Empire. He finally had to yield to it to some extent, for want of money, and made a few pieces that he himself called "butcher furniture"—forerunners of the Victorian era. His best work was done befor 1820. Certain characteristics are easily recognized, notably his use of the lyre, with strings of whalebone or brass, set in the backs of chairs, the pedestals of tables and the arms of sofas. On nearly everything he ever made the acanthus leaf appears—laid flat, and in bas-relief. Sometimes he used a carved eagle instead of the lyre. We find a touch of Chippendale in his pedestal tables, with feet of brass dog's paws in place of the ball and claw. The legs of these tables are concave, often reeded or carved with the acanthus. His furniture, though extremely refined, is strongly built and fits into every type of Colonial home.

In writing of American craftsmen, mention must be made of John Goddard, the famous exponent of block-front furniture, and one of the greatest cabinetmakers of this country. He worked in Newport, always a wealthy sea-town, and the best of his furniture is still there. The block-front style was created in the Queen Anne era, but Goddard brought it to perfection, and embellished it with his shell carving, and rosettes at the arch of the pediment. Despite his skilful work and widespread vogue, he died a bankrupt, although now his pieces bring among the highest prices paid for any American antiques.

Next Month Mrs. Baxter Will Discuss Art in Everyday Bathrooms

The Singing Colossi of Memnon at Thebes

Photograph by William L. Griffin

Basking *under* Mediterranean Skies

By ROGER SHAW

THE COLORFUL Mediterranean region is a little world, for within its environs the inquisitive traveler may discover cross-sections of races and civilizations of a surprising diversity. There is British Gibraltar, Mohammedan North Africa, fanatical Spain, mysterious Egypt, Gallic Nice and Slavic Cattaro, immortal Greece, and the Ottoman Bosphorus where fair Europa made a record crossing some years in advance of her Teutonic namesake of 1930. Wicked Port Said and the Holy Land should not be overlooked, and the historic islands of Sicily, Cyprus, and Rhodes are well worth the price of admission. And finally there is Italy, Fascist and fascinating, which might well serve as a base of operations for side-trips about *Mare Nostrum*.

Granada contains the famous Alhambra, immortalized by Washington Irving; and in the dim cathedral lie Ferdinand and Isabella, who backed Columbus just as certain St. Louisans backed Lindbergh. Seville is super-Moorish architecturally, and hyper-Christian spiritually. The cathedral is one of the greatest Gothic buildings in the world; the province is Andalusia, named after the *Vandals* who moved down from the Baltic some time ago—perhaps for the bull-fighting. Women in mantillas, luscious orange groves, and skyline minarets complete the Spanish setting—and the Alcazar gardens.

Algiers is Arab, under French dominion for just a hundred years. Here bronze statues contrast with snowy mosques, while the streets are arcaded in a truly Parisian style. Some of the thoroughfares are so narrow that a donkey can block the way effectually; while tiny shops sell dates and sweetmeats to the sound of muffled drums—an Arabian Nights aroma. Tunis is Dido's ancient Carthage, with a superficial French veneer.

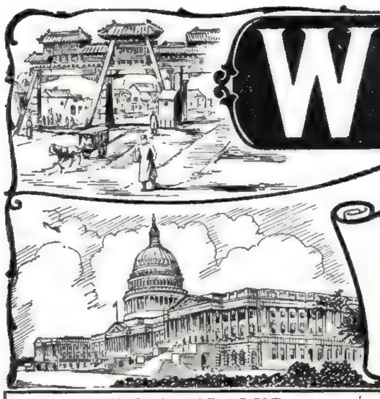
Classic Greece, home of our Western civilization, is still going strong under her modern Pericles—Mr. Venizelos. At Athens are the great Parthenon, the Acropolis, the Erectheum, the temple of Olympian Zeus, the theater of Dionysus, the great National Museum, and much besides. The Theseum is the best preserved of all the ancient buildings, though for sheer beauty the ruins of the Acropolis are unsurpassed. The Acropolis is a steep hill which rises five hundred feet above the city, crowned by the Parthenon. The Greeks themselves are pushing ahead along progressive lines. The Athenian port is the ancient Piræus, once connected to the town by a long walled roadway. The Dionysian theater witnessed the "first nights" of early Grecian drama; near-by Marathon is the world's most decisive battlefield where oriental Persia was humbled.

EGYPT CONTAINS Cairo, Alexandria, Luxor, the Sphinx, and the Pyramids. The treasures of King Tut are in the National Museum, guarded by royal mummies of 4000 years ago. The Mosque of Sultan Hasan is the finest example of Byzantine-Arabic architecture, and the fertile Nile valley is open to boat or train trips. Egypt offers also a donkey ride to the Valley of the Kings and a camel ride around the Pyramids by way of variety. Alexandria dates from the Great Alexander, and Cairo was founded by Arab invaders one thousand years ago. The country is at last independent, after many centuries of foreign rule.

The Riviera is very popular, except with unsuccessful gamblers. Nice is French, while Monte Carlo reigns as capital city of diminutive Monaco. They are centers of fashion, with smart white yachts dotting the blue bay of Villefranche and ivory balls rolling on green tables. From Nice to Monte Carlo winds the Grande Corniche, Europe's most famed shore-drive.

Constantinople, capital of the Eastern Roman Empire and later of the Osmanli, lies between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. It is the meeting point of Europe and Asia, Stamboul being Turkish and Galata housing the non-Ottomans. St. Sophia has served various religions, and the Column of Constantine commemorates the city's elevation to capital of Greater Rome. The Great Bazaar is a labyrinth of intricate arcades. Today Angora, far inland, is capital of the new "Turkish" Turkey. The Golden Horn is far too cosmopolitan!

Haifa is the gateway to the Holy Land, close to Acre, where the Crusaders landed. Jerusalem is still a Biblical city where Christians and Mohammedans also congregate. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Zionist Wailing Place, and the Arab Dome of the Rock all do thriving businesses, and the purple hills are quite up to Old Testament requirements. The



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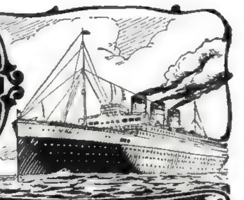

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Turks have departed after a thousand-year visit, and Bethlehem beckons. Palestine is now a British mandate, yclept the New Zion.

Central and handy to all the Mediterranean region is the peninsula of Cæsar, of Dante, and of Mussolini. Its ports are numerous and its history is endless. To the north is Venice, home of the gondola and of the winged lion of St. Mark's. The Palace of the Doges, the Rialto, the Cathedral, and the Bridge of Sighs are points of interest. The Academia has great art collections, and canals do nicely in place of streets.

To the South are Naples, Pompeii, and Capri. The first of these is full of songs and color, smells and gaiety; while Pompeii is the delight of archeologists. Above towers Mount Vesuvius, assassin of the ancient Pompeiians. The Neapolitans seem to live in their teeming streets. Sorrento and Amalfi are resorts of long standing, while the Blue Grotto of Capri is a thrilling experience. Tiberius Cæsar built himself twelve villas hereabouts.

ITALIAN SICILY boasts a half dozen warring architectures, Mount Etna, and a theater of 2300 years' standing. The Fascists have exterminated the native Black Hand banditti; and Messina, Taormina, Palermo, and Syracuse are fine cities. Albania has close Italian ties, though nominally independent. Its port is Valona, located among the orange groves, where the "Sons of the Mountain Eagle" congregate. Italian Corsica, home of the Little Corporal, belongs to France.

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There are various ways to "do" this area. Several travel agencies cover the essential points by winter cruises of sustained interest and intelligent arrangement. But if the voyageur should have greater leisure, a temporary residence in Southern Italy with varied jaunts to the Golden Horn or Tunis or Spain is undoubtedly most attractive. Thereby Mediterranean culture could well be enjoyed along with the sunshine and the azure skies. Here exist puritan Italy and unrestrained French Africa, the kilted Highlander of Gibraltar and the kilted Evzone of Athens, the three diverse faiths of Old Jerusalem—glaring contrasts indeed, and side by side.

The winter months may be most delightfully spent in this Mediterranean region. The climate is pleasantly balmy and when you get back, there's Egypt in your Dreamy Eyes and Capri on your Tawny Hide.

Lust of Conquest

(*Continued from page* 115)

in the homage he had paid her.

He laughed softly. "That is a bombardment with which any clown may win a citadel," said he. "I ask a free surrender."

His arms went round her as she fell sobbing on his breast, willing and unwilling, between gladness and terror. She was crushed against him; his lips were scorching hers. Her sobs were stifled. If to her eyes he had seemed a thing of flame a moment since, to her senses now he was live fire—a fire that seared its way through every vein and nerve of her, leaving ecstatic torture in its wake.

Thus they clung; and the leaping firelight made one single and gigantic shadow of them upon wall and ceiling.

Then he gently disengaged the arms that had locked themselves about his neck, and gently put her from him.

"And now, farewell," he said. "I leave my soul with you. My body must elsewhere."

At that, remembering her men who waited in the garden, her terror rose about her like a flood. She clutched his breast. "No, no!" she cried hoarsely, eyes wide in horror.

"Why, what is this?" he protested, smiling; and so sobered her.

"My lord," she panted, controlling herself as best she could. "Ah, not yet, my lord!"

She was mad now. She knew not what she said, nor cared. Her only aim was to keep him there—to keep him there. He must not be taken. Her men must be dismissed. She must tell him. How, she knew not; but she must confess; she must warn him, that he might save himself. So ran her thoughts in a chaotic turbulence.

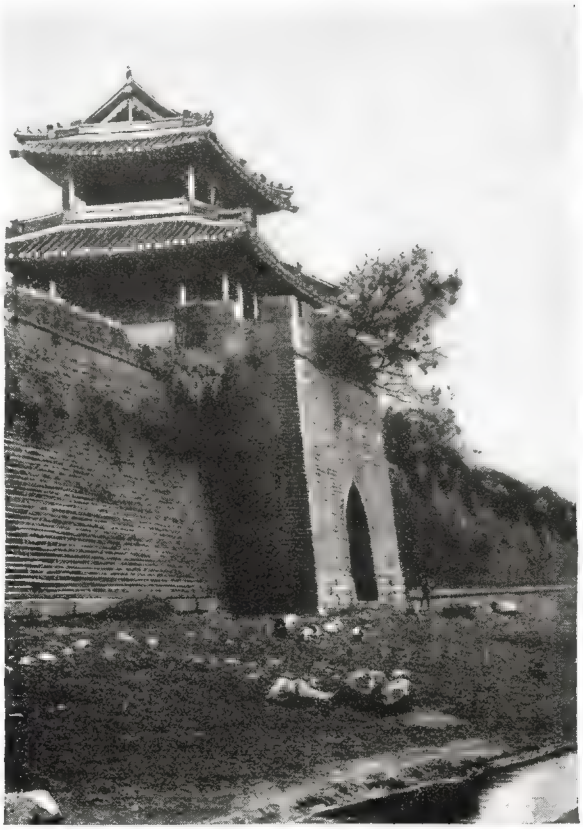
"I know not when I may see you next. You ride at dawn. Cesare, give me an hour—a little hour."

She sank down, still clutching the furred edge of his doublet. "Sit here beside me awhile. There is something—something I must say before you go."

Obediently he sank down beside her. His left arm went round her, and again he drew her close. "Say on, sweet lady," he murmured, "or be silent at your pleasure. Since you bid me stay, that is enough for me. I stay, though Solignola remain unconquered for tomorrow."

But in surrendering to his clasp once more, her courage left her; it oozed away, leaving her no words in which to say the thing she longed to say. A sweet languor enthralled her as she lay against him.

Time sped. The logs hissed and crackled, and the play of firelight gradually diminished. The flames lessened and died down, and under a white crust of ash the timbers settled to a blood-red glow that lighted but a little space and left black shadow all about the lovers.



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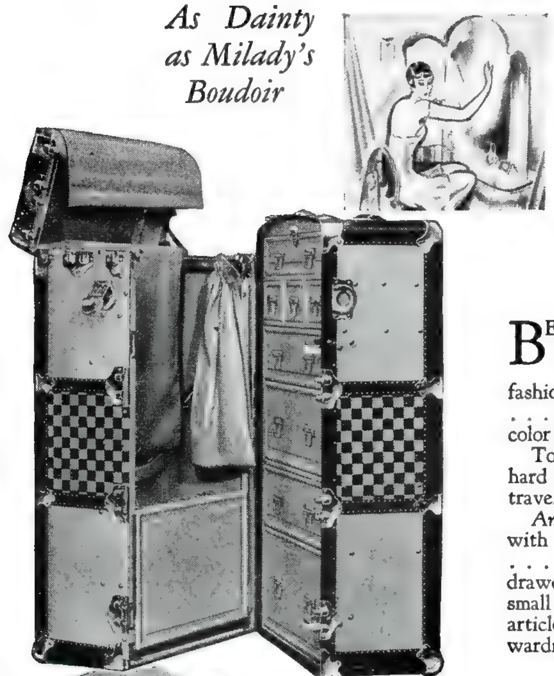

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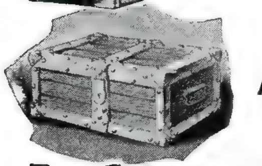

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At long length, with a sigh, the young Duke gently rose, and moved into the little lighted space.

"The hour is sped—and more," said he.

From the shadows a sigh answered his own, followed by the hiss of a quickly indrawn breath. "You must not leave me yet," she said. "A moment—give me a moment more."

He stooped, took up an iron, and quickened the smoldering fire, thrusting into the heart of it a half-burned log or two that had escaped consumption. Flames licked out once more; and now he could discern her huddled there, chin in palms, her face gleaming ghostly white in the surrounding gloom.

"You love me?" she cried. "Say that you love me, Cesare. You have not said it yet."

"Does it still need words?" he asked, and she accounted that caress of his voice sufficient answer.

She hid her face in her hands and fell asobbing. "Oh, I am vile! Vile!"

"What are you saying, sweet?"

"It is time that you knew," she said, with an effort at control. "Awhile ago you might have heard steps out yonder had you listened. There are assassins in the garden, awaiting you, brought here by my contriving."

He did not stir, but continued to look down upon her, and in the firelight she saw that he smiled; and it flashed upon her that so great was his faith in her, he could not believe this thing she told him—conceived, perhaps, that she was jesting.

"It is true," she cried, her hands working spasmodically. "I was sent hither to lure you into capture that you may be held as a hostage for the safety of Solignola."

He seemed slightly to shake his head, his smile enduring still.

"All this being so, why do you tell me?"

"Why? Why?" she cried, her eyes dilating in her white face. "Do you not see? Because I love you, Cesare, and can no longer do the thing I came to do."

Still there was no change in his demeanor, save that his smile grew sweeter and more wistful. She was prepared for horror, for anger, or for loathing from him; but for nothing so terrible as this calm, fond smile. She watched it, drawing back in fascinated horror, as she would not have drawn back from his poniard had he made shift to kill her for her treachery. Sick and faint she reclined there, uttering no word.

Then, smiling still, Cesare took a taper from the over-mantel, and thrust it into the flame.

"Do not make a light!" she pleaded piteously; and seeing that he did not heed her, she hid her scarlet face in her hands.

He held the flame of the taper to each of a cluster of candles, in the branch that stood upon the table. In the mellow light he surveyed her a moment in silence—smiling still. Then he took up his

Investment Suggestions

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The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

12. CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT, a booklet describing the activities of Cities Service Company and subsidiaries with special reference to the common stock history and future possibilities. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. "The Port of New York Authority"—illustrated folder giving the names and accomplishments of the Port of New York Authority has been prepared by the National City, 55 Wall Street, New York.

16. STOCK AND BOND REGISTER. A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

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cloak, and flung it about him. Without another word he stepped towards the window.

It was clear to her that he was going; going without a word of reproach or comment; and the contempt of it smote her cruelly.

"Have you nothing to say?" she wailed.

"Nothing," he answered, pausing, one hand already upon the curtains.

Under the spur of pain, under the unbearable lash of his contempt, a sudden mad revulsion stirred within her.

"The men are still there," she reminded him, a fierce menace in her tone.

His answer seemed to shatter her wits. "So, too, are mine, Panthasilea degli Speranzoni."

Crouching, she stared at him, and a deathly pallor slowly overspread a face that shame and anger had so lately warmed. "You knew?" she breathed.

"From the hour I met you."

"Then—then—why?" she faltered brokenly, leaving her sentence for his quick wit's completing.

At last he raised his voice, and it rang like stricken bronze.

"The lust of conquest," he answered, smiling fiercely. "Should I, who have brought a dozen states to heel, fail to reduce me Count Guido's daughter? I set myself to win this duel against you and your woman's arts, and your confession, when it came, should be the admission that I was conqueror in your heart and soul as I am conqueror elsewhere."

Then he dropped back into his habitual, level tones. "For the rest," he said, "such was their confidence in you up there in Solignola that they relaxed their vigilance and afforded me the time I needed to prepare the mine. That purpose, too, I had to serve."

The curtain-rings clashed, as he bared the windows.

She struggled to her feet, one hand to her brow, the other to her heart.

"And I, my lord?" she asked in a strangled voice. "What fate do you reserve for me?"

He considered her in the golden light. "Lady," said he, "I leave you the memories of this hour."

He unlatched the window-doors, and thrust them wide. A moment he stood listening, then drew a silver whistle, and blew shrilly upon it.

Instantly the garden was astir with scurrying men who had lain ambushed. Across the terrace one came bounding towards him.

"Amedo," he said, "you will make prisoners what men are lurking here."

One last glance he cast at the white, crouching figure behind him, then passed into the darkness, and without haste departed.

At dawn the mine was fired, and through the breach Solignola was carried by assault, and Cesare the conqueror sat in the citadel of the Speranzoni.

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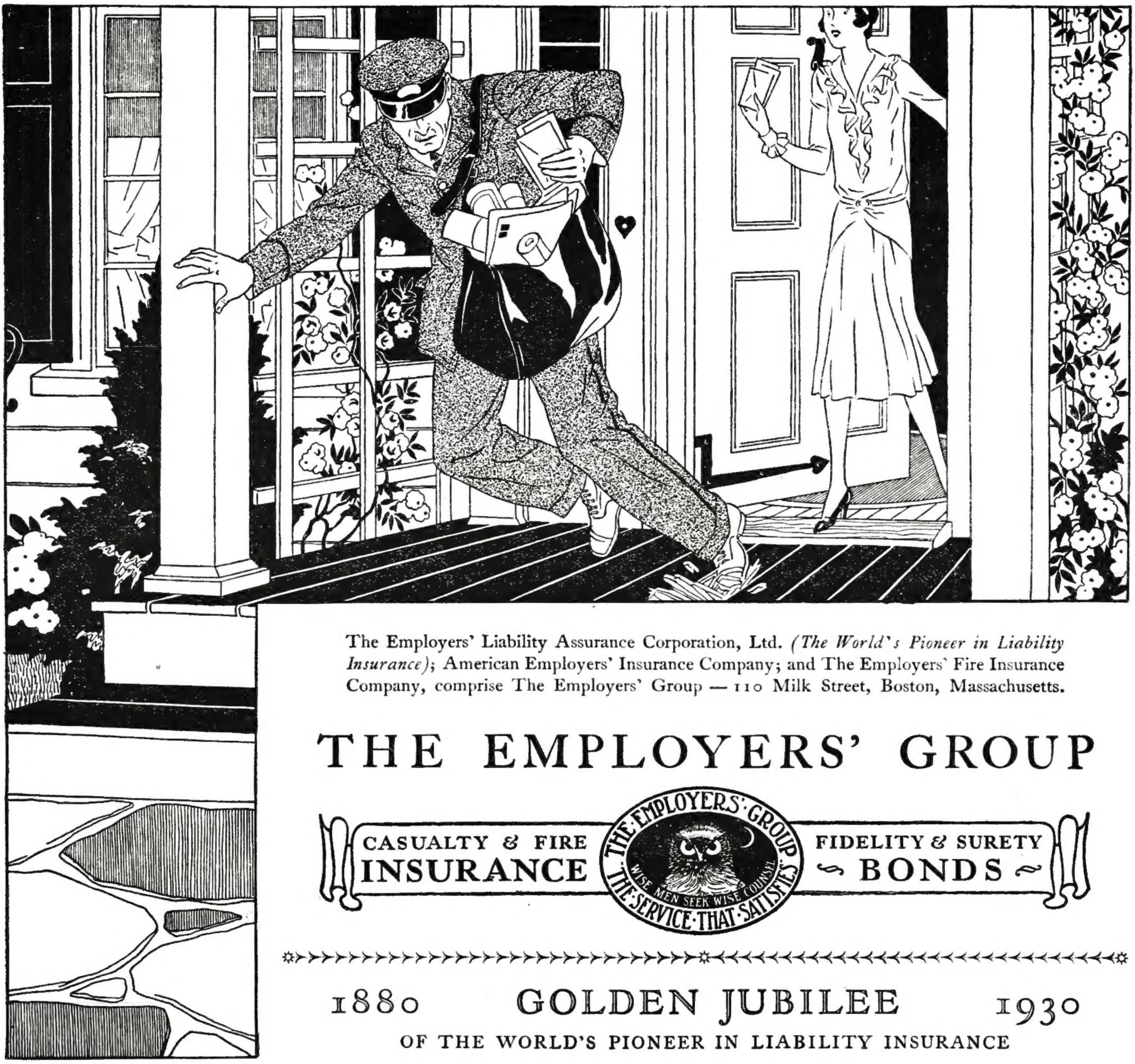

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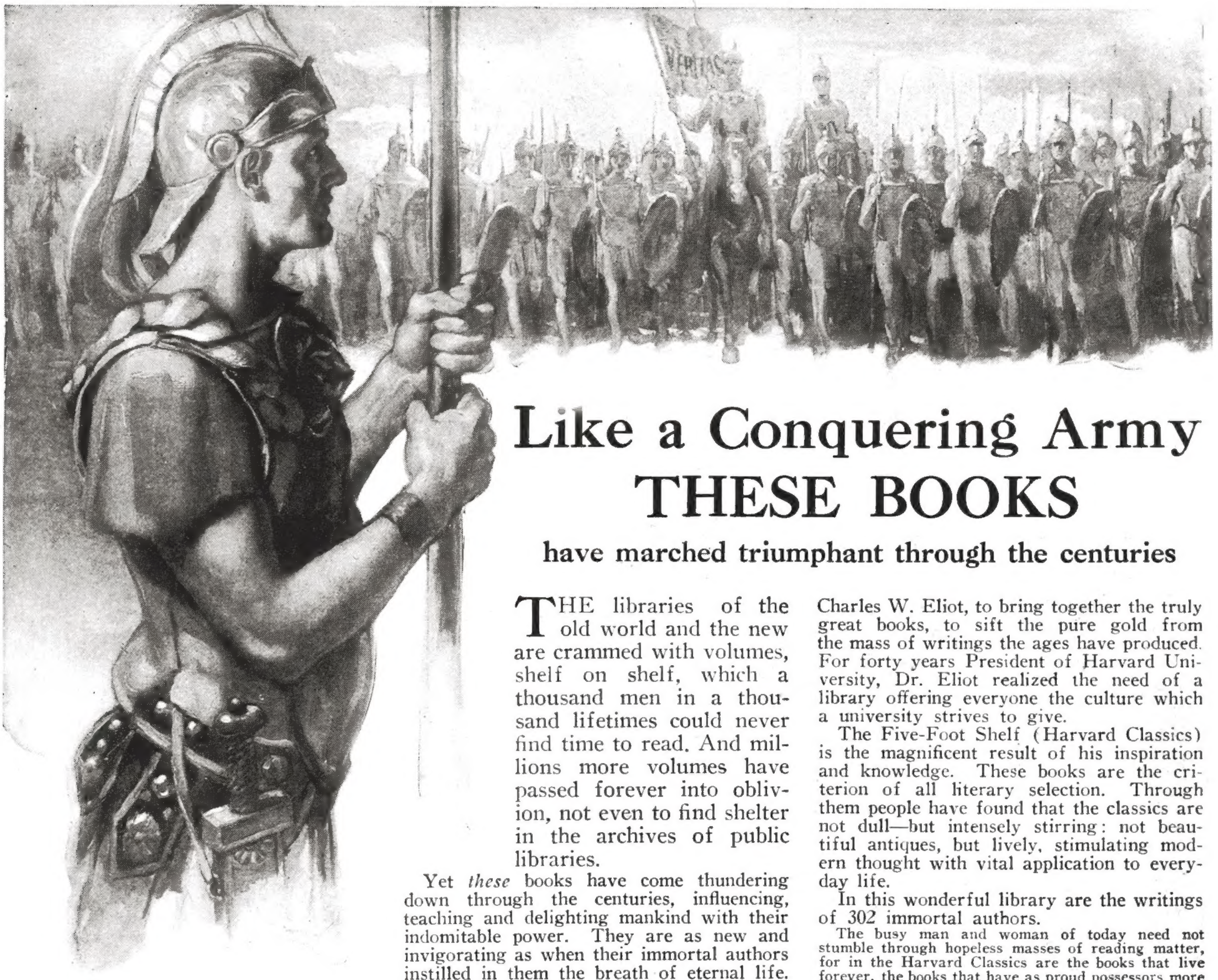

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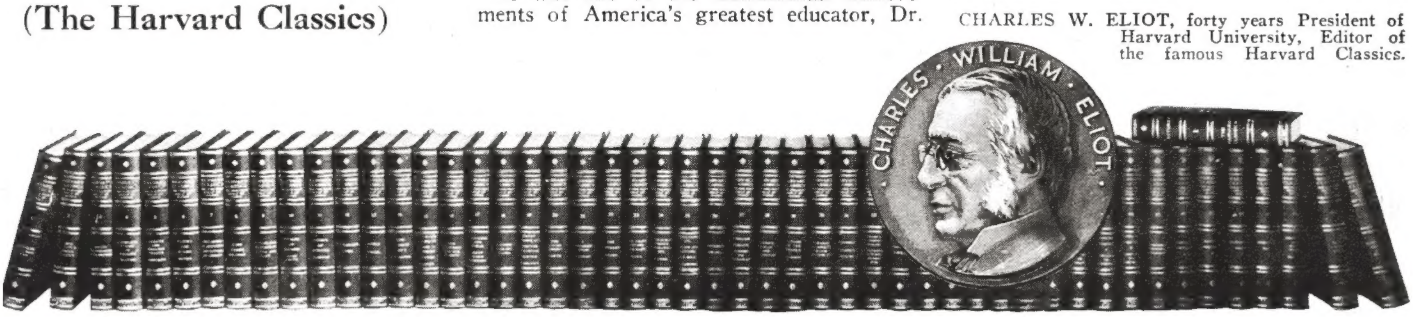

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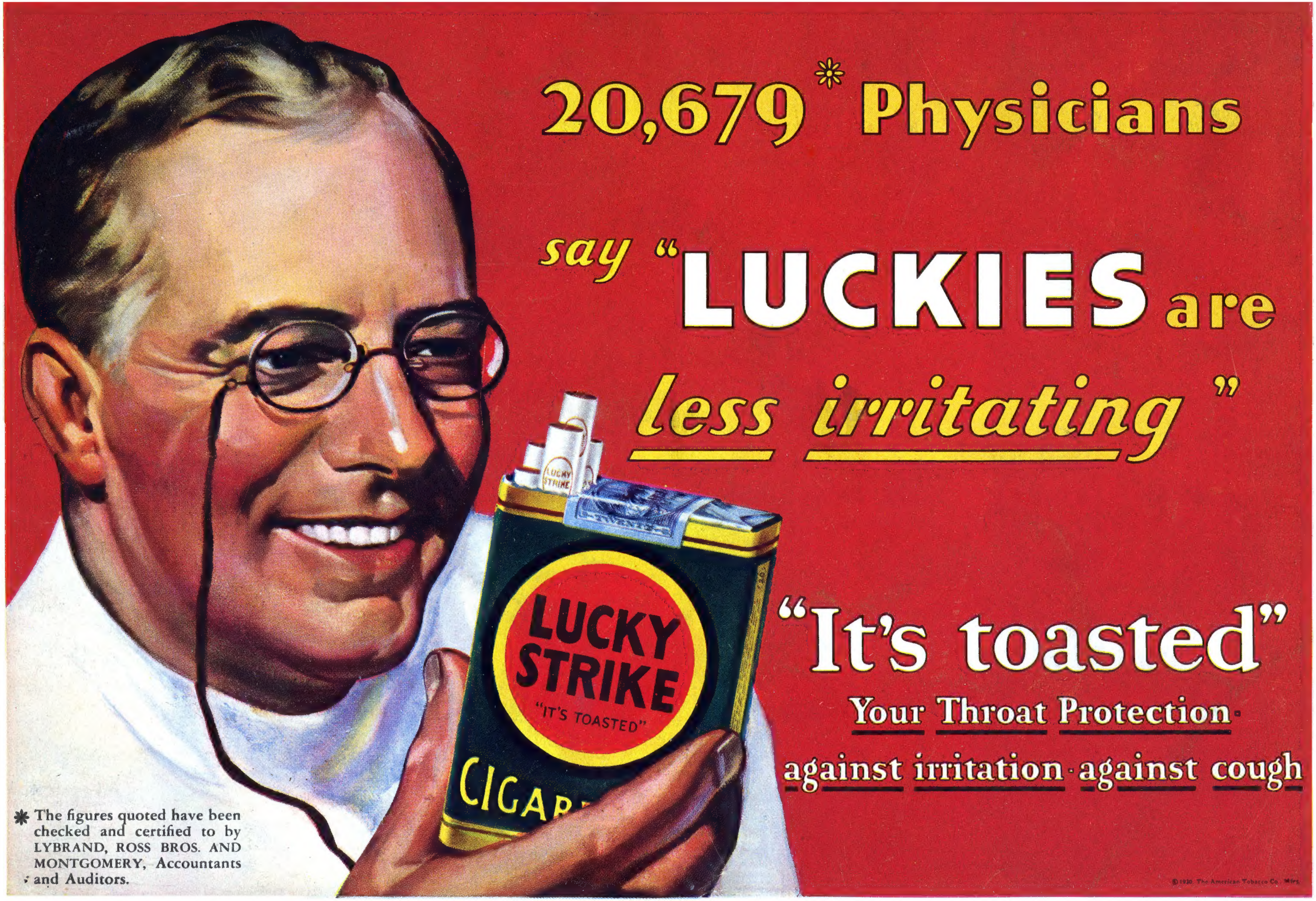

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